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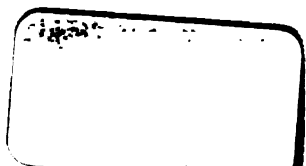
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PREFACE.

POLITICALLY, the great event of English History in 1880, is the sentence of condemnation passed upon Lord Beaconsfield's Government by the constituencies at the General Election, and the return of Mr. Gladstone to office. The effect on the country was marked and instantaneous. Not so marked, but still the effect on Europe and Asia was also very great. The European concert was almost immediately restored. Northern Afghanistan was in due course evacuated, and the withdrawal from Candahar is, we believe, only a question of time. Formal proclamation has been made to the princes and people of India, that there is to be a return to the peaceful policy of Lord Lawrence. Ireland, which has been every Liberal statesman's difficulty for generations, seems more disturbed than ever; but if there is a disposition to redress every wrong, the trade of agitators must in the end prove a failure.

ECCLESIASTICALLY, perhaps the great event of the year, at least so far as the Methodist denominations are concerned, is the proposal to hold a *Methodist Ecumenical Congress* in the City Road Chapel—the place of so many sacred associations and great historic interest—in September, 1881. The Congress is to be composed of four hundred members. Eighteen Methodist bodies in America are to be represented, and six in England, the Wesleyans in Ireland, the French Wesleyans, and the Wesleyan Australian Conference. Our own people are represented on the Executive Committee, and are to have *ten* representatives at the Congress, besides two allocated to our friends in Canada. The Congress is not to assemble to promote the formal union of the various Methodist sections, and of course it will have no legislative power, but that it will promote

real union, and *tend* towards *organic* union at a later period, there can be no doubt.

RELIGIOUSLY, how much there is to depress and dishearten cannot be put into words. What can be more sad than the fact, that our own little Zion was almost the only Methodist body that reported at the several Conferences of 1880 anything like an increase. And while the church and chapel accommodation generally is increasing faster than the worshippers, even that by no means keeps pace with the increase of population. There cannot be any great progress until the church, throughout the entire ministry and membership, rises to the dignity of her true vocation, does unhesitatingly the will and represents faithfully the spirit of her Divine Lord, and "clothed in the golden robes of grace" goes forth to do battle with sin and suffering everywhere, taking no account of the cost or labour involved.

Our financial position as a denomination is embarrassing and painful. It is believed that the measures adopted at the last Conference will have the effect of "stopping the leak," and if the self-denying ordinance of the preachers to give up a part of their salaries for two years be met in a corresponding spirit by our lay friends, as we do not doubt will be the case, and all save more conscientiously, give more liberally, pray more fervently, live more consistently, and labour more devotedly and perseveringly, we shall, by the blessing of God, soon be many more than we are.

LONDON, *November 18, 1880.*



John Dymond

President of the Conference, 1879.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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TIMES OF REFRESHING.

ACTS iii. 19.

I—SPIRITUAL LIFE IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE, AND IS DIVERSIFIED BY LIGHT AND SHADE, ELEVATION AND DEPRESSION, JOY AND SORROW. Like every other form of life, it knows no monotony. As Nature has her spring, summer, autumn and winter, her times of plenty and scarcity, of abundant in-gathering and of comparative failure; as the human body has its alternations between the active and the sluggish, between robustness and weakness; as the nation, subject to the action of retarding and accelerating influences, is now retrograding and now advancing, at one time labouring to free herself from the manacles which the unwisdom of some of her sons has imposed upon her, and, at another, rejoicing in the new life which a superior regime has brought her; so the church laughs and weeps, rejoices and sorrows, sings and laments. Now she is on the mountain top exulting in her might, and again in the valley bemoaning her weakness; sometimes shining forth as the sun, and at others sitting desolate on the ground. These changes are the natural result of the action of outward influences on the inner life. A dead church is a monotonous one; but a living church displays all that variety of incident and circumstance that tends to brighten its character and add to its attractions. A tree planted by the river changes its aspect according to the seasons; yet, notwithstanding these periodical variations, it continues to advance, till it has reached the climax of its bearing fruitfulness. So, the church, though subject

JANUARY, 1880.

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to many adverse influences, and ever liable to change, is, nevertheless, constantly progressing towards that full development and perfection, in which she will participate in the glory of her Lord.

All creation has its seasons of quickening and invigoration. The planets, as they perform their annual rounds, enjoy intervals of increasing velocity. Frost-bound nature is favoured with the warm breath of spring to fan her into life. The insensate, kindly soil acquires fertility by occasional respite from the lacerations of the plough. Every creature of toil, whether man or beast, is the better for the hallowed rest of the oft-recurring Sabbath. Samson, the man of more than giant strength, returning from the slaughter of a thousand of his foes, faints, but for the reviving influence of a draught of water. Jonathan, the warrior on the battle-field, renews his courage and nerves his arm by a simple repast of wild honey. Saul, the king on the throne, is delivered from a demonising melancholy by the sweet strains of David's harp. The saint, on his last couch, seeks an increase of spiritual vigour, in order to face the realities of the unseen: "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more." The life of the soul is no exception to the manifold life with which creation abounds, in its need of "times of refreshing." It must have these times; provision is made that it may have them, and numerous promises hold them up to the eye of our faith, for the comfort and delectation of our souls. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." "They shall spring up as among the grass." "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

The history of the church has been beautifully diversified by these "times of refreshing." The fire of persecution rages and makes havoc of the church at Jerusalem; but the Lord lays His hand on the persecutor, and turns him into the "chiefest of the Apostles." "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judæa and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified: and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." A bloodthirsty Herod, a voluptuous Nero, an avaricious Domitian, a credulous Diocletian pass to the dominion of the grave, to afford a breathing time to the people of God. The ambitious schemes of a persecuting Galerius are defeated, and the friendly Constantine assumes the imperial purple, for the same purpose. Julian the apostate, one of the most inveterate enemies the gospel has ever

had, falls by the lance of a Persian soldier, to bring to nought his machinations against the truth. A poor monk is taken from his cell and made the first man in Europe, to infuse new life into a half extinct Christendom. A few insignificant students at Oxford become the means of arousing a nation from its torpor, and bringing it back to the truth from which it was so rapidly apostatising. The revivals that have taken place in this and other countries during the present century testify to the fact that "times of refreshing" are an essential feature in the Divine government of the church.

Times of refreshing are needed to correct the earthward tendency of the church and to render her more efficient for the war she has to wage against every form of evil. *They are times of awakening.* What the disciples said of the sleep of Lazarus is not true of every form of sleep, "If he sleep he shall do well." There is the sleep of death. "In their heat I will make their feasts, and will make them drunken, that they may rejoice, and sleep a perpetual sleep and not wake, saith the Lord." "Lighten mine eyes," saith the Psalmist, "lest I sleep the sleep of death." There is also the sleep of the sluggard, the sleep of sin, involving guilt and condemnation. This insidious evil paralyses the energies, and destroys the influence of the church. The result is, that thorns and nettles grow where the vine should flourish; the fence is broken down, and poverty comes as one that travelleth, and want as an armed men. From this unhallowed slumber the church needs rousing. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." Every heart must feel, every eye keep vigil, and the whole army of the Lord be ready for the fight. In such times all wants are supplied; no lack is felt. The weak are made strong; the valiant and the wavering, steadfast. There is no void within, or pining after better days gone by; no self-reproach on account of vows broken and peace forfeited; no grinding in the prison-house of the enemy; no seeking to satisfy hunger "with the husks that the swine did eat;" no longing for the bread of the hired servants; nay, but the liberty and dignity of sons, the glad welcome and the fulness of the Father's house. *They are times of separation and uplifting.* There can be no real friendship between the church and the world. The world will oft-times profess friendship for the church, for the purpose of reducing her to its own level, to strip her of her beautiful attire, and rob her of her strength. Alas, that its efforts should be so successful! The church, walking on the low moral level of the world, is powerless for all the noble purposes of her mission, and unworthy of the grandeur of her origin, the heaven-born principles of her institution, and the high hopes of which she is the visible embodiment. Lowness of moral tone is one of the worst signs of the present day.

Policy, and not principle, sways the sceptre far too much in religion as well as in politics and commerce. Not "Is it right?" but "Will it go?" is the watchword. "Times of refreshing" change all this. The friendship of the world is declined, its society is shaken off, and the line of demarcation is broadened. A higher degree of spiritual life is attained, the courage of conviction is displayed, and the glory of the Lord becomes the one aim of all. *They are times of ingathering.* The influence of the church upon the world depends upon what she is in herself. The world will never be won by the church if, forsaking her true character, she goes over to the world. Souls burdened with sin will not seek rest and shelter in her bosom, if they see that what they need cannot be found there. But let her be what she ought to be; full of truth, holiness, love; let the shout of a king be in her, and dead souls will move in their very graves, those that are "ready to perish," "the outcasts," "the labour of Egypt, and merchandise of Ethiopia and of the Sabæans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee, and they shall be thine; they shall come after thee; in chains they shall come over, and they shall fall down unto thee; they shall make supplication unto thee, saying, Surely God is in thee; and there is none else." Thus the church is enlarged, strengthened and established. The city is again built on its own hill, the walls and gates are set up each in its own place. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory." The church, at such times, enjoys a fuller measure of life; she is herself, and ready for the Master's work. She can preach, she can pray, she can sing, she can praise, she can fight, she can endure, she can deny herself, she can face men and cast out devils, she can do everything, because she is once more brought within her own lines, established on her own foundation, and equipped with her own armour. Every one is benefited by the advent of such times. The church is blessed, the world is refreshed, sinners are converted, angels rejoice, and God is glorified.

II.—THE AFFLICTIONS OF THE CHURCH PROCEED EITHER FROM WITHOUT OR FROM WITHIN; THEY ARE EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL. They may be material or spiritual. They have sometimes assumed the form of persecution, as was experienced first from the Jews, then from Rome pagan, and, lastly, from Rome papal. There are also evils which the church has to endure that do not assail the persons of her members, but rather their principles, the foundations of their faith. The enemy puts on the specious garb of philosophy, science and learning; now pretending friendship, and anon, when it suits his purpose better, appearing in his true character as the sworn foe of the gospel and of all religion.

No single century, from that of the Ascension to the present, has seen the church exempt from opposition of this kind. At present, though enjoying the protection of the civil magistrate, and having nothing to fear in the form of persecution, she has to contend with an antagonism, born of pride of intellect and culture, perhaps as formidable as that of any previous age.

But the church of the living God has never had occasion to be much afraid of opposition from without. Her greatest afflictions have arisen within her own bosom. Her greatest enemy has been her own imperfect spiritual life, which is another way of saying that her greatest enemy has been herself. "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear Me, and keep My commandments always; that it might be well with them and with their children." This was said just as they were about to take possession of the land of Canaan, and in anticipation of their history in connection with that land. After they had been there for centuries, and their character had become fully developed, the same unerring Eye that looked forward now looked back; but, alas! only to evoke a repetition of the lamentation, "Oh, that My people had hearkened unto Me, and Israel had walked in My ways. I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned My hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto Him, but their time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." That which impedes our progress, which prevents the fulfilment of our mission in the world, which promotes our own dissolution and ruin, comes not from without, but is already working within ourselves. It is not persecution, it is not the taunts and jeers, the science falsely so called, the vain philosophy, the rampant heresy, the atheistic ravings, or the sublime indifference of our opponents, that hinder us from having the much needed "times of refreshing," but our own departure from the way of holiness. It is sin—our own sin—not the sin of the world of which we are often so loud in denunciation; that keeps our souls unwatered and unblest.

The world is in a state of sin. Christ came to deliver it out of that state. It is assumed in the word of God that the church is delivered out of this "bondage of corruption." The church is the light of the world, but this she cannot be if she is yet in sin, for sin is darkness. The church is the salt of the earth, but this she cannot be if she is yet in sin, for sin is corruption and rottenness. The titles, privileges and responsibilities of the church all assume that she is saved out of that state of sin and moral disability, in which the world now lies. But does the church assume this her-

self? This salvation means purity, holiness, Christ-likeness. But does she profess this? The titles, if you please, saints, sons of God, heirs of God, the spouse of Christ, the Lamb's wife; the privileges, also, however great and precious, and, in some sort, the responsibility; but as to being saved from sin, she does not avow it. Saved from guilt, from wrath, from condemnation, from hell, she readily acknowledges, but at the thought of salvation from the commission of sin, she hesitates, turns pale, and changes her voice. And yet there is no salvation from the penal, eternal consequences of sin, without salvation from the commission of sin. Whosoever commits sin lies under the guilt of sin. "He that commits sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin because he is born of God. In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." How? The children of God are saved from the commission of sin, whilst the children of the devil are living in the dark transgression of the Divine law. The church does not take the stand she ought to take in regard to sin; and in this she does not wholly follow her Lord. He "was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens." He could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" He was as much a witness *against* the sin of the world, as *for* the truth which brings deliverance out of it. He, by the holiness of His life, and the benevolence and Divine character of His works, left the world without any excuse for its sin. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sin." What Christ did in that age, the church ought to do in every age. But, alas! she fails to do it. She is not slow to give verbal testimony to the doctrines which define and defend her own privileges and prerogatives, but she does not rise to the dignity of the uncompromising enemy of that which dishonours her Lord, and ruins the souls that He has redeemed. She hears not the Divine voice, or, if hearing, she does not obey it. "Touch not the unclean thing." "Depart from iniquity." "Sin not." "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." "Neither be partakers of other men's sins." All these commands, so vital to her own peace, and to the success of her mission on earth, are constantly disregarded. Instead of reproving the world's sin, she sins with the world. Instead of taking from the world the cloke in which it is wont to wrap itself, she imitates the world by making a cloke for herself; for the world is not more ready with an excuse for sin than is the church. She pleads for it, as though it

were a privilege to commit it, and she limits the Holy One of Israel by advocating the impossibility of being saved from it.

The effect of this is to wither her gourd, to lay waste her vine, to bark her fig-tree, to cast off the meat-offering and the drink-offering, and to dry up all her sources of blessing. She sows, but "the seed is rotten under their clods, the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down; for the corn is withered." Her oblations are vain, her incense is abomination, her new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, her solemn meetings, are iniquity and hateful, a trouble and a weariness. She spreads forth her arms, He hides His eyes; she makes many prayers, He does not hear. If sin pollutes our sermons, our prayers, our singing, our giving, our activities, let us not wonder that "times of refreshing" do not come. He is "of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity." He is not going to abdicate the throne of His holiness, that He may pass over the unsanctified indulgences of those who call themselves His people. Sin is our greatest weakness, our heaviest weight, our only hindrance. It neutralizes, where it is not resisted, all the operations of the Spirit, and makes vain all the munificent gifts of Divine grace.

III.—SHALL WE HAVE "TIMES OF REFRESHING?" Then, let us deal with the only hindrance—sin. Not double your diligence, increase your liberality, lengthen your prayers, multiply your vows; this were comparatively easy, and will follow, as a necessary consequence, when the root of the matter is dealt with; but do the one essential thing—put sin away; an act from which nature, the corrupt heart, unbelief, love of self, all shrink.

Sin must be blotted out. It has an existence after it is committed. It is not something gone by, never to return, a thing over and done with. Nay, nay, it abides; though forgotten by its author, it still lives, and will sooner or later find him out. Our sins live, in God's book of remembrance, in His very presence, right under "the eyes of His glory." "Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance." There they are as an offence, an insult, and a provocation. They exist also, as to their effects, in the experience and life of those that commit them. Every man is the worse for every unpardoned sin he has committed. Each one has made its impression, left its mark, given increased force to the evil that works within, augmented the distance between the soul and God, confirmed the sinner's relation to the wicked one, and intensified the difficulty of returning to a life of obedience and holiness. The only remedy is, the blotting of them out. Thus prayed the royal psalmist, "According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." It is the peculiar

delight of a merciful God to do it. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." This figure of speech is a very expressive one. It is to smear out, to expunge, as from a book. Like the blotting out of a debt when the account is settled. The account is settled when the atonement is embraced, that done, the debt is erased, it is gone, and searched for in vain. Sins, thus blotted out, no longer exist as a wall of separation between the soul and God. "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Instead of distance, nearness; instead of alienation, reconciliation, love, fidelity, and fellowship. When blotted out of the Divine book and from the Divine presence, they are also blotted from our hearts, our experiences, and our lives. What you are in yourself you are before God; what you are before God you are in yourself. The one state corresponds with the other. The Advocate or Comforter above, and the Advocate or Comforter within are perfectly one; and what the former obtains from the Father, the latter testifies to in the experience of the soul.

Two things are needed for 'the blotting out of sin; repentance and conversion. You must leave your sins, in order that your sins may leave you. Repent, humble yourself, weep, abase yourself before God, on account of your sins; confess and renounce them, leave them off, come away from them, loathe and hate them, and abhor yourself because of them. But when you do this, and it must be done, you will find that they still cling to you. Turn not only *from* sin, but also *unto* Him who takes it away. "Be converted." Submit your heart to the operation of His Spirit, and you shall feel, not only that you have come away from sin, but that sin has gone away from you; for the very spirit of it shall be cast out of you. Conversion and pardon are blessings simultaneously bestowed. Repentance prepares the way for both.

The hindrance removed, sins blotted out, "the times of refreshing" come at once "from the presence of the Lord." He is gone to His Father, but not to forget those He has left behind, rather to receive for them what is essential to their growth and full perfection in His own image. He is not unmoved by the penitence and prayers of those that turn to Him, but applies to them the blood of sprinkling and blots out all their sins, when immediately His peace fills the soul, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, joy takes the place of sorrow, and heaviness is turned into praise.

May we, as a denomination, both at home and abroad, in town and country, have, in the year 1880, such "times of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord."

J. DYMOND.

MILTON'S LIFE AND TIMES.

JOHAN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, December 9th, 1608. The date entirely satisfies "the eternal fitness of things." Mr. Carlyle remarks that Cromwell was always one year a-head of his century; but the clear sun-light of that glorious age looked in on Milton's birth. Let us try to catch a glimpse, dim and hazy, yet better than none, of that busy world into which he had come. England has had time to recover from that all-memorable 5th of November scare (1605), and is beginning to learn, bishop and primate both despite, that her Solomon, slobbering, cowardly, drunken, and debauched, is but a questionable good. Puritans have had their Hampton Court Conference (January, 1604), and King James has "peppered them soundly" too, so he, at least, in kingly phrase avers. Meantime, at both the Universities their deffest clerks are busy doing into quaint, archaic, but right muscular English, the sayings of that book which, in a few short years, shall, in Puritans' hands, be more dreaded than their swords.

Shakespeare is fighting his hardest battle, and winning his noblest triumph. He has had his season of anguish, perchance of self-reproach. The light within him has been darkness. As in the time of his laughter he had exhausted the possibilities of human joy, so in the night of his weeping he has tried the depths of human sorrow. Now it is the sombre melancholy of Jacques, now the profounder woe of Hamlet; again it is heard in the incoherent ravings of Lear's insanity, now in the lofty scorn of Coriolanus, and yet again, in the fierce invective of Timon's distorted misanthropy. That Timon, gloomiest, bitterest of his plays, was probably written in 1608. The deepest night announces dawn. When Shakespeare shall set himself again to write the soft heaven-light of Cymbeline, and the Tempest shall say how nobly he has won.

Of Bacon we must tell, alas! another story. Last year (1607) he was made Solicitor-General, and now the most comprehensive genius that has lived in Europe for nineteen hundred years is exhausting his wit in the fulsome flattery of a drunken pedant; and bewitched by the Lord Keeper's seals, is deliberately bartering himself and the world for a gaudy bauble.

In France, Henry of Navarre and Sully are blending into harmony the jarring elements of political chaos, and substituting a flourishing Exchequer for national bankruptcy. But the Jesuits have already signed the death-warrant of the king, and are only waiting for Ravallac's knife to do their work. Des Cartes is study-

ing Aristotle and the Mathematics at La Flèche. At Padua, Galileo has just constructed his first refracting telescope, next year (1609) to be tested by Leonardi Deodati, Doge of Venice. The light of heaven thus brought unexpectedly near will bedazzle the eyes of many an owl and night-raven, and Galileo will live to hear their screams and to feel their talons. In Germany matters look very serious. Last May, Christian of Anhalt, contrived the Protestant Union of Lutherans and Calvinists; Maximilian, of Bavaria, is answering with his Catholic League; jealousies, plots, alliances, hollow reconciliations; only to end in blood-red battle. Already the wakeful eye can catch the shadow of that fearful struggle which will decimate Europe, and leave wide tracts in Germany seared houseless wastes for two hundred years. In Spain, the Philips have succeeded in burning and bruising the life-blood out of that gallant nation. Miguel de Cervantes, last and noblest example of her loftiest chivalry, is engaged on the second part of *Don Quixote*. It is a fit age for Milton's birth.

The poet's father was a man of fearless integrity; his mother, a beautiful, accomplished, and amiable lady. The father was born of Catholic parents, and had been disinherited on embracing the Protestant faith. A single circumstance marks the man's superiority. Busily engaged in the harassing duties of a money-scriver, he found time for literature and art, and became an excellent organist, and composer of no small merit.* The son inherited more than his father's love for music. Late in life, when poor, neglected, bereaved, and blind, he would sit at the organ, and thus recall the holy associations of the past, or anticipate the brighter hopes of the future. Milton's first teacher was Thomas Young, a good scholar and minister of sterling worth, some years afterwards an exile for conscience' sake. The boy's love for reading was extraordinary, and seriously threatened his health. After a short stay at St. Paul's School, London, he was sent, when only sixteen, to Christ's College, Cambridge. He was already an elegant classical scholar, and well acquainted not only with Grecian and Roman literature, but also with the polite learning of modern Europe. Dr. Johnson's deep-seated prejudice against Milton is seen in his account of his college life. Two things, at least, are certain. The one is, that Milton did not set a high value on the academical teaching of his day; the other, that all those whose good fortune it was to make the poet's acquaintance regarded him with feelings of profound esteem. Milton left Cambridge in 1632,

The chaste and beautiful psalm-tunes *York* and *St. Mary's*, often ascribed to the elder Milton, are not, I believe, his compositions. *St. Mary's* was composed by Dr. Blow; the composer of *York* is not certainly known.

after taking his Master's degree. His father had designed him for the Church, and when quite young he was himself pleased with the suggestion. But as he grew up to manhood, he preferred "a blameless silence" to a dishonest subscription to Articles which he did not approve. To him life was not a pastime nor a hoax; no meaningless steps must mark that pathway. The "great Task-Master's eye" is over all.

While at Cambridge, when only twenty-one years old, Milton wrote his "Ode on our Lord's Nativity;" a poem which, perhaps, no man else in Europe could have written. He now withdrew to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he lived nearly six years. His reading during this period was enormous; embracing the masterpieces of all nations and on nearly every subject. Dr. Johnson was far too truthful to deny the wonderful extent of Milton's learning; but his remarks read like the unwilling testimony of an opponent, and contrast strangely with his treatment of the royalist Butler.

During his residence at Horton, Milton wrote "Arcades," an unfinished masque (probably 1633), "Comus," (? 1634) "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" (? 1636), and "Lycidas" (1637). Of these poems I hope to have something to say in another article. For the present, let it suffice that they placed Milton far above every contemporary writer, not in England only, but in Europe. There are many spots that are accounted sacred by every Englishman, whether born in London, or New York, or San Francisco, or at the Antipodes; but among them all I do not remember one that deserves a deeper reverence than that quiet Buckinghamshire home, where Milton penned his early lyrics, and where he armed himself for the work he had yet to do.

In 1637 he sustained his first heavy loss—the loss of his mother. Saddened and restless, he soon after determined to visit the Continent. At Paris he was introduced to Grotius, the celebrated ambassador of the Queen of Sweden. It was Italy, however, that Milton longed to see. He visited all the larger cities of that beautiful and classic land, and was everywhere welcomed with admiration. He was now 30 years old, and one of the handsomest men in Europe. His noble forehead, and beautiful flowing hair, are known to all who study pictures. In mere grammar he was inferior to Grotius and Salmasius only; in general literature to neither; in strength of genius superior to them and all others of his age.

Meanwhile, affairs in England are fast ripening to a crisis. Now, if ever, must hell's artillery be employed against herself; now, if ever, must the battle of freedom against tyranny, right against wrong, be fought with sword and bullet. Charles Stuart has

reigned ten years without a parliament. The arch-renegade Wentworth has trodden under foot, not only the laws of England, but the most sacred rights of common humanity. Laud, the dreamy bigot that certain historians would have us honour, is ready to sanction every deed of violence and blood, and "to grace it with a holy text." Leighton, Prynne, Bastwick, and others, have been pilloried and brutally mutilated. Hampden has refused to pay "ship money," and the fawning, serf-souled judges have pronounced the imposition legal. Finch, the Chief Justice, ambitious for the palm of infamy, declared that the king was superior to all Acts of Parliament, and that Acts of Parliament limiting the absolute power of the king over the lives and property of his subjects were null and void. The last attempt of the Evil Three is to force a hated liturgy on Scotland, on pain of fire and sword. Outraged humanity can endure no more. In a wonderfully short time the Solemn League and Covenant is conceived, approved, and sternly ratified. A whole nation is banded as a single household to resist to death, if need be, this last and deadliest tyranny.

It was just at this juncture that Milton returned to England. For some time he was engaged in the tuition of his nephews. Dr. Johnson's treatment of this affair is worse than ungenerous; it is spiteful and vulgar. For my part, I can read the coarsest squabble recorded by Boswell with far less regret than that short sentence in the "Life of Milton," where he says that the poet "vapoured away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." And yet this same Samuel Johnson had at one time tried the experiment of school-keeping himself, and had ignominiously failed.* Milton had returned to England prepared, if his country needed his services, to sacrifice to her his time, his talent, and, if necessary, his very life. He had never for one moment trimmed nor shuffled. He had boldly avowed his principles when such avowal might have cost him ears and nose (Lycides 113 et seqq).

Just then he could see no worthy work to do; and where nothing can be done to purpose, he, who must needs be doing, is rather an impertinent than a useful man. Milton's silence is as impressive as his speech. During the few hours of leisure he worthily taught a few worthy pupils—a noble work nobly done. The biographer who would hide this portion of Milton's life is ten times worse than Thackeray's "snob." Public engagements were not wanting long. Hall, Bishop of Norwich, published a "Humble Remonstrance for Episcopacy." This was answered in 1640 or 1641 by

* Let it not be supposed that the writer is ignorant of Dr. Johnson's excellencies, or that he underrates them. Few men admire him more. Perhaps a future paper may be devoted to him.

five nonconformist ministers, some or all of them Milton's friends. The reply was entitled "Smectymnuus," a word formed according to the extravagant taste of the age, from the initials of the names of the authors, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William (w=u, u) Spinstow. This treatise was in its turn answered, or at least attacked, by Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. Milton, in 1641 or early in 1642, entered the lists in defence of his friends with a book entitled "Prelatical Episcopacy." Of the merits, more or less, of these several volumes I am altogether unable to speak. "Smectymnuus" can only be seen at a good library, and I suspect the librarian is not often asked to fetch it. Hall's and Usher's books are better known, and can be picked up for a few pence at the London book-stalls; but I have never found time or inclination to look for them. Milton's defence of "Smectymnuus" is, however, invaluable; not for its fierce assaults on Episcopacy, but for the poet's triumphant vindication of his own character against the slanders of his enemies. A second treatise on the same subject, a "Reason of Church Government," contains his well-known pledge to write a poem worthy of his nation.

In 1643 Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Royalist, a giddy, thoughtless girl, caring only for company and dancing, and incapable of understanding her husband's worth, or her country's danger. About a month after her marriage the bride returned to her father's house, nor could Milton's earnest entreaties induce her to return. It was during this separation that he wrote his four pamphlets on Divorce. Time and sad disappointment transformed the frivolous girl into a thoughtful woman. After a separation of four years she sought an interview with her deeply-wronged husband, and on her knees besought his forgiveness. It was enough. Milton received her with more than his former tenderness, and soon after screened her father's house from the fury of that storm which threatened them and their cause with utter ruin. Three years before this happy reconciliation he had published (1644) the greatest of his prose works, "Areopagitica," a plea for the liberty of the press.* Some remarks on this, the most magnificent of political pamphlets, may be expected in another paper.

It is time to stop. We cannot stay to finish our half-told tale. The same majestic calm, the same conscious dignity, marked every period of this noble life. Whether engaged in teaching his nephews, or conducting the foreign correspondence of the great

* It is a pity that some one who can afford it does not present a copy of this work to his Lordship the Governor-General of India.

Lord Protector, or blind, poor, hated, and subjected to the coarse mockery of the vilest court that had insulted humanity since the days of Elagabalus, Milton was always true to himself and to his high destiny. Spite of Charles's courtly sneer, and Rochester's filthy buffoonery, and James's malignant scowl, there was not on earth at that moment a nobler sight than blind Milton dictating to Elwood the verses of that immortal epic which shall be the admiration and delight of myriads now unborn, when the name of Charles II. shall be utterly forgotten, or remembered only as a stench in men's nostrils.

One circumstance, however, must be glanced at, even at the risk of tediousness. Gauden's "*Eikon Basiliké*" having been industriously circulated among the people, and being, with characteristic fraud, represented as the production of the "blessed Martyr," Milton replied in his scathing "*Eikonoklastes*." The younger Charles, too, having engaged Claude Saumaise (*Salmasius*), the most learned man in Europe, to write a defence of his father, Milton poured forth the most tremendous storm of fiery eloquence and withering invective that ever issued from the press. Never book, except the Bible, was honoured like the "*Defensio pro populo Anglicano*." Every despot in Europe ordered it to be burnt by the common hangman, and some years after Charles II. awarded it the same distinction in England. *Salmasius*, "giant of philology," according to Hallam, proved a mere pigmy in Milton's hands. In attempting to reply he could only play with his finger-tips, like the dying Falstaff, and babble, not of "green fields," but of the meaning of "persona." Let it be remembered that Milton had not advised the death of Charles. As a question of expediency he had opposed it. But, now the deed was done, he stood boldly forth in its defence. We must therefore blame him or not according as we blame the execution of Charles Stuart or not. Macaulay seems to me a little inconsistent here. With passionate eagerness he defends the poet on every point, and yet he declares that the execution of Charles was both a crime and a blunder. I fail to see that it was either. The immediate consequence it is true was to turn the eyes of every Royalist, and many Presbyterians, to the Prince of Wales. But better this open hostility than the thousand plottings, schemings, swearings, perjurings of the last four years. If Charles had lived, every year might have seen a repetition of the notorious "Incident." Under the tutorship of this master of lying a thousand smiling Joabs might have carried daggers in their folded vests. And yet we know that hundreds of true-hearted Englishmen were horrified at the execution. What can be said to them? You, Thomas Fuller, upright, honest, learned, practical,—

what would you have? "Are we," as Mr. Carlyle asks, "for all our fighting to gain but a bit of paper?" Do you hesitate to join in Cromwell's *No!*? If you do hesitate you do not yourself know precisely what you would have; if you do not hesitate then you are answered. The alternative is manifestly Charles Stuart's head or nothing. I am by no means certain that man is at any time or under any circumstances justified in taking the life of his fellow-man. But if ever society did well in taking the life of one of its members to save the rest, it was then; and if ever criminal, having waged open war against the laws of God and man, was justly cut off by the executioner's axe from the possibility of future wrongdoing, that criminal was Charles Stuart. THOMAS RUDDLE.

HIS LIFE DOES NOT PRAY.*

A VESSEL bound for Lisbon had a crew of eight men, two of whom were professors of religion. One of these two was active and earnest in his efforts to promote the spiritual good of his shipmates. The other, till near the end of the voyage, was not known as a Christian, and lived apparently as careless as any on board. At length it pleased God to bless the labours of the former by awakening the attention of three or four of the men to the concerns of eternity. Prayer-meetings were held, morning and evening, in the fore-castle, which all the crew who could be spared were invited to attend. The conscience of the backslidden professor was smitten, and, having declared that he was a member of the Church, he offered to assist his more faithful brother in the devotional services. To this objection was at once made by a young sailor, who said, "I cannot hear him pray for me. *His life does not pray.* Let him first repent of his unfaithfulness, and confess to God and his shipmates, and then we will hear him." The rebuke was felt, but produced anger rather than humiliation.

If we would have our prayers credited as sincere, our lives must be accordant with our prayers. It is the fervent prayer of the *righteous* man that availeth much. Our Lord is a prevalent intercessor, because He is "Jesus Christ the righteous." O how essential to usefulness is character!

* From Paxton Hood's "World of Moral and Religious Anecdote," a new and cheaper edition of which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton, price 6s.

ON SETTING FIRE TO LONDON.*

I WAS once shown a brown tattered filament of a letter, dated Sept. 6th, 1666, in which the Baptists are charged with setting London on fire. I only wish the Baptists would do so now. It would be a most desirable consummation, and I really think we might manage it,—we can but try. By London, of course, I mean not the London of surfaces, but the deep London of souls; and when I speak of fire, I mean real fire, that is, *life*, the life of that Spirit which we are commanded not to quench, the life that is in Jesus Christ before it is in us, and that comes flaming out of Him into us by faith.

“O for the living flame,
From heaven’s own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our hearts inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.”

To get this as an Association, we must ask for it. We do not yet fully know what a great prayer-meeting is. If we saw our people crowd into Exeter Hall only to pray for this living flame, we should say, “Wonderful! only wait a minute, we are sure the blessing is coming at last. Oh, we shall have it now!” But what a poor little meeting that would be! What we want is a prayer-meeting of thirty-six thousand, all the names in the registration lists of our London churches. Why not? In the essence of its peculiarity, a prayer-meeting is a meeting not of bodies, but of souls. If, to-morrow morning, and every morning onward, every one of us should pray as he never prayed before, sending up a short, intense, believing cry for this fire, and should stir himself up to “lay hold on God,” if every one should say from his heart, “Lord, I will not let Thee go without this grace,” if every one should identify himself with all the rest, and say, “Please God, we must have it, we cannot do without it, we cannot, *cannot* live at this poor dying rate. Come, Holy Spirit; come, Jesus Christ; Sir, come down, ere we die!” If thus every one, before setting out for the City, prayed God to send into all Christian hearts beating in the City this abundant and burning life, the life that can conquer the world, the life that can “stop the mouths of lions,” the life that can trample on impossibilities, the life that can walk right through great mountains, the life that “can do all things,” then, from whatever point such prayers begin, though from thirty-six thousand far separated centres, they would all meet at the centre and focus of

* From Dr. Stanford’s new book, entitled “Homilies on Christian Work,” marked by all the author’s well-known spiritual fervour, clearness of insight, delicate discrimination, and exquisite grace of style. It is published by Hodder and Stoughton, price 3s. 6d.

all holy things, there would be one prayer-meeting at the meeting-place between God and man, the true Mercy-seat, and the God "who answereth by fire" would kindle us each and all with the flames of Pentecost, so there would be a great fire of London.

One effect of this fire would be *the destruction of many things that do offend*. Mere apparatus will never by itself do that. What we want is fire out of heaven. Mr. Arthur, in a book called "The Tongue of Fire," written many years ago on this subject, had a metaphor something like this: Look at that great gun; there is no powder in the gun. Look at the shot; there is no powder in the shot. Look at the powder; there is no power in the powder; all that apparatus, a hundred times over, would only be a hundred times nothing; but when all is in place, let but a spark touch the powder, and instantly there will be a great blaze of light, and a roar of thunder, and a blow of many tons' weight will be sent smashing at whatever stands in the way.

Now look at our apparatus; there is no power in that. Look at Mr. Spurgeon—there he is; there is no power in him! Look at this your beautiful conventicle; I am proudly glad to stand here to-night and look at it with you, but there is no power in it. Look at our associated numbers; there is no power in these, for minus Christ, our thirty-six thousand members are thirty-six thousand nothings! But let the Holy Ghost fill and fire us all, then the glory of the Lord would be revealed, and His power felt, so that the report would shake the gates of hell, and be heard beyond the stars.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God." By His fire alone do we hope to blow into the air the strongholds of wickedness, misery, and starvation. As the fire of the morning burnt down the darkness of the night, the fire of the spring burns the fogs and frosts of the winter, and the fire of health burns down disease, so will the fire of the Lord burn down badness, conquer sin, and "mortality will be swallowed up of life."

Another effect of fresh life from the Holy One would be *fresh enterprise to provide the means of public worship*. The fire kindled within us would not be destructive only, it would be constructive. It would not only burn down, it would build up, for it is life. Oh, we are not dangerous people! We should be sorry to see arching over London the horrible beauty of a flashing red midnight. We meditate no damage to ricks and machinery, to churches and chapels. We should not hurt the feelings of those who vote against us, nor through us should "the smell of fire pass on their hats or their hosen, nor a hair of their head be singed, nor

their coats changed ;” but when it shall please God, by giving us more of His own life, to set our faith on fire, our love on fire, our faculties of action on fire, we shall get on faster with our new chapels, and no question they are urgently wanted. I was startled at this statement made in Mr. Samuel Morley’s speech at the Congregational Union Meetings last week :—“London is one of the most heathenish parts in Her Majesty’s dominions. If 58 per cent. of the people were anxious to attend the churches and chapels next Sunday morning, there would be required one million more sittings than are provided. The most appalling truth connected with this fact is, that of the sittings already provided, not more than half are occupied.” In 1876, the late Robert Barclay, one of our greatest authorities on questions of historical Christian statistics, made the remark that, “if all the churches, chapels, and buildings devoted to public worship in London were filled to their last seat, there would be still left outside the buildings as many people as the whole population—men, women, and children—in the cities of Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, and Birmingham. As the writer walked at night through the narrow streets teeming with a labouring population, the question *how* this great city is to be evangelized, seemed to him to be worth something more than a moment’s thoughtfulness or a passing sigh.”

It is almost a terrible thing for a Christian to live in London. For my part, Jesus Christ seems to be saying to me with great significance, “I know *where thou dwellest*.” Now and then the thought seems to wake up and spear me through like a flash of lightning. In the face of facts which have just been reported, I am tempted to lose my presence of mind, and find it almost impossible to speak in the cold and measured language commonly understood to be the language of practical men, so the practical men will very likely reprove me for injudicious violence. The other day the *Times* almost dared to reprove even a certain “most reverend” gentleman for irreverence, or something like it, because in speaking at a recent clerical meeting at Barrow, he applied the phrase “paroxysm of church building” to the zeal for building newly awakened in the Church of England. Why, “paroxysm” is the very word to designate the spirit wanted in this line of enterprise. Paroxysm is in fact the anglicised but untranslated Greek word in Hebrews x. 24, where the Apostle speaks of “a paroxysm of love and good works ;” no one ought to doubt that chapel building, from the principles we advocate, is a matter of “love and good works,” and we want to see the churches in a “paroxysm” in order to carry it out. Of course there would be certain inconveniences connected with it.

It is difficult to be considerate as well as paroxysmal. A paroxysm, from its very nature, is not a calm, prudential, deliberate thing ; it is apt now and then to hustle you into a mistake ; it is of no use to reason with a man in a paroxysm. Men who suffer from a dull brain or slow circulation, or men who hate fuss and shudder at show, or men who love the quiet company of books, men who are apt to think that, in religion, what is rickety is rickety, are apt to be unduly startled at what looks like a paroxysm. Those of us who have been wrong in this respect must be sorry for it, and put our small feelings out of the way. One and all, we must pray that God may kindle a burning storm in the hearts of His people, that in a glorious rapture of love they may serve Him with the trowel as well as with the sword of faith, and so help to get ready for the public worship of all the world.

Another effect of more fire would be, that when the churches have plenty of it, we shall have *plenty of suitable volunteers for the pastoral ministry*. At present, all churches, established no less than non-established, lack volunteers of the right kind. Volunteers the ministers must be, or they will be nothing. While I sympathise much with the strong sense and persuasive eloquence of the words lately addressed to young men by the honoured President of our Union, inviting those especially who have the greatest social advantages to enter the ministry ; for my own part, and I am sure he would agree with me, I would rather not say even to them, Do, do, do become pastors, but feel more inclined to echo the advice of an old divine, "Don't, don't, don't be pastors, *if you can help it*." The man who can help it will not answer the purpose. We want quite another man ; the man who says, "I must preach or die. Necessity is upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel. The word of the Lord was a fire. Shut up in my bones, I was weary with refraining, and could not stay ;" the man who is like a certain student who, when told that his precarious health would keep him from entering the mission field, said, "You *must* let me go, I *may* die, but I shall die the sooner if compelled to stay at home ;" the man whose words, once set going, will ride on like a cavalry charge, and whose life you can no more turn than you can turn a tornado ; the man who, if possible, will carry everything before him, who if flung, will fight upon his knees, or if driven with his back against the wall will stand—stand like a beaten anvil, stand as Antipas stood, one against all ; that is the man for the day. We want a few such irresistibles. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he may thrust such labourers into the harvest." It is impossible to wind men up to such enthusiasm

by mere machinery. The fire of the Holy Spirit can create them, but nothing else.

Another effect of more fire would be *more spontaneous evangelization*. Ours is not an architectural society, only bent on building. It is evangelistic, and if not that, it is nothing. I hammer on that nail again; if we bestow all our goods to build chapels, and have not an evangelistic spirit, *we are nothing*. There are two kinds of evangelists. First, there is the evangelist in the ministerial sense of the word, as we find it in the fourth chapter of Ephesians. This has been finely exemplified in the evangelistic enterprise lately led off by Mr. Archibald Brown. He made one, and if God had given me fitness, I should have made another; but we are not all Red Cross Knights, not all sent on such a crusade, are not all fit for it; some have to "abide by the stuff." "To one is given by the Spirit" the pastoral power; to another, the teaching power; to another, the chapel building faculty; to another, the delicacy of subtle, analytic thought; to another, the genius for finance; to another, the power of setting other people to work. "All this worketh that one and selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." But though we are not all congregational evangelists, if we are Christians, we must all be evangelists somehow. How is it that so many seem never to speak a word or stir a step in this direction? How is it that this work is so much left to the pastors? How is it that our people are sometimes so "forgetful to entertain strangers?" When you are magnetically conscious of a stranger at your elbow in the aisle, how is it that you sometimes set yourselves, with such a look of rigid resolution and armed neutrality, to study the ventilator? What must we do to cast out that dumb devil that so neutralizes the power of the Church? Why should you be so quick to slip out of what is personal in service? and why should the pastor be always trying to find one person to fill this place in the school, or another person that place in the domestic mission, or another for the diaconate? Is the ideal pastor only a kind of Shamgar with an oxgoad trying to prick and prod the people on to spasmodic and vociferous activity? Must we drag or drive evangelists to work? When a man feels himself to be a spent, pithless thing, when he is obliged to stop for breath, when he has just been speaking to Jesus Christ in Rutherford's words, "Lord, thou seest a poor, tired man coming up far behind Thee," it is intolerable to him that so much evangelistic responsibility belonging to others should be left on him in addition to his own proper responsibility. When people as well as pastors are all "filled with the Spirit," there will be no difficulty in evangelization. Let but one love,

yours and ours, be rekindled from Christ's burning heart, and it will "make this duty our delight." Love will crowd on and spring forward to do love's work. We shall all be alert and alive. We shall then find how true Matthew Henry's words are, "Grace abhors monopolies, and delights not to eat its morsel alone." Leighton has been saying to the churches for the last two hundred years, "You shall not only go after sinners to their houses, but to their *ale* houses," and when we have love enough, we shall go. The sense of effort will vanish—we shall need no hydraulic pressure, no forcing process then; the burning love of Christ within us will make an evangelist by a process easy, natural, and necessary as that by which the sap, the mystic spirit of the tree, lives through all its boughs, weaves all the laces of its leafage, breathes all its rays of green beauty, and kindles all the sweet glory of its fruitfulness.

It is to be feared that some churches make too much of what the world calls respectability. I have a great respect for respectability; but not for crystallized respectability, frozen respectability, respectability "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." That is not the kind of thing I mean. I do not see why status should be repellant, or why culture should be cold—the true gentlemen and the most sterling students, when their hearts are set on fire are the most cordial and loving followers of the Servant of servants. At any rate, Christian hearts must not be cold. A great thinker in France has said,—“The chronic malady of the soul is cold.” I fear that the chronic malady of the church is cold; but it must not be so any longer. If churches are cold, they will only “radiate” cold; if churches are cold, they will attract no souls from the world, for who wants fellowship with an iceberg? Men will shake off the snow from their feet, and say, “Lo, we turn from you!” When a church is poor, something can be done for it; when it is ignorant, something can be done for it; when it is small, something can be done for it, but when it is frozen, what is to be done? I lately learnt from a scientific journal how to utilize an iceberg. This is the only way. If you ever happen to be near the south pole, and meet an iceberg three times the size of your ship, all you have to do is to deftly fix in it a charge of dynamite, then to fire it with electricity, taking care all the while to keep out of the way as well as you can, and so *to break it up*. Nothing *can* be done with any kind of an iceberg but to break it in pieces. May God bless, with us, all the other evangelic churches in this city. Grace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity! So may we all be filled with the one burning and triumphant life of our one Lord!

TALKS ON TEMPERANCE.

NO. I.—VIEWING THE ENEMY.

It is well that the spirit of true patriotism should stir the soul, and love for Fatherland glow within the bosom. Our native land is not free from faults and wrongs, but

“Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is our country still,”

and we cannot but ardently desire her truest welfare. But enemies, not a few, are in our midst; and unless, in the strength of heaven, we go forth to stern battle against them, alas! for the glory and greatness of our land. We gaze, and shudder as we gaze, at brazen-faced Immorality, and Mammonism with its greed for gold, and Rationalism wrapt in chilly mists wandering forth into the dark and stormy night of Doubt, and Romanism forging her fetters and sharpening her swords, and National Vanity reckless and blood-stained. But foremost among our foes and most potent for evil is the Intemperance caused by the Liquor Traffic in our midst.

This Traffic is productive of enormous evils. It is in our land not in feebleness, but in great strength; not in isolated, unfortunate places, but from one end of the country to the other. It is quite needless to ask whether this system is a blessing or a bane; for countless voices from all classes of people unite in denouncing the Traffic as a monster iniquity. The *Telegraph* calls it a “covenant with sin and death;” and the *Times* says it is a huge nuisance and misery; and there is not a vice, or a disease, or a disorder, or a calamity of any kind that has not its frequent rise in the public-house.” The colossal Liquor Traffic brings us no blessings, but bitter woes and curses. It produces poverty, crime, disorder, and madness; it destroys the health and happiness, the bodies and souls of thousands; it places huge barriers in every path of progress, and smites the land with sorrow, suffering, and shame. Alas! for us, proof of this lies in ghastly heaps on every side.

The Liquor Traffic has existed in our midst for a long period. It is not a thing of yesterday; but for many weary years, aye centuries, its blighting and withering power has been laid upon us. For many ages the Traffic was open and free, and as early as the year 995 an attempt was made by law to restrain the evil of drinking. In the reign of Edward I. (1285) complaints against the Traffic were frequent; and it was enacted that taverns should not be open after the tolling of the curfew. Every Government has had to deal with this evil. In the reign of Edward VI., Taverns were denounced as the cause of “much evil rule;” while in the days of George II., with unrestricted sale, signboards were hoisted out,

“Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; clean straw for nothing.” This Traffic has been continuously cursing us, and is thus unlike many other evils. Famine is followed by years of plenty, pestilence tarries in our midst but for a brief period, and war halts in its grim and ghastly work of slaughter; but the Drink Traffic and its evils abide from age to age. And just as prisoners become used to the gloom of their cells, and slaves to their fetters, and nations to their oppressors, so our long familiarity with this evil prevents us from realising fully its hideous and hateful nature.

The power of the Liquor Traffic is still increasing. This is a fact greatly to be deplored; for the greater the Traffic the greater are the evils. Were this enemy in full retreat we should rejoice greatly. But the Drinking System holds its own, aye, increases in strength, despite the brave and vigorous attacks of the great Temperance Army. In the year 1830 the number of persons licensed to sell intoxicating liquors in England and Wales was 51,000 to a population of 13,500,000. In 1870 with a population of 22,000,000 there were about 140,000 sellers. Thus with a population not much above half as large again as in 1830, we had nearly three times the number of public-houses. And there is still further expansion, for we have now 185,000 places for the sale of drink. In 1860 we spent 86 millions of money on intoxicating liquors: but in 1877 we wasted 142 millions. And as we have sown so we have reaped. In 1860 there were 86,000 cases of drunkenness; but in 1876 the number amounted to 205,567 for England and Wales. Great is the Bacchus of Britons! Whatever trade languishes this traffic flourishes. During the terrible depression of 1878 the firm of Messrs. Bass and Co., which consists of eight partners, cleared as profits over £200,000. Professor Levi in his estimate, prepared at the instigation of Mr. Bass, sets down the capital invested in the Drink Traffic at £117,000,000. Hence in battling against this evil we have to deal with great vested interests, with brewers growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice, with tens of thousands of publicans, and with millions of thirsty Britons who consumed in the year 1876 no less than 1,191,043,685 gallons of beer, wine, and spirits. Such a traffic will not easily be overthrown. It will be a fierce struggle to dislodge and defeat this foe.

The Liquor Traffic has the sanction and protection of law. However iniquitous may be the public-house system the publican is duly licensed by law. The government grants him what is denied to all other citizens—a privilege to sell intoxicating liquors. The Entire Drink System, from the big brewery to the licensed grocer's shop, from the glaring gin-palace to the wayside beershop, is under the sanction of government. Against every attack the broad shield of

law is lifted. Common sense would suggest "that it is neither right nor politic for the State to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people." This, surely, is most rational. A true government should banish from the State what is fit only to corrupt and degrade. But in this Christian England of ours the government gives sanction to 185,000 persons to work and develop a most demoralising and ruinous system. Why is it thus? Why does not our Legislature with a high hand and a strong arm sweep away this iniquity? Cowper long ago supplied the answer. He writes:—

The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot. The ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold for Parliament to vote away.

In our midst, then, sanctioned and protected by law, we have the Liquor Traffic incessantly at work causing such dire and dreadful effects as are a disgrace to our civilisation, a dishonour to our Christianity, and a peril to our nation. In our consideration of the great Drink Question it is well that we should carefully reconnoitre the enemy that we desire to defeat and destroy; so that we may know something of his greatness and power, and also something of the vastness of the work lying before the Temperance Reformer. In our next paper we will endeavour to consider some of the ravages of the Drink-Foe.

J. LUKE.

MOST BLESSED FOR EVER.

The prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled;
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,
Now He hath answered: "Most blessed for ever!"

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,
You therefore sorrow now a little while;
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely aisle
Comes the clear music: "Most blessed for ever!"

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,
Through the far vistas of Eternity,
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,
Sweetest and fullest: "Most blessed for ever!"

—Miss Havergal to a friend on hearing of the death of Mrs. Ranyard.

READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

COMPREHENSIVE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST CHAPTER : JONAH THE RUNAWAY PROPHET.

"Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, First Sectional Division. saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." (verses 1, 2.)

DIVINE communications are always of supreme importance. Messages from God's throne are stamped with the seal of His Sovereignty. His Name is the synonym for authority. We should continually be in an attitude of soul so as to hear what God the Lord shall speak to us. The soul has its faculty of hearing as well as the body. Vastly more exquisite in its sensitiveness when *Spirit-opened* than the material organ. Deaf to the "strife of tongues," the vain babblings of Earth's "Babel," it is sensitive to the very whisperings of Angel-messengers, and hears even the undertones of the manifold God-voices. Must be careful ever to distinguish between *the General* and *the Special Speakings* of Jehovah to us. In the eternal harmonies of Nature I hear Divine Voices—from every point in the brilliant heavens, and every leaf in the tangled forest, and every flower in wild hedgrow, and every grass-spire in daisied meadow, and every monotone of old ocean, together with the everlasting calm of mountain-kinghood, and the silent imperial on-sweep of Time and the Seasons. There are super-human voices speaking to us—utterances divine telling of an Original Personality of Creative Energy, Designing Mind, Commanding Will, Infinite Power, and Transcendent Goodness, and the creature's duty to such a Creator, Sovereign, Father!

All this we may hear amid the whirl of daily commerce and the hum of busy occupation.

For *special* communications God meets us *alone*. Not in the crowded thoroughfare or thronged emporiums of life, but in the stillness of the midnight watches, the solitude of the desert, the loneliness of the "secret" hour, the hushed silence of the spirit-crisis, when man is brought face to face with the mysteries of existence and the great problems of destiny. *Then* God comes and makes special unfoldings of His purposes, revelations of His mind, communications involving *Personal Service, Sacrifice, Surrender, or Rebellion!* Then it is "*the Word of the Lord*" comes to

us, saying, "*Do this,*" or "*Do that,*" "*Go here,*" or "*Go there;*"—a special commission for special work involving difficulties, hardships, dangers! Revelation has not ceased with the apocalyptic benediction; it is still in progress among the pure and kingly souls of society. "Thus saith the Lord God," and "the Word of Lord came unto Jonah. . . . saying," are old Testament phrases *as true to-day* as then. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto him!"

Homiletic
Treatment.

Homiletically, the *Commission* may be viewed in its (1) SOURCE: (*the Lord.*) (2) ITS RECIPIENT: ("*Jonah.*") (3) ITS PURPORT: (*to preach.*)

(a) Supreme.

Viewed in its (1) SOURCE it is (a) *Supreme*:—"LORD" when written in capitals always stands for "*Jehovah,*" in contradistinction to the same name written in small letters which only signifies "*Sir.*" *Self-Existence, Independence, Infallibility,* with the whole array of *Natural* and *Moral Perfections* inhering in and corresponding to His Infinite Character as set forth in Scripture, measure Him off an infinite distance from the highest Created Intelligence, and make Him *absolutely supreme* in Authority and Rule. Behests can come from no court *so* lofty, no source *so* unique and autocratic as this!

(b) Peremptory.

It is (b) Peremptory:—Cannot be set aside with impunity. neglected with self-satisfaction, violated without penalty, It is Absolute! Imperative! Final! Obedience is binding on the child to his father; loyalty on the subject to his King; fealty on the servant to his master. *How much more so on the creature to his Creator?*

(c) Honourable.

It is (c) Honourable:—Associating the Commissioned with the Commissioner. Investing him with royal rights and privileges and honours! Elevating him above the ordinary walks of society to the princely platform of Divine Intimacy, Confidence, Co-partnership! The *real* Monarchs among men are the *Uncrowned Kings* in the *soul-realm*, that are wielding the sceptre of a divine commission, doing the bidding and executing the purposes of Jehovah. Never forget it! the *highest* honours of earth are worn by *Christian Ambassadors*. It is theirs to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God!

The Imperial Commission.

(2) IN ITS RECIPIENT:—"Jonah." The transition here is from the *Divine* to the *human*. We turn from the *Fountain* to the *Vessel*; from the *Sun* to the quivering Star. After facing the *King on His Throne* and hearing what He

has to say, we front the *mortal at His Footstool* to whom He delivers His Message.

It is to Jonah in his (a) Filial Relationship:—"the Son," ^{(a) Filial Relationship.} &c. God puts honours on Sonship; He does not here on Parenthood. He calls the child to special and distinguished service, but leaves the father to follow the ordinary routine of life. "Amittai"—the sire and senior and experienced—is passed by, while "*Jonah*"—the son, the younger, the more suitable—is called to office. God is responsible for the selection and appointment of *those only* in the great economy of Christian Ambassadorship who have divine credentials to show.

Why He chooses "*the son*" in a family and not *a son* is not for us to inquire. The right of choice is His. The Prerogative to call and commission whom He pleases, not ours to question. "One is taken and another left." Happy the home in which there is a "*The Son*" on whom Jehovah lays His hand and commissions to a holy enterprise!

It is to Jonah in his (b) Official Capacity:—"Prophet." ^{(b) Official Capacity.} (2 Kings xiv. 25). One elevation prepares the way for another. Seership rises into Apostleship. The "*Prophet*," at the Divine Bidding, becomes the "*Preacher*." The sacred Mount of Vision is vacated for the more sacred platform of judicial and merciful proclamations.

Faithful discharge of duty in *one office* is the surest guarantee of exaltation to a higher. Fidelity wins favour and lifts to distinction. It is so in the world-circle, but pre-eminently so in the moral-realm. Jonah "*the Son*"—dutiful in all the filial relations—becomes Jonah the elected to Seership, and Jonah the Seer—true to the obligations incumbent on him—becomes Jonah the Commissioned of God to preach unto the Ninevites. "Them that honour me I will honour."

It teaches, First, — THAT IN THE ECONOMY OF MORAL ^{LESSONS}
PURPOSES GOD MAKES USE OF CREATURE-AGENCY:— ^(First.)
Man the *primary* agent of good to his kindred in the religious universe. The direct channel of blessing to his fellow-man. Not angels. Not institutions. Not literature. Not providence. *But the sons of men! Peculiarly fitted by human sympathies and like experience.*

THAT APPOINTMENTS IN THIS ECONOMY ARE SPECIFIC ^(Second.)
AND SOVEREIGN:—Not indiscriminate and accidental. Favouritism unknown in the Empire of Grace. The *Law of Adaptation* strictly observed and mainly regulative here.

(Third.) THAT THE REWARDS OF FAITHFULNESS IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE WILL BE PROMOTION HERE AND CORONATION HEREAFTER:—Jonah's graduation. See also (Matt. xxv. 29. Rev. ii. part 10 verse.)

(3) IN ITS PURPORT:—"Arise, Go to Nineveh," &c.

- (1) Activity. It is (1) *a summons to Activity*:—"ARISE,"—"GO":—Shake off dull sloth. Rouse thee from careless ease. Bestir thy energies, spring upon thy feet, buckle on the harness, gather up all thy forces for immediate and decisive action! Be Active! Be Doing! Be Earnest! Quick March! by the right to Nineveh. "Arise, Go!" (a)
- (a) Physical. *The physical plays an important part in the Execution of Divine purposes.* Villify the body as we may, it is indispensable in the carrying out of life's special mission. We can neither "Arise" nor "Go" without it. There will be no "Nineveh" reached for active service unless we are taken there by the vehicle of "flesh and blood." (b) *The*
- (b) The Will. *Will too must give its sanction or all the activities will be held in restful subjection.*

Men may "Arise" and even "Go" *against* their will, but not *without* their will. It is the Directive Force, the Determining Power of Action in man. Where there is no *will-power* a man is a *mere tool* in the hands of others.

Decisions
thereof.

The *decisions of the Will* must not be influenced in any degree by *selfish interests, or family, or relative interference and biassings*. To reason, to hesitate, to enter into financial calculations, to go weighing consequences, adding up losses, &c., or to be swayed by the dissuasions of friends whose soul eyes never peer into the broad expanse of universal good, but are concentrated on the narrow circle of self-interest, is to fling the insult of presumption and rebellion in the face of Jehovah, to paralyze activity, and wrongly bias the motions and decisions of the will. Terrible responsibility is incurred both by the party summoned to activity and refusing to go, and those that have helped to such a determination!

Whenever the *Divine Voice* rings into the solitude of thy soul, brother, the startling summons, "*Arise, Go!*" confer not with "flesh and blood," but spring to thy feet and march on thy way, so shalt thou be blessed.

- (2) Call to Duty. It is (2) *a Call to Arduous Duty*:—*Cry against, &c.* Duty, a delight when entered on with a spirit of love, but a drudgery when performed perfunctorily. A path of flowering beauty and smiling sunbeams to the former, but

a tangled forest-path of briars and thorns and over-arching gloom to the latter.

Note *its* (a) *Sphere* :—"Nineveh, that great city." (a) *Its Sphere*

In God's great busy world there is a definite sphere of duty for *every one*. No couches of "soft ease" are made for sloth's sons to recline on; no "fairy bowers" of elegant repose for Indolence to luxuriate in vacant day-dreams. Happy he that knows *where* his duty lies and does it. Jonah's sphere was *Extensive* :—"Great City." *Extensive*. "Larger than Babylon, sixty miles in circumference, encompassed with walls on which three chariots might drive abreast." (Strabo.) The *moral need* co-extensive with the mission-field, &c. It was *offensive* :—The inhabitants were *Offensive*. "*gentiles*" and the soil was "*pagan*." Never a prophet before nor after sent to the heathen. In Jewish eyes they were "dogs" and "outcasts,"—loathsome, despicable, hated! To preach to them was an insult to his national pride, a mortification of his official dignity, and a stabbing of his Jewish prejudices! Thither he was ordered. In that foreign city his duty lay. God looks at *humanity in its oneness of spiritual need*, and not at *nationalities* in their distinctions of caste, colour, name, rights, privileges, &c. Beneath the mere accidents of birth, country, creed, caste, we must ever penetrate, until we feel the throbbings of a human heart, and see the moral *débris* of a divine creation. Every Gentile is a *Son of Adam* if not a "*Son of Abraham*;" under the outer covering of particular nationality there is a spirit *one* with the Hebrew—with man everywhere—in its ruin, sorrow, guilt, restlessness and hope of deliverance!

The *grand rallying centre of humanity* is CHRIST. To this Human-God all races are marching as minute-beats to the great eternity; in Him they shall find their common inheritance; and around Him "all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues" shall clasp hands in holy eternal fellowship—a magnificent brotherhood of souls!

It was *morally corrupt* :—"their wickedness is come up," &c. *Morally Corrupt*. The city had become one vast cess-pool into which ran the myriad streams of moral villany and voluptuousness, whence arose to Heaven a stench abominable and abhorrent. From the centre to the circumference of its surging population, "*wickedness*" lifted its brazen brow, and shook its defiant fist, and curled its vicious lip, and stamped its enraged foot, and derisively asked God to do His worst!

It was ripe for destruction. Only the divine method invariably is, not to strike, to curse, to blast, to destroy, until due warning has been given, and opportunity for repentance afforded. Jonah was commanded to sound the alarm trumpet! *Great cities have great sins.* The river swells according to the ratio of streamlets which flow into it; so moral corruption in any place increases in bulk and momentum as the tide of population rises.

In the *great aggregate of iniquity* which floats before the Eternal Vision, Jehovah knows the exact *quantum of each transgressor*. None can hide himself in the mass or be secluded in the multitude. He sees *my sin* as well as the city's, the nation's, the world's sin!

(b) *Its Spirit.* Note (b) *Its Spirit*:—"Cry against it." Energy was to rise to its highest point. Feeling to culminate in vehement utterance. Zeal for the Lord of hosts to rush to a grand enthusiasm of soul, compelling to a denouncement of their accumulated iniquities in thunder-tones of righteous wrath. "*Cry against it!*" Let there be no confectionery of flattering words, no flowers of eloquent speech, no softened strains of timid utterance, but "*Cry,*" "lift up the Voice," ring out in clear and clarion tones the knell of doom—sin's inevitable consequences!

Our modern Ninevehs, as a rule, are left undisturbed in their sins through lack of vehement cries of condemnation and alarm. *Men read, and sing, and flatter to-day!* The pulpits of Christendom to a lamentable extent are converted into *conservatories* where the audiences are regaled with the perfume, and charmed with the beauties of rhetorical flowers, and go away at ease in their sins, struck only with the magnificent "*flower-show*" they have seen! Every pulpit should be a *Mount Sinai* and a *Mount Calvary*.

Present-day hearers say, "*Prophecy unto us smooth things,*" and "among the smooth stones of the stream" is many a minister's "portion;" but woe unto such, for they are untrue to their great commission—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins:"—"Cry against Nineveh."

Energy of
Soul.

To "CRY" requires,—(a) *Energy of Soul*:—A Stoic cannot cry. There must be intensity of feeling. Strong emotion. Powerful impulse. Inspiration carrying its possessor to a sublime enthusiasm.

"To Cry" requires,—(b) *A Vivid Realization of Sin* :—Its ^{A Vivid Realization of Sin.} nature, heinousness, offensiveness to God, attendant peril, guilt, ruin, &c. Our neighbour's house on fire and his unconsciousness of it, would rouse us to impassioned utterance and vociferous alarm; what about souls wrapped in consuming flames of sin, on fire of hell? Did we always and vividly realize *that* we could not cease from crying!

"To "Cry" requires—(c) *Moral courage* :—It will create ^{Moral Courage.} indignation, ridicule, opposition, strife. The "bulls of Bashan" will roar, the vipers in their nests will hiss, for men don't like to be molested in their sins; hypocrites resent the tearing of the mask from their faces; human nature doesn't like being told its true and terrible condition. *Heroes* only can "Cry!" Cowards are mutes when danger threatens.

It is, likewise, *Unorthodox* to "Cry." The Veto of religious society—fastidious, critical, dainty sermon-mongers—is put on it. It violates the laws of Conventionalism! It intrudes on the "rights" of Fashion! It is so contrary to refinement, culture, and the "etiquette" of worship! Fervid pronouncements on "the whole duty of man" so affect the nerves and disturb the consciences of "*respectable*" hearers that it cannot be tolerated! OH, SOCIETY IS ROTTEN.

The congregations of this generation are SICK WITH PRIDE AND IGNORANCE UNTO DEATH! *Noise* in the Oratorio, Ball-room, Dancing Saloon, &c., can be endured, nay, enjoyed; but an *earnest Pulpit* in the Church—a pulpit noisy with Divine utterances—is sneered at and persecuted as an outrage on the common sense and civilization of the 19th century! *Excitement* can be borne in the theatre until the nerves are strung to their farthest tension, and no fault is found with it; but because faithful appeals and solemn warnings *excite the conscience*, and the conscience rings its knell of condemnation in the soul which plays harshly on the nerve-strings, such excitement is branded with "*fanaticism*," and declared impracticable and unwise! Hence, pulpit excitement is not Gospel! Holy earnestness is not fashionable! *Crying is NOT ORTHODOX!!* God, therefore, made a *mistake* when He commanded Preachers to "CRY!!!"

The commission to any "Nineveh" to *cry* against its sins—drunkenness, prostitution, political wrongs, trade villanies, and religious hypocrisies—involves a MOST arduous task.

(To be continued.)

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

CHARLES HOSKING,

Who has recently been called from our midst to join the disembodied host, was the son of John and Ursula Hosking, originally of Ninnis, near Carfury, but who closed their earthly career like their son, and daughter Mary, at Heamoor. The parents lived for a time on a farm near the Lizard; then for a season in the parish of Sancreed; again near the Lizard, subsequently settling down again at Ninnis, whence, on retiring from business, they came to Heamoor. Br. Charles Hosking was probably born at Sancreed in February, 1804. His parents were for a great many years pious, and his father a local preacher for a long period, first with the Wesleyans and subsequently with the Bible Christians. Brought up in such a home and under such happy and religiously healthful influences, Charles became very early the subject of religious convictions. In his boyhood and early youth, he was remarkable for his steady, sober, thoughtful, as well as honest and consistent demeanour. And it is no marvel that at an early age he yielded to the influences of piety, gave himself to the Lord, and joined God's people. This was at the time the family lived near the Lizard. How long our friend remained a member is not now correctly known; but some years afterwards when the family had returned from the South to Ninnis, Br. Charles was not a member, though he regularly attended the services at Carfury, and at other places around. His moral conduct and behaviour before the world was consistent and exemplary, but he had lost the power and blessedness of godliness.

In the year 1843, when Mr. Gammon and Mr. T. Andrews laboured on this circuit, a very gracious revival of religion was realised generally throughout the circuit, especially at Carfury. Several persons now occupying important and influential positions in our denominations as ministers, and a host of others, were at this time converted. W. H. Hosken, in Australia, Jas. Rowe, also in Australia, W. Rowe at home, H. Brush, E. Hosken, and others living in the Penzance Circuit, were among the number. Also our departed Br. Hosking, and his wife; and from that time, a period of 36 years, have been united with us at Carfury and Heamoor. Br. Hosking was about 40 years of age, and had been married about 18 years when he and his wife gave themselves fully to the Lord and to the fellowship of His people. After marriage,

Br. Hosking lived in the neighbourhood of Ninnes or Carfury for a period of 35 years. For the last eight years, they have retired from business, and resided at Heamoor. The reality of our dear brother's conversion was known to himself, and its genuineness was manifested before his family, the church, and the world. His attachment to God's people was strong, his love for His house and the ordinances of religion was intense, and his delight in religious conversation was very great. Our friend was not a public character, nor a prominent member, nor was he called to fill any offices in connection with the church; but his piety was a reality, his Christian character was manifest, and his religious worth was known and appreciated. His religion was not so much of the demonstrative and noisy character, as of the quiet, calm, and serene kind. If not a *prominent* Christian, all who knew his private and public life and deportment would testify to his *eminent* religious life and character. His home was ever open to God's servants, and he was always ready to contribute to the support of His cause. One of his last acts was to give a donation towards the funds of God's house. His health generally had been good; but a few years before coming to Heamoor, he began to suffer from rheumatic pains,—and more lately he has suffered from bronchial and asthmatic attacks. His end was rather sudden. He was present at the service in Heamoor Chapel, on Sunday, November 8th, when some references were made to his sister Mary, who had been called home to her heavenly reward; and he then appeared in his usual health. The following week he was about as usual; but, on Thursday the 19th, having taken cold from the severe weather, he was confined to his bed by an attack of bronchitis. Medical aid was secured, but he rapidly sank, and died on Sunday, November 22nd, 1878, in the 75th year of his age. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

He spoke with great freedom and confidence, and with evident gratitude and joy, a few hours before his death, of the reality of his conversion and of his personal interest in Christ—and remarked, in reference to his weak physical condition, that, if religion had then to be secured, his would be a sad and hopeless case. But he felt that he was resting on the “Rock of ages,” and had a good hope of the heavenly home. At the time of this conversation he was scarcely himself conscious that he was really so near that home, but in a few hours the spirit had fled from the earthly house, and without doubt was borne by angel hands to the paradise of God, to the home of the spotless and the good! May we all follow him as he followed Christ, and by-and-bye all meet in the New Jerusalem!

W. G.

MRS. RICHARDS,

OF Trerice, St. Dennis, formerly Miss Eliza Richards, of Treviscoe, St. Stephen's-in-Branwell, Cornwall, departed this life on the 5th of December, 1879, in the 65th year of her age, in the "full assurance of hope." From her early youth she was a lover of righteousness. Very diffident was she; but her trust was always in the merits of Jesus, and her end, as might be expected, was peaceful and happy,

E. J. R.

Missionary Meetings.

BRADFORD DISTRICT.—Following the example of others, we venture to give a report of our recent visit to the North of England, and hope that it may not prove uninteresting to the readers. We started from Newport, October 16th; the first point of interest on the journey was the railway tunnel now being cut under the dark blue waters of the Severn; when completed this vast undertaking will open an iron road from Wales to Bristol and the West of England, a most important desideratum, considering the present inconvenience of crossing the Passage, especially in the winter season. Near Lydney we get a good view of the wonderful railway bridge, lately built over the Severn; this splendid triumph of engineering skill is erected at Purton Passage, where the river is a mile in width, and the tide rises to a height of 30 feet; the total length is 4162 feet, its cost about £400,000. It will form a connecting link of the great railway systems east and west of the Severn, and we hope it will constitute a brighter era for the iron and coal trades in the good old Forest of Dean. Having an hour to wait at Gloucester, we once more found pleasure in walking through some of its broad and well-made streets; one can never enter this highway to London and the North without thinking of Bishop Hooper, Robert Raikes, and George Whitfield. Many spots of the greatest interest are passed in a very little time in a railway train. After leaving Gloucester, we soon reach the fashionable town of Cheltenham, so long the scene of the useful labours of the lamented Dr. Morton Brown. The fine old city of Worcester comes next to view, with the well-known Malvern Hills on the left; the train quickly passes through many beehives of industry until it lessens its speed and gradually draws up to New-street Station of the far-famed metropolis of the Midlands. We long to see the standard of our beloved denomination planted in Birmingham, as we know of some who are ready to go there if the Missionary Committee could see its way clear to send them. Pursuing our journey we quickly find ourselves at Burton, the great centre of the bottle and barrel interest, the curse of our land, and soon after at Derby, with her 10,000 people worthily represented by the noble man she sends to Parliament, Samuel Plimsoll, the "sailor's friend." At Chesterfield we were glad to meet Br. T. H. Carthew. Having a small share in the introduction of our cause into this neighbourhood, we are not a little interested in its progress there; the mission at present has two chapels, but neither in the town; if we got into the town I think we should succeed. Br. Carthew has taken well among the friends, and we believe, notwithstanding the great difficulties to be overcome, he will be the means of doing much good. We are not therefore asking too much when we make the humble request that we remember Br. Carthew in our prayers, and also the whole o

the brethren in the North of England. Ministers in old established circuits may have hard and up-hill work, but it is nothing to be compared to those who are working on new ground. Friday, October 17th, we arrived at Bradford. This great mart of woollen industry, like its sister town Leeds, is an immense place. We were told that 200 trains run into it every day. Br. S. L. Thorne, whom we were pleased to find hale and hearty, has a large field for labour; he has already gathered around him many friends. The missionary services were commenced with a public tea on the Saturday afternoon, the provisions of which were kindly given by Mrs. Thorne. The public meeting in the evening was addressed by the pastor and the deputation; the meeting was a good one, but it was not so largely attended as the following services. On the Sunday, sermons were preached morning and evening by the writer, and in the afternoon by a minister of the town. A good attendance at each service, especially at night when the chapel was well filled; a gracious influence prevailed, and a few sought and found Christ. On the Monday evening it was our lot to lecture, "Pastor" Thorne taking the chair. This meeting closed with a revival prayer meeting, in which several penitents sought salvation. The missionary services were highly successful, and the collection in advance. We hope before long to see a chapel at Bradford that will better accommodate the increasing congregation, be a joy to the connexion and an honour to the town. Tuesday morning we left for Dalton-in-Furness, a four or five hours' ride through a lovely country, studded with towns and villages, and intersected by railways. Br. Orchard, and Br. Cottle, both of them the pictures of health and happiness, were on the platform. We were soon in deep converse about Connexional and other interesting topics. The meeting at night was well attended, and ably addressed by the brethren, Cottle, Orchard, and Charlton. The writer was gratified with the hearty welcome he received, and did his best to represent the important claims of the Bible Christian Missionary cause. Our chapel is the best in the town, and we were delighted to see it had a noble organ.—Sorry to hear from the much respected pastor that they had recently suffered greatly from removals. The collection was well sustained, and the chairman spoke and gave well. The next day we found our way with the brethren to the rising town of Barrow-in-Furness, visiting the ruins of the fine old abbey on our way. Here, as at Tintern, in Monmouthshire, we observed that the abbey was built in the midst of rich pastoral land; the monks in those "good old times" evidently knew how to make a wise choice. From Furness Abbey to Barrow is an easy walk; our chapel we were sorry to find on the outskirts of the town. The missionary meeting was presided over by one of the councillors who gave an excellent address and a generous donation. The same speakers as at the Dalton meeting, and each did their work well. If trade improves, our cause at Barrow may prosper, and we pray and earnestly hope that it will, if only for the sake of the great liabilities there. Thursday and Friday evening were devoted to a missionary meeting and lecture at Swarthmoor; the chapel each night was filled, but we discovered to our great concern that the giving talent was capable of vast improvement. The missionary sermons on this station were preached by the circuit ministers and Br. Cottle on the previous Sunday. On the Friday morning, in company with Br. Orchard, we visited the Lake District; the weather was fine, and the scenery surpassed all that we had ever seen. We could more easily lecture now on "The mountains of the Bible." The day's experiences made us feel the full force of the words of a Presbyterian minister who said that the Lake District was "the most beautiful bit of God's earth he knew." On Saturday, October 25th, we went to Millom, where we lectured at night to a large and appreciative audience. Br. Cottle occupied the chair, and the choir, accompanied by Miss Cottle on the harmonium,

did their part well. On the following day, missionary sermons were preached in three of the chapels by the brethren Cottle, Charlton, and Edgcombe. Monday night meeting at Haverigg, Mr. Sobey, an old friend, in the chair. The speaking power at this meeting was sufficient to sustain the interest for nearly three hours; the collection was also in the right direction. Tuesday, meeting at Millom; the chair was taken by a Churchman, and stirring addresses were given by Br. Charlton, a Baptist minister, and the deputation; Br. Cottle reading the report. This meeting, we think, was the best of the whole; the congregation was large, and the collection considerably ahead. During our stay at Millom we paid a visit to the peaceful resting place of Mrs. Kelley, whose name is held in high esteem by all the friends; our visit to the circuit was very pleasant, and we trust good was done. All the stations on the whole are looking well, and bid fair to become self-supporting. Many of the friends are true lovers of our Zion; the two last evenings in the north were spent in lecturing for the missionary society at Dalton and Barrow; on both occasions the congregations were good, and the collections encouraging. Our work finished, we turned our eyes and steps once more towards home; whilst sorry to part from brethren whose company we had so much enjoyed, and friends whose kindness had been so great, we were glad to see Newport, although it was by the light of early morning, having travelled from north to south by a night train.

R. E.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

NORTHLEW CIRCUIT.—The Annual Conference of Sunday-school workers for this circuit was held at Bratton Clovelly, on Thursday, the 20th November. Most of the schools in the circuit were represented; nearly 60 persons were present. The schools unrepresented were Chilla and Highampton; these places are some distance from the place of meeting. After singing and prayer, the Conference proceeded to re-elect the President, Mr. Coles, and to appoint Mr. Hoare as Secretary, in the place of Mr. Datson. The schedules of the various schools, which were then read, showed that there was an increase in the circuit of 26 teachers and 89 scholars, making totals of 123 and 574 respectively. 107 teachers are members of society, being 24 more than last year, but with the scholars the numbers stand three less, only seven having been converted during the year. The great increase is owing to the addition of Okehampton to the circuit. The Inspector's report came next. He visits the various schools once during the summer months, and reports thereon, pointing out the defects, and showing what is worthy of imitation. At one school he found no teachers or scholars, the excuse being wet weather, but the real excuse ought to have been no interest. At another he found no teetotalers; at another, only two. Mr. Trewin, the Inspector for the past year, having declined re-appointment, Mr. Martin was elected in his place. Some of the questions raised were, How is the lack of spirituality to be accounted for? Are the Connexional rules understood by our Sunday-school managers? It was decided that there be a service once a quarter in every school especially for the children's salvation; that a Band of Hope be established in connection with each school; that there be a temperance committee formed to visit each school in the circuit; and that the next Conference be held at Northlew. At the evening meeting the Inspector again read his report, the adoption of which was moved by Mr. S. Drew (of Okehampton), who said that the Sunday-school movement would not be complete without an impartial Inspector. Railway companies, banking companies, board schools, etc, had

inspectors, and surely Sunday-schools should have one. This inspection reminded them of the general inspection which will take place at the last day. They should therefore work, and always be on the watch. Mr. R. Brooks (of Woodfordham), who seconded it, speaking of the bad report of Chilla, asked the meeting to pray for it. With regard to temperance, he hoped the report would be brighter next year. As to the lack of conversions, he feared that the hay was kept so high that only the old sheep could bite. He wanted it to be brought down so that the lambs might nibble it. Mr. Spear (of Northlew), supporting the motion, said the Sunday-school inspector for the past year was very different from the Board School inspector; the latter was expected, and they prepared for his coming, but the former came when they were "napping." He thought that none should teach unless they had a right aim, otherwise they were "nobody in somebody's place." The motion having been put and carried, Mr. E. Hortop (of Bratton) spoke on the benefit of Sunday-schools to the church, to the nation, and the world at large. He said that the children bring the parents, who might not otherwise come. Young converts could be well employed in the Sunday-school, who might not otherwise be kept. The best way to retain young converts was to put them to work. The Sunday-school is a nursery for the church. It tends to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, and to cramp the liquor traffic. As teachers, they should try to make it a greater praise in the earth. Mr. Hoare spoke on "Early Piety." The usual vote of thanks, singing and prayer, brought another very interesting Conference, which had been favoured with the presence of the Most High, to a close. Hoping that this report will stimulate other Sunday-school workers to greater diligence, I remain, yours, etc.,

THE REPORTER.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged			- £1,206 2s. 2d.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
KILKHAMPTON—					
Bush Sunday School	1	0 0	SHEBBEAR, The College—		
KINGSBROMPTON, Timberscombe—			Mr. Ruddle's Lecture	1	2 4
Mr. E. Cording, 1st instal.	0	10 0	Sutcombe—		
J. Hicks, do.	0	10 0	Mr. Ruddle's do., 2nd col.	1	6 2
Mrs. Poole, do.	0	1 6	Mr. Adams, donation	0	5 0
Kingsbrompton—			TAUNTON—		
Mr. J. Payne, 1st instal.	0	2 6	Mr. S. Radcliffe, per P.		
Mr. J. Webber, do.	0	5 0	Labden	20	0 0
Luckwell Bridge—			TORRINGTON—		
Master Ridler's card	0	2 7	Mrs. Arthur, donation	0	2 0
Miss Tudball's do.	0	2 9	Miss E. Luxton, 1st instal.	0	7 0
LONDON, JUBILEE—			HASTINGS—		
F. W. and Mrs. Bourne,			Several Sunday Schools	1	6 0
2nd donation	10	0 0	WATERLOO ROAD Sunday		
Mr. R. Coad's Lecture	2	16 4	School	1	0 0

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—We wish you and all our friends a happy and prosperous New Year. We have heard of a company of trustees willing to devote to the Extension Fund the results of one Chapel Anniversary, if other trustees will do the same. Some chapels could do this well, and perhaps all the others could hold a second in the year and so help the cause. We also purpose, at some convenient time, to hold "An Old Boys' Meeting." We think there must be many

"old boys" who would gladly do what they can to make such a meeting a success.

A friend at Taunton, see report, has given £20 to the Extension Fund. We hope many will follow his good example, and also the very excellent and munificent gift of our dear friend Mr. Nancekieveil.

We are, Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer.*

W. HIGMAN, *Agent.*

CRAMLINGTON.

DEAR BR. BOURNE.—The deficiency of our Mission being £17 10s. 1½d. at Midsummer last, and £6 16s. 10d. more being due to various funds at the same time, we prepared for a public tea and bazaar, which were held August 29th and 30th, 1879. The following were the proceeds:—

RECEIPTS.			DISBURSEMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Mrs. R. Allen, tea	-	1 16 0	Bills and Circulars	-	0 5 6
Mrs. Rider, do.	-	0 6 6	Rent and Cleaning Preaching		
Master G. Harris, do.	-	0 6 0	Room	-	3 15 0
Master W. Langman, do.	-	0 6 0	Missionary Fund	-	2 19 5
Admission	-	1 6 9	District Fund	-	0 2 5
Mrs. Banwell's stall	-	6 3 2	Mission balance, due at Mid-		
Miss H. Lark's do.	-	2 16 3	summer	-	8 0 0
Messrs. W. Lark's and J.			Do., Michaelmas	-	6 6 9
Miller's do.	-	1 4 4			
Mr. John Lark's do.	-	0 9 1			
Mrs. R. Cann, donation	-	0 5 0			
An Old and True Friend, do.	0	10 0			
Cash by the Pastor	-	6 0 0			
Total £21 9 1			Total £21 9 1		

The friends did the work of the tea and bazaar without murmurings and disputings; they were thoroughly agreed, active, and cheerful in their noble effort, and were glad and joyful when they heard the result of it.

J. BANWELL.

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND ITEMS.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—I have sent on a cutting from the *Daylesford Advocate*, which somewhat abridged, might, I think, appear in the Magazine for January:

"WELCOME TO MR. EVANS.

"LAST evening the Bible Christian Church was filled with a congregation, met for the purpose of giving a welcome to Mr. Evans, who has just arrived from England to take charge of the Daylesford Bible Christian Circuit. It was necessary to have two sittings at the tea, before all the guests had been regaled. The tables having been cleared away, Mr. W. H. Hosken opened the public meeting by giving out the 240th hymn, and offering prayer. The rev. gentleman then said that at that stage it was necessary to inform them that Mr. Hosken would take the chair. This he considered but right, inasmuch as that night it was his duty to resign his position as their pastor, and introduce to them Mr. Evans, who would take his place. He would take that opportunity of expressing

to them the pleasure which his visits to Daylesford had given him. He congratulated his successor on having had a safe voyage, and also on the fact that he had not come out alone. He had been asked innumerable questions about Mr. Evans and his personal characteristics, and he had answered—"Well, I'm not ashamed of him (and that can be taken for something), and the best thing you can do will be to come and see him yourself." And he was pleased to observe that so many had followed his advice.

"Mr. Lawry was glad to be present that evening to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Evans among them, for whom they had been waiting a considerable time. At the present day, many deemed it necessary that ministers should be as wise as Solomon, and as eloquent as the disciples. But if the church had the moving power of Christ, that alone would ensure success. The great success of Sankey and Moody was attributable to the simplicity with which they appealed to men's hearts. With regard to their new pastor and his wife, he offered them his warm welcome, and hoped they would long remain among them, and that their labours would be crowned with success. He trusted that the rev. gentleman would so sow the seeds of righteousness that he would reap an abundant harvest.

"Mr. Milward congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Evans on their safe arrival, and expressed his pleasure in welcoming him to Daylesford. There was no doubt that Mr. Evans would have uphill work; but he believed that gentleman had come prepared to work with those who would co-operate with him, and he (the speaker) hoped that he would always be in a position to render the same assistance in the future that he had endeavoured to give in the past.

"Mr. Liddell expressed his pleasure at Mr. Evans' arrival as it would not only serve to lighten his labours, which had of late pressed rather heavily upon him; but it would also allay the anxiety of the congregations in the out-districts, where the inquiries as to when their new pastor would arrive had become painfully frequent.

"Mr. W. H. Hosken alluded to the manner in which the various pulpits in the district had been supplied during the time the circuit had been without a resident minister, and paid a high compliment to the young members of the church who had undertaken the duty of supplying them. It was a delight to the older ministers to see young men coming on who promised to eclipse them, and he thanked those who had paid so much attention to the efforts of these young preachers. He would now take his leave of the congregation, and introduce Mr. Evans to them. In doing so, he would express on behalf of himself and this circuit a hearty welcome to his brother, and in the name of the Bible Christian Church of the Colony, and the Daylesford Circuit especially, he would publicly extend the right hand of friendship to Mr. Evans with the sincere hope that his labours among them would be blessed.

"Mr. Evans, who was very warmly received, expressed a wish that he had been better prepared, physically, [to address them that evening. Previous to leaving home he had a great deal of hard work, and he had hoped to enjoy a good rest on the voyage out. But instead of this, they had held seventeen services during the seven weeks they were on board ship. When he arrived in the Colony they were determined he should not eat the bread of idleness, and during the short time he had been in Melbourne he had preached six times, besides addressing public meetings, and delivering a lecture. This, with a sore throat and the fog end of bronchitis, would enable them pretty well to tell how he felt. However, he would offer a few remarks. He did not look upon this world as a howling wilderness, but a place wherein man had a great duty to perform, and where there was much to be done. He thanked them for the many kind things said that evening

both about himself and his wife, and he trusted they would never forget them. He was glad to see representatives of other churches present. He wished to live in peace and love with all. He would not apologise for the existence of the Bible Christian Church in the town, but he should always endeavour to work in harmony with those around him. It might be a matter of regret that the home conference had not sent a better man out, but he had come, and they would have to make the best of a bad bargain. The rev. gentleman then gave a few incidents which occurred during his voyage, and expressed his most devout thanks to the Almighty for his safe passage across the great deep. In referring to the great kindness he had received from Mr. Hosken since his arrival, Mr. Evans said he never should forget it till his dying day. However he had come, they doubtless wanted to know why. Well, to labour so far as lay in his power. The world was wrong, and it was a duty which devolved upon human power to put it right. He had already seen places in this Colony where man could gaze with ecstasy on the beautiful panorama spread out before him, were it not for the existence of sin. If they could restore mankind to a state of righteousness, this would no longer be a distant garden from heaven. It was only the sin of man which prevented it being all that could be desired, and it was their duty to do their utmost to bring about the desired result. God could cleanse the heart of man without human agency, but it had pleased Him to constitute man a co-worker, and he held that it was the greatest honour that could be conferred upon the human family. Had God endowed man with the power of making one little flower, or a blade of grass, they would consider that they had been highly honoured. But to choose man as the instrument in the salvation of mankind was a far greater honour. This enabled them to minister to the spiritual wants of their fellow-creatures, and by this means gave them the opportunity of leaving their footprints on the sands of time. To carry out this, however, there must exist sympathy between the pulpit and the pew. He would have all their members occupy the position of missionaries, and if this were done there would come upon them such a baptism of holiness as would make their hearts rejoice. He would tell them that he did not come among them to make a name, nor a fortune, nor to escape difficulties; but if God had directed his steps to this town, he would strive to render his labours beneficial. He asked for their kindness, help, and good fellowship. If they met him in the street, he hoped they would shake him by the hand, and not shun him because they happened to have on their dirty clothes. He did not come among them as a parson, but as a brother, and as such he wished to walk hand-in-hand with them. The rev. gentleman concluded a long and excellent address, of which the above is but a mere outline, by thanking them again for the hearty welcome accorded him and his wife.

"Mr. Hosken then proceeded to address them on matters connected with the circuit, and concluded by thanking the ladies who had so generously assisted to provide the tea and presided at the tables which was endorsed by the acclamation of those present.

"A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of the doxology and prayer."

Br. Teague, under date, Sept. 29th, referring to the work of God in the Colony of Victoria, says:—"A few conversions have taken place at Bambra. I am grateful to say, we have had between fifty and sixty conversions on this (Ballarat) circuit. Several of them are young persons, my three youngest among the number. May God preserve them all. At Camperdown, Br. Down has succeeded in discharging a debt of £50. A Wesleyan friend offered £20, if the friends would raise £30, and the effort has been successful. At Sandhurst, about thirty conver-

sions have taken place, and the work seems progressing in every department. Daylesford is, I think, somewhat improved."

NEW ZEALAND.

Br. Keast, under date Oct. 11th, referring to their Quarterly Meeting says:—"You will be glad to know that our Quarterly Meeting passed off *very well*. Fine attendance of officials, good spirit, long list of business got through with much dispatch, crowded tea-meeting, crammed public meeting. Receipts met disbursements, and nearly 20s. in hand. This was good considering rise of salary, and terribly depressed times. Our people are much pleased at the announcement of Mr. Crewes' appointment. The idea is to keep both of us here. We are certainly in a position to find work for two men. But we shall be able to arrange matters all right when Br. Crewes comes. I am glad to be able to tell you that all things are going well here. We bid fair to take a good position. I am well and happy. No desire to return as yet."

W. G.

NOTES BY J. CREWES.

(Continued from page 565, last volume.)

At Southampton, I met another friend whom I was very sorry to leave, Br. Ninnis, who during two years of the time I was at Callington was a very good colleague to me. The next day I went to Portsmouth, where I addressed a temperance meeting on the Friday evening, preached three times on the Sunday, and addressed a missionary meeting on the Monday.

The next day I left for Plymouth, where I found my wife and child. Soon after, we went to Grampound, my native place, where I preached twice on one Sunday in the little chapel in which I was converted, and in the very little pulpit in which I preached my first sermon. Having visited Goonhavern (in the Truro Circuit) and addressed a meeting there, and having visited my mother's grave in the little graveyard of my native parish, and there vowed, by the sacred dust and the sainted spirit of my dear mother, and the promises of God which my mother taught me in my infancy, that I would devote myself to the will of God for ever, I left Grampound for Plymouth. I intentionally leave a veil over the scene of parting from my relatives at home—there are plants so delicate that they shrink from the slightest touch, there are feelings so tender that they shrink from the slightest notice.

Before I left Plymouth, a valedictory service was held in East-street Chapel, Stonehouse. Many good things were said in the meeting, but perhaps the best thing of the occasion was the pledge taken by the members of that meeting to pray for me, my wife and child. When two hundred persons begin to pray for a family, a mighty power begins to operate. Thank God, I believe in prayer.

On Wednesday, October 22nd, I, accompanied by my wife and child, my wife's mother, brother, and cousin; my own brother; the Brethren Robins, Maynard, Sleeman, Ware, and Thorne, jun.; the Circuit Stewards of the Callington Circuit; the Circuit Stewards of the Plymouth Circuit, and several other friends, came to the Barbican at Plymouth, where I embarked on board a steam-tender which took me to the good ship *Norfolk* lying in the Sound.

Several of the above named accompanied me to the ship, and others who had preceded met me there. There on board the *Norfolk* a great lump came into my throat and prevented me from expressing what I tried to speak; the same lump is

in my throat again now, out here more than 800 miles away from Plymouth, on Saturday afternoon, writing what I tried to write yesterday, but couldn't.

Monday, 27th.—After I wrote on Saturday I heard that our good ship ran 304 miles from mid-day on Friday to mid-day on Saturday, the best day's work she has yet done—but her engines are not working at full speed (I've been told.) At nine o'clock on Saturday night I, having seen my wife and child settled in their berth, came to the deck to try to induce sleep to give me a little rest. On deck I got into conversation with an old sailor, who told me that he was between sixty and seventy years of age—that he had been overboard five times—had had his leg broken twice, and his head once. I spoke very plainly about religion to him, and he told me that when sober and steady—aboard ship—he thought a great deal about it, but that as soon as he landed he got into company, and got drink into himself, and soon forgot what he ought to think most about. He told me, moreover, that he longed to get into a home for worn-out seamen, that he might give himself up to God, and do nothing but prepare for heaven. The old man was more intelligent than at first he seemed to be. At about 11 I went to my berth, and from that time got a few hours' sleep.

Yesterday—Sunday—morning, the preachers on board held a consultation, and arranged for religious services. As I was unwell, and there were several preachers who were well, I didn't preach, although I had obtained permission of the captain on Saturday, and had resolved to conduct services if I thought it right to do so. The captain read the church service in one part of the ship, and in another part a young clergyman read prayers, and a Baptist local preacher preached, in the morning; I, in compliance with the request of the clergyman, stood with him, and promised to speak next Sunday. A clergyman of the Church of England read prayers, and a Wesleyan minister preached on the saloon deck in the afternoon; and the Baptist preacher conducted a service in the third class in the evening. There are a Roman Catholic priest, two clergymen of the Church of England, a Wesleyan minister, and a Baptist local preacher on board. At about 10 o'clock, just as I was thinking about turning in for the night, I heard that land had been sighted. Then I hastened to the deck, and, in the moonlight, saw Madeira. About an hour later I went down to my berth, and, thank God, slept soundly during the night.

This morning I have written a few letters, which I hope to post at St. Vincent. I tried writing in the saloon, but felt very giddy while stooping. Now I prefer sitting in my chair on deck. I place a packet of writing paper on my little leather bag, rest the bag upon my knees, and sit in the warmth of the sun and enjoy the sea breeze. People say there is sameness on board ship; I shall be very pleased if we get such beautiful weather, good provisions, and general good behaviour as we have had. But we see and hear some strange things out here, fourteen hundred miles from Plymouth. An old gentleman having noticed my name on my chair, has just asked me whether I have a relative in Australia; "for," said he, "there is a member of the Victorian Parliament by your *name*; spelt exactly in the same way!!!" I hope the said member will do much better than some English M.P.'s have been doing lately; or, if I hear much about his doings, my very name may become a nuisance to me. Now I must stop writing for to-day. O the weather is splendid! I never so enjoyed weather before.

Tuesday, 28th.—After I wrote yesterday, gloom came down upon the spirits of most of us on board, in consequence of the death of one of the passengers. He was in consumption, and came out hoping to regain health; but became worse and worse from the time we left England. Poor fellow! his sufferings were great. His wife and two dear little children are here on board with us. His

body was wrapped in canvas, covered with a flag, and placed in one of the boats on the bridge last night. This morning, the body was taken down by sailors, who carried the body on a stretcher. The captain and the chief mate, and the Wesleyan minister walked in front along the deck until we came to the separation between the first and second class divisions of the deck. There the sailors rested one end of the stretcher upon the ship's rail, and held up the other, while the Wesleyan minister read the Church service. Most of the passengers were assembled near. When the minister said, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the flag was taken off, the sailors lifted the end of the bier, the body very gently glided off, and went splash into the water.

On Sunday, I heard that there was a man very ill in one of the second class berths; and, having learned the number of his cabin, I went and asked his wife if she would like for me to read to or pray with her husband, or whether she would like for any other minister to at any other time of the day. She asked me what ministers were on board. I told her; then she told me that they were Wesleyans, and would like to see a Wesleyan minister. I went and called the Wesleyan minister, and he went to see him.

To-day, this minister told us he never had a better hope of any one than of the deceased. When the minister spoke to him, the poor fellow, though in great suffering, said, "I have felt the blessedness of personal religion many years; and I'm not going to prove it a failure now." When he was dying, he said to his wife, "Victory, Victory! Victory!! The sting of death is sin—" but he could say no more; he passed, to prove for ever that "the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Here I must stay my hand for the day; but, before I lay down my pen, I may say Mrs. C. and child are both very well, and are enjoying the voyage; that Br. Down, who was a member of our Society at Port Gate, and his brother, who was a member of our congregation at Plymouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who were members of our Society at Holsworthy, and their baby, are well and comfortable. I visit them often, and spend much time with them.

Wednesday, 29th.—To-day, the weather is very hot; but there is a refreshing breeze. I have had a week's experience of life on board ship. Since Sunday, I have enjoyed the voyage more than ever I enjoyed any holiday on land. We have had nothing but fine weather, except just a shower or two some days ago.

It has been reported that, while we were at breakfast to-day, a little man, who had been lying on a little flat roof at the side of the ship, went overboard. A little boy declares that he saw the man roll twice on the roof and that then he lost sight of him. Search has been made on board, but it is generally believed that the poor fellow is left behind. He was a third class passenger, a Swiss, and had seemed in a low desponding state for some days.

Thursday, 3th.—The poor fellow I spoke of yesterday has not been seen since. It is almost certain that he went overboard.

Brief Notices of Books.

Sunday Readings for a Year; or, Two Hundred and Eighty Scripture Titles and Symbols of Christ. By JAMES LARGE. A New Edition, Revised and Extended. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

MUCH precious truth concerning Christ is compressed into this goodly volume. It is well suited for family reading.

"*Land of the Mountain and the Flood.*" Scottish Scenes and Scenery Delineated. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 3s. 6d.)

GLIMPSES of distinguished men and glances at great historical events are very skilfully interwoven with these descriptions of "Scottish scenes and scenery." It is a very interesting volume, and its numerous illustrations add greatly to its attractions.

Christian Theology; its Doctrines and Ordinances Explained and Defended. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D., Author of "The Deity," etc., etc. Seventeenth Thousand. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. (Price 7s. 6d.)

A THEOLOGICAL work in its seventeenth thousand must possess merit of a very high order. Dr. Cooke's Christian Theology owes its popularity and usefulness to the clearness of its statements, its argumentative strength, its doctrinal purity, its rhetorical force, and its spiritual fervour. The author has in this edition, acting on the advice of eminent and influential ministers, "extended the range of subjects, so as to furnish a more comprehensive defence of Christian doctrine, and a more complete system of theology. He has done so by adding a series of arguments on the Existence and Attributes of God, the Province of Reason on the subjects of Divine Revelation, the Incarnation of our Lord, the Doctrine of Future Punishment, and the Testimony of the Ancient Jewish Church on the Doctrine of the Trinity." "These several additions, after the utmost condensation, have extended this volume more than one hundred and twenty pages beyond its predecessors." Many of the possessors of former editions will we think indicate the value they set upon the copy they have, and of their appreciation of Dr. Cooke's further labours by at once putting a copy of this greatly improved edition in their libraries, and we predict that the circle of its admirers, wide as it is already, will be gradually but constantly enlarged.

The Methodist Temperance Magazine. Edited by Rev. CHARLES GARRETT and Rev. T. B. STEPHENSON, B.A. Vol. XII. Elliot Stock.

A MAGAZINE of vigorous and earnest purpose, its articles while ever bright and cheery in tone being very varied in character, so as to meet many tastes.

The Events of the Non-Catholic Period of the Church, after the Death of Christ, as set forth in the Acts of the Apostles, Reviewed in a Series of Expository Lectures. By W. BLACKLEY, M.A. (Saml. Harris & Co.)

THE author's stand-point can be made clear by a sentence or two from his preface. The period between the death of Christ and Peter's preaching to Cornelius at Cæsarea, during which period the Gospel was exclusively shut up to the Circumcision, he thinks is a period too much lost sight of. Peter's preaching to Cornelius, his kinsmen and near friends, he further thinks is illustrative of the meaning of the keys as given to him by Christ, he being singled out from the twelve Apostles to the special honour of being the first among them who should preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. Then, too, he contends, took place Peter's *binding and loosing*—binding all men to faith in Christ for remission of sins, and *loosing*, or freeing, all men from everything else for obtaining that important blessing. The exhortation of Peter on the Day of Pentecost, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins," he considers means, "Become changed men; so changed as to obtain the Divine forgiveness; and then, when you have obtained that blessing, devote yourself to the spread of the Gospel; go forth and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to souls dead in trespasses and sins; turn them from darkness to light, from the

power of Satan unto God." Mr. Blackley was formerly Vicar of Stanton, Salop, but we suppose he has embraced the views, so far as water-baptism is concerned, of the Society of Friends. We have not space to discuss the question here, but whether his readers do or do not agree with him on this and some other points, they must thoroughly approve of much that he has written, and greatly admire the sincerity, the candour, and the modesty, with which he states his own views, and discusses controverted points.

How a Farthing made a Fortune ; or, "Honesty is the Best Policy." By Mrs.

C. E. BOWEN, Authoress of "Jack the Conqueror," &c., &c. S. W. Partridge and Co. (Price 2s. 6d.)

THIS story is charmingly told, and the "get-up" of the volume is quite in keeping therewith.

The Homiletic Quarterly. No. 13. January, 1880. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 2s.)

THE Editor and his contributors seem determined to make *The Homiletic Quarterly* worthy of extended support. A Clerical Symposium—Subject: "Are Church Creeds compatible with Mental Freedom, and with the best welfare of Divine Truth?" is continued, and forms the leading article; Dr. Pressensé, Professor Vance Smith, D.D., and Professor J. Macgregor, D.D., taking part in the discussion. Then we have an *Eirenicon* on Calvinism and Arminianism, by Rev. P. Thomson, M.A.; followed by An Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges, by the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A.; Homiletic Notes on the Acts of the Apostles, by the Rev. W. Hudson; Biblical Exposition, by the Revs. Drs. J. Morison, W. B. Pope, W. G. Blaikie, W. Lindsay-Alexander, and several other distinguished writers; Biblical Biography; Sermonic Outlines, by noted French Preachers; and then Sermonic Outlines, by several English Preachers, some of whom, if not noted, are well known; The Preacher's Note Book; the number being brought to a close by two outlines for "The Children's Service." The mere enumeration of the contents of this number is quite a task; the labour and thought that must have been expended in its preparation is almost appalling to think of.

The Saint and his Saviour ; The Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus. By C. H. SPURGEON. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a greatly improved edition, so far as the size of the page and the binding is concerned, of one of the earliest and not least prized publications of the world-famous preacher. It is also embellished with an excellent steel engraving of Mr. Spurgeon. We are unable to agree with everything that Mr. Spurgeon says and writes, but we look elsewhere in vain for the same downright earnestness at all times, and there is a holy unction that pervades all his works which makes them very precious.

The Mistress of the House. A Story of Christian Service in Daily Life. By the Author of "Isa Graeme's World," etc. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 2s. 6d.)

IF all religious stories were written in as pure a style, and for such a noble purpose as this, numerous as are their readers now, we might wish that they were increased a hundred-fold.

British Rule in South Africa Illustrated in the Story of Kama and his Tribe and of the War in Zululand. By W. CLIFFORD HOLDEN, author of "The History of Natal and Orange River Sovereignty," etc., etc. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 4s. 6d.)

MR. HOLDEN writes with authority on South African questions. He condones the conduct of those who precipitated the Zulu War, "though the facts and processes recorded" in his volume "will probably establish the impression that there was not sufficient cause for the British Government to rush" into it at the present time; but in his view God has been gradually bringing the whole country south of the line under British rule, and that "before general permanent peace can be established, and suitable laws framed and enforced, there must become one great central governing race that can make wise and good laws, sustained by a power which can enforce those laws so as to make them respected and obeyed. Hence the absolute necessity of a united, strong English government of confederated states, having each its own local government, but being united and one for all great interests, especially having one uniform mode of government for all the varying native races of the country." The Zulu nation must be subjugated to British sway before this much-needed consummation can take place. But before the validity of this reasoning can be admitted, this question must be answered, Is it *right*, under any circumstances, to do evil that good may come? Whether the right time was chosen is also a moot question, but once begun, even if it be neither just, nor politic at the present time, Mr. Holden says, *it is now too late to recede*; every consideration and interest for both white and black . . . imperatively demands that the British Government go forward and finish successfully the work it has taken in hand." We are thankful to our author for his book, with its maps and illustrations, especially for his fascinating story of Kama and his tribe, but we tremble at what may be the consequences of an unjust war to the Government which makes it, and the nation which sanctions it, even if be undertaken against a people so ignorant, degraded, and ferocious as the Zulus are acknowledged to be.

The Congregational Psalmist. (Fourth Section.) Tunes for "Children's Worship." Hodder and Stoughton.

IF "Music is the bond of Christian fraternity," important, indeed, must be the work of those Societies and individuals who have taken upon themselves the labour and care of the people's psalmody. In this particular, Dr. Henry Allon has but few rivals, and Union Chapel but few compeers. The book before us will be found sufficient for the metrical psalmody of any ordinary congregation; indeed, we venture to think its sale will depend more upon the Church than the School, for we have in our minds many schools where considerable care is taken with music, but in which few scholars could be found able to purchase so large, and, consequently, expensive a book, and so would be driven to singing by ear. This difficulty will, however, rapidly decrease; as the studies in music now being so successfully carried on from several important centres, train the tastes and abilities of the masses so that the people grow into the hands of Dr. Allon and his fellows, and, perhaps, out of the hands of those who have persistently neglected the subject. We are glad to find this Tune Book free from bias in favour of particular schools; indeed, the studious may find herein samples of styles from those of the rigid "second musical period" down to the freest of all as exemplified in "Songs and Solos." We observe, no special note has been taken for the aliquot of time, nor has any particular kind of time signature been adopted. This, of course, detracts somewhat from uniformity; but an advantage may be found in this, as the earnest and intelligent teacher may give much notational instruction upon this variety. We are glad to find the orderly term, *L.M.* (6 lines), used instead of 6-8's, so placing that metre in company with its Iambic relatives *L.M.* and *L.M.D.* We think this children's book could have contained a larger

share of $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which is essentially a children's measure; and that tune, "Pesth," No. 288, and, perhaps, one or two others, could have been spared with advantage from so excellent a production. We are glad to know that a Tonic Sol-fa edition will be ready shortly.

Correspondence.

CONNEXIONAL LIABILITIES.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—In common with yourself and many other brethren, my thoughts have of late often been engaged on the subject of our present financial circumstances. While more than one department is labouring under a burden of debt, it is encouraging to observe that a large number of our friends are unmistakably solicitous for their speedy and permanent relief. For religious and benevolent institutions to be in debt is neither unusual nor surprising. Should any persons now blame the Executive for involving the Connexion in obligations beyond the extent of our yearly income, we may at least say that we are in good company; nearly every other denomination being similarly situated, and some of them being engaged in prodigious efforts to restore the desired balance of their affairs. With regard to ourselves, it will be admitted that the Connexional liabilities are the result of laudable enterprise. A Christian Organization, in order to perpetuate its existence, must seek to extend itself. We have done nothing more than that; and in every adventure, regard has been paid to the loudest call and the greatest promise. If a vindication of our policy were required, we might attempt to show that no religious body has in modern times sought to carry out its designs with greater economy; that no body of ministers has shown a more self-sacrificing spirit; and that in no case has greater visible good been done by the same amount of means. Our undertakings in the north of England; in some of the most important cities and towns in the kingdom; and in New Zealand; will do more than explain the present deficiencies on our funds, and whatever may be the amount required, we have just ground to ask for it, and to believe that it will be given.

We have had **MISSION EXTENSION, CHAPEL EXTENSION, and COLLEGE EXTENSION.** I wish therefore to suggest that an **EXTENSION FUND** of £10,000 would be appropriate to the occasion.

The objects to be contemplated might be, first, the payment of the balances due to the Treasurers of the Missionary and other Connexional Funds, and next the reduction of the debts on the College, and on all Connexional Chapels, so as to place them in safe working circumstances. The Jubilee Chapel, London, should be placed in a position enabling the Trustees not only, by degrees, to pay off the entire debt thereon, but also to provide for the purchase of the freehold, for surely, no member of the Connexion would be satisfied with the prospect, even at a very distant date, of the loss of that building altogether.

For the accomplishment of those objects, let some plan be adopted that may be found to command the most general approval, for to devise a plan such as every one would approve of, is probably impossible. Perfect unity in opinion and in action, though it be supremely desirable, yet we have never known it to exist in relation to any great movement. The idea occurring to my mind is that some twenty-four or thirty brethren whose ability and experience commend them for

the work should be deputed by the Conference to visit the entire Home Connexion, holding meetings and soliciting subscriptions; two of them to attend each meeting; that prayer meetings, lovefeasts, sermons, and lectures take place in connection with the speech-meetings, and that the utmost be done to render those services occasions of revival effort; that two years' work be arranged for at starting in the hope that the sum of £20,000 will be raised in that time; but that the annual meetings continue, and the subscription-list be kept open, until the proposed end be consummated. Should some such plan obtain the general acquiescence of the Quarterly Meetings at I ady-day next, the ensuing meeting of the Connexional Committee might request a return from the Districts stating at what period of the year an **EXTENSION FUND MEETING** might be held in each of our chapels.

I hope that other brethren will give to this subject the consideration it deserves, and that at the next Conference decisive action may be taken in the matter.

Yours very truly,

W. LUKE.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE pressure upon our space is such that three or four brief articles on Current Events we have been compelled to lay aside; but we must, in a sentence, express our gratification at the triumphant result of Mr. Gladstone's electoral campaign in Scotland, our admiration of his apparently inexhaustible mental resources, and the high moral tone that pervades all he says and does; our sympathy with the poor in this time of general suffering, especially with those who are the victims of famine and flood as in some parts of Silesia and Hungary; our reprobation of the conduct of the misguided men who lately made a diabolical attempt on the Czar's life; and our concern as to the probably terrible results that may follow the treatment of Afghanistan by our rulers, of which the recent trouble and fighting near Cabul may be only the beginning.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot; and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under His direction. He is regulator, and where He is master all goes right."



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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MR. AND MRS. OATES, OF HICKS MILL.

THESE excellent and revered friends, well known and highly esteemed by many of our ministers, and a large circle of Christian acquaintances in the West of Cornwall, were not in death long separated from each other, Mr. Oates being called to his rest in October, 1878, and Mrs. Oates in little less than a year after. Fifty years of happy wedded life, with its mutual helps, its interchange of affection, its self-denying ministries, its cares borne in common by them, its identity of experience, and its reciprocal duties, had, we may be sure, so caused their lives to grow together that the removal of the one left to the other only a life torn and bleeding, that afterward could only droop and then die. Such to many appeared to be the oneness of life of our late esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oates. A slow but painful decline to the grave ended in the passing away to the painless life of heaven of Mr. Oates, in the autumn of 1878; after which the life of Mrs. Oates seemed a stricken life; she felt that there was something "wanting," and notwithstanding the tenderest ministries of her affectionate children night and day, her life faded away; and as the next year's fallen leaves began to gather over her loved husband's grave, a resting-place had to be made for her body by his side. Of them it may be said that "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Like Zacharias and his wife Elizabeth, "they were both righteous before God, walking,"—as it seemed to us,— "in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

FEBRUARY, 1880.

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The story of their peaceful and saintly lives is soon told, as far as known leading facts and dates can tell it. Mr. William Oates, the venerated head of a numerous and honoured family, was born April, 1797, at Baldhu, in the parish of Kea. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Left at seven years of age, with three sisters, without a father, he knew the sharpness of bereavement almost before he was old enough to appraise the greatness of his loss. Placed thus on the very threshold of life amid circumstances of trial and hardship, his noble and manly qualities were early called into exercise; his sturdy nature rose up against the sharp wind of adversity, and, boy as he was, he evinced *great* interest in his mother's support and comfort. A surviving sister—one of the three that the boy did his best for—has brought down to us through these long years the record of the son's affectionate attention to his lone mother, and of his brotherly sympathy and true-heartedness. Let it be written on high that William Oates, the fatherless boy, somewhere about the year 1810, was bearing up right manfully against wind and tide for the sake of a widowed mother and orphan sisters. It is lads of this fibre that God makes founders of families, and honoured heads of well-ordered households: and if this glimpse of the thoughtful and obedient youth of our departed friend should meet the eye of lads and youths among us, let them remember that "the first commandment with promise" has been carried on to the New Testament, and has still all its fulness of meaning and weight of application. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."—Eph. vi. 2, 3.

In the great revival which occurred in the spring of 1814, when near his seventeenth birthday, William was converted, and joined the Wesleyan society at Sparnock, near his own home. It is noteworthy that Mrs. Oates, then a child scarcely nine years of age, became converted during the same remarkable awakening. The "great revival of 1814," as it is still spoken of with glowing feeling by aged Methodists, originated in a humble prayer-meeting at Redruth, in the month of February, when eight persons sought and found the Saviour. The work spread with astonishing rapidity from town to town, from circuit to circuit, and from family to family; and within a few weeks upwards of five thousand persons were added to the societies. There is something about this remarkable awakening which reminds us of the revival in America, now more than twenty years ago, which commenced in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, and of the extensive work of a similar character which was witnessed in Ireland in 1857, and which began

—if we remember rightly—in a small prayer-meeting. How God has honoured the prayer of faith of His people! From the time of the pouring out of the Spirit at Pentecost, when the apostles and disciples were assembled in the upper room, continuing “with one accord in prayer and supplication,” to the present, what signal and repeated proofs have been given to the Church of the “wondrous power of faithful prayer;” and let it be borne in mind that the ordinance has not been changed. “Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.” I have been told by a minister who has had a good deal of experience of evangelistic work in the North of Ireland, that the strength and back-bone of the churches there to-day—a large proportion of the best and most devoted workers—are the direct fruit of the revival of ’57, and that in experience meetings he had attended it was quite noticeable what a number of persons dated their conversion from that work, and would, one after another, “bless God for ’57.” So, I doubt not, for years after, in the love-feasts and class-meetings of West Cornwall, numbers of people would again and again recur to the great revival in which they were converted, and “bless God for ’14.” We know of at least *two* persons who thereafter for sixty-five years witnessed a good confession, and would often together bless God for the revival of 1814, and these were William and Mary Oates. About the time that the youth, William—the stay of his mother and sisters—was seeking the Saviour in the Methodist chapel near his home, a small child—of bright and winsome face we may be sure, and about nine years of age, gave her heart to God in the midst of the awakening that had spread to Carharrack, in the parish of Gwennap, her native place, which was then, as it is now, the principal place in the Gwennap Wesleyan Circuit. Amid the holy fervour and interest of the coming of a multitude to Christ, perhaps little Mary Tuckfield was not observed, save by her father and sisters and brother, and might we not add her mother? for though her mother had died before this work commenced, who shall say she was not a glad spectator of her child born *again*; but if overlooked amid the excitement of the hour, little Mary had offered the “no mean sacrifice” of a child’s heart and a child’s faith, and her steadfast and unobtrusive Christian life and joyous Christian experience, from 1814 to 1879, are the sure evidence we have that the offering was never taken back from the altar. In the Wesleyan society, of which her father was a member, Mary, the child disciple, received strength, and grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Looking back over the lives of these two, as we from the standpoint we occupy

are able to do, we can see somewhat the way in which they were being prepared for each other,—Mary, the oldest child, and motherless, living with her father and brother and sisters at Carharrack, and growing up every year more and more fitted to fill her mother's place in household duties,—and William in an adjoining parish a few miles off, fatherless, and every year striving hard to make his father's absence less felt by his mother and sisters; but, it is likely, neither as yet known to the other. It is to be observed that the circumstances amid which they were respectively placed from childhood upward tended to summon into early exercise the latent qualities of self-reliance, thought, and thrift, which marked their career life throughout.

It has occurred to me since I came to know of the great revival of 1814, that this remarkable outpouring of the Spirit, which must have had a marked influence in firing the Methodist church throughout Cornwall with new zeal and enterprise, might have given the impulse to Mr. O'Bryan, which led him—the door being closed in other directions—to go out single-handed to evangelise the neglected parts of East Cornwall and North Devon, and that consequently it was remotely connected with the work that led to the formation of the first society of our Denomination the year after. The date favours this view, and, from what we know of extensive awakenings, we may safely assume that a large number of Methodist local preachers and others in the county caught the enthusiasm of the hour, and became desirous of striking out in new fields of work that the kingdom of God might come with power to “every soul of man.” Also, we know that the awakened attention which such a work begets in parts far beyond the region where it is witnessed, would to some extent predispose many to lend an ear to the message of the gospel when it should be brought to them. I have never heard it remarked or suggested that the great revival of 1814 may have had a connection, near or remote, with Mr. O'Bryan's work shortly after; in “the regions beyond” his own county, but I have thought it not impossible that such might have been the case.

It is difficult I fear in these days to realize the enthusiasm which the accession of several thousand persons in a few weeks to the church in the West of Cornwall would awaken. It must have been a long time before the impulse given to Christian work spent itself, if indeed it has ever spent itself; and William Oates and Mary Tuckfield, with multitudes of others in the Methodist societies, must have found that the tide of influence ran greatly in favour of Christian progress. A boundless enthusiasm seized numbers of the people, and they had “times” never to be

forgotten. And how they would sing! They sang and triumphed in Christ as though the whole earth was about to be filled with His glory. Conversing a short time since with a woman of more than eighty years of age in a remote hamlet of the parish in which Mr. Oates was brought up—her memory being fresh for all that took place in her younger days—I obtained from her several revival ditties that were favourites about the time of “the great revival of ’14,” but which have long since ceased to be heard, they having given place to hymns of another description or to silence, and which will die out with the old people unless some one be at the pains to preserve them; and very expressive they are of the exultation which the conversion of more than five thousand people in a few weeks would engender. I give the following as a specimen, and can understand how in their ardour it would seem that Methodism was about to fill the whole world:—

“My Saviour’s name I gladly sing,
Who is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
Where’er I go His name I’ll bless:
And praise Him all we Methodists.”

With the chorus as follows:—

“For Methodist is my name,
I hope to live and die the same,
For pure religion doth increase,
And turn the world to Methodist.”

Tried by the simplest standard of taste we should pronounce most of these rhymes mere doggerel; and they bear a family likeness to those examples of the revival hymns sung by the Moravian brethren in the last century in Germany, given by Southey in the appendix to his life of John Wesley, to whose movement that of Methodism in England has or had much in common. But doggerel though they be, they must have had a most inspiring effect when sung by a multitude of people, amid the fervour of a revival, with the peculiar cadence and rhythmical motion common among the Cornish people, who are great singers.

Mr. and Mrs. Oates were married in 1828, and the whole of their long and tranquil wedded life was spent in the neighbourhood with which in the memory of the present generation the recollection of them is associated. For many years they were identified with the Wesleyan Society at Perranwell, and gave many proofs of the interest they felt in the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ; and to this day they are remembered for their zeal and steadfastness in the ways of truth and uprightness. Whilst identified with the Wesleyans at Perranwell Mr. Oates sustained among other offices that of circuit steward. In him the Wesleyan ministers

found a true and valued friend, and they received at all times a cordial welcome to his house. When he separated himself from the Wesleyans and joined the Bible Christian society at Hicks Mill, it was not through any interruption of the friendly relation he had sustained with them from his youth up that he was led to take that step, but purely from other considerations: most of his children were converted, and had become members of the Hicks Mill society; and it seemed to him advisable that he and Mrs. Oates should be, as far as possible, with their children in Christian fellowship and observance of the means of grace. The family feeling was strong that bound the numerous members of that Christian household to each other, and to his strong sense it seemed undesirable that, one as they were in everything else, they should be separated in Christian communion. Added to this was the consciousness, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Oates, that now they were getting up in years, they were less able and less inclined to go a greater distance to worship; so they identified themselves, about the year 1854, with the Bible Christian society meeting at Hicks Mill chapel, a spot crowded with noteworthy denominational associations; and from that time until the end of their days they were one with their sons and daughters in the fellowship of Christian worship and work in the place, around which, with many praying people scattered far and wide in this and other lands, cluster the most sacred memories.

Mr. and Mrs. Oates were after this spared to their family and to the Hicks Mill society for a quarter-of-a-century. The zeal and earnestness and unwearied efforts that characterised them during this period, many ministerial brethren could testify, and numerous other friends as well. Perhaps the work Mr. Oates did, on which they would lay particular stress, were they asked to speak of him, would be the interest he took in relieving the wants of the poor and needy. It was, I believe, by his energy and kind-heartedness that the Benevolent Society, which still exists at Hicks Mill and does a needed work among the deserving poor, was started. The anniversary of the Society, on Good Friday, he took great delight in. The aged and afflicted often received personal relief at his hands; he was ever foremost to forward this good work; and the Benevolent Society may be considered the legacy he has left behind him at Hicks Mill Chapel, and which, always active, has had its hands more than full during the recent years of distress in the county, through the collapse of the mining interest. Our patriarchal brother, on account of his weight of experience and wisdom and years, held a foremost place to the end among the advisers of the Hicks Mill Circuit, and was found shoulder to shoulder with numerous other brethren of his own standing in sustaining its

character and promoting its welfare, some of whom, though getting few now—men of faith and fathers among us—still remain. Sometimes we hear it asked apprehensively, “What shall we do when they are *all* gone?”

Mr. Oates was fast declining by reason of years when, on coming to the Hicks Mill Circuit, I formed his acquaintance, and I had an opportunity of seeing him only a few times in the house of prayer. During the twelve months he was within doors, his strength and flesh visibly failing from month to month, I had the privilege of seeing him a number of times; and, despite his pain and weakness, he was always conversant, often cheerful, sometimes full of pleasantry and graceful humour. He belonged to the class of old men that younger men like,—fresh and natural in all his ways and words, genial and unpretending, as he must always have been. He was so thoroughly accessible and free, one felt at home with him at once. He would speak of his religious experience as spontaneously as of other subjects, and with an entire absence of self-consciousness. To him the religious life was not something separate from other things, but was wedded with life in all its interests and duties. He had a clear idea and was himself a beautiful exemplification of the unity and completeness of the life of a righteous man. I can and do respectfully testify to the solidity and clearness of his Christian faith. He would sometimes speak, and was, I believe, frequently conscious of the mystery of death; yet death had no terror for him, though he apprehended that the hour of dissolution would prove physically a severe struggle, which was the case. On being asked by one of his children, three days before he died, how he felt in regard to the future, he said his experience was like that of the mariner at sea in a storm, who, when asked how he fared, said, the waves were boisterous, but he could see a bright, sunny land ahead, though he feared he should have a sharp corner to turn to get in. A sharp corner he had, but he doubled the headland safely and got into smooth water, and has stepped on the bright, sunny shore where the weary rest. He died October 2nd, 1878, aged eighty-two years, and was followed to the grave at Gwennap churchyard by his three sons and seven daughters.

Mrs. Oates, up to the time of the death of her beloved husband, was, seemingly, active and well, though seventy-three years of age. She was quicker in her movements and more agile than most people who are years younger, and no one could have thought that she would be so soon borne whither her husband had been carried. It was, however, quickly noticed, after he had been taken from the home which had known him so long, that the tender and kindly widowed mother was growing pensive and weak. She seemed often

preoccupied—buried in thought. Those about her suspected too well where her thoughts were, though they scarce liked to speak their apprehensions. The long, dark winter of 1878 passed away, but what little of sunshine the summer gave brought no return of brightness to her spirit; and when the turn of the year came, and the autumn leaves were again beginning to fall to the earth, all who had affectionately watched her and waited on her felt that it would not be long before she too would be taken from them. Tranquilly, oftentimes even joyously, sometimes rapturously, she waited and suffered, life slowly ebbing, till she fell asleep in Jesus; and the home, off which the shadow of a former bereavement had not been lifted, mourned also for her whose presence in it, as wife and mother, had always been a brightness and a joy.

Of Mrs. Oates it may be truthfully said, "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her," and "she looked well to her own household." Her placid face always spoke to us of peace and goodwill, and, life through, she wore conspicuously "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

It is a sharp experience to be called upon to part with our loved ones in death; but this much is to be remembered by those who feel the acuteness of this removal in quick succession of a father and mother, that they were spared to them to fulness of days; which is a blessing that some of us have not known. We cherish a respectful and affectionate regard for Mr. and Mrs. Oates; and it is a delight to all who have the welfare of the cause of God among us at heart to observe in so many ways that the excellent qualities that made their lives so good and useful have been transmitted to their sons and daughters, and are being used, without exception, in the service of the Lord and Master they trusted and honoured.

Hicks Mill, Dec. 24th, 1879.

JOHN HERRIDGE BATT.

A CLOCK WITHOUT WEIGHTS.

A METHODIST class-leader, named Josiah, was very successful in gathering members to his class, and proved a judicious adviser. In many cases Josiah manifested a special aptitude for dealing with perplexed and sorrowful disciples.

At one time a member of the class had been long passing through sore trials, and had begun to lose confidence in the truthfulness and faithfulness of his Lord. The leader had repeatedly furnished suitable explanation from sacred scripture, but the temptation had not lost its power, so Josiah endeavoured to enforce the Divine teaching by familiar and pointed illustration. He suddenly asked the sufferer, "Hast thou a clock at home?"

"Yes, a very good one," was the reply.

"Then go and take the weight off, and see how long he'll go."

"Why, it wouldn't go at all."

"No; and it seems God perceives thou wouldst not go much without these weights."

The Lord is faithful and true even when He permits sore trials.

MILTON : EARLIER POEMS.

WHILE yet a boy Milton attempted "to do" a few of the Psalms of David into English verse, a task to which he returned many years after. To these crude verses the famous saying of Dr. Johnson applies with at least a semblance of truth: "Milton, Madam, was a giant who had no skill in carving cherry-stones." Although not wanting in felicities, the rhythm is often harsh and unmusical, the construction stiff and awkward, and the effect unpleasing. Whatever may be the reason, it is indisputable that every rhymed version of the Psalms hitherto published has been more or less a failure. A version published in America not very long after the first permanent English settlements were made, contained the following elegant stanza, among others scarcely less melodious:—

"The Lord's song sing can we, being
In stranger's land? Then let
Lose its skill my right hand, if I
Jerusalem forget."

The clumsy constructions and inelegant phraseology of Sternhold and Hopkins used sorely to try the patience of the educated clergy. Tate and Brady's version is not so coarse and rugged as Sternhold's, but it is less forcible, and, in my opinion, less *poetical* in the best meaning of that term. The version adopted by the General Assembly of Scotland is not a whit happier than either. Dr. Watts's version is certainly more musical than any of these. But let any reader compare one of the Psalms of the Authorized Version with Dr. Watts's rendering, and he will hardly fail to perceive how pitifully the latter suffers from the comparison. I have never yet met with a reader who had patience to get quite through Dr. Young's "Paraphrase of the Book of Job." Of Milton's psalms the 136th is perhaps the happiest:—

"Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for He is kind," etc.

But the following couplet though suggesting not a little of the giant's strength, reflects almost painfully his unwieldiness,—

"And large-limb'd Og He did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew."

In his twenty-first year Milton wrote his "Ode on our Lord's Nativity," pronounced by the judicious Mr. Hallam to be "perhaps the finest in the English language." It is certainly a wonderful poem for so youthful a poet; but I hardly think that the majority of readers will go so far as Hallam. Of its superiority to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and to the best of Gray's Odes there can, I

think, be little doubt; but I cannot help myself preferring two or three of Shelley's Odes and Keats's Ode to the Nightingale to them all. It is note-worthy that neither Milton nor Shelley whose whole souls were spell-bound by the enchantment of the Grecian Muse, chose to adopt the typical structure of the Pindaric Ode, which Gray has more closely imitated.

The English Ode is usually a poetic Apostrophe, or a triumphal Hymn; Wordsworth's beautiful Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" being almost unique in character. Milton's Ode or Hymn excels all others in the dignity of its theme. The opening lines are characteristic and majestic:—

"It was the winter wild
When the heaven-born child
All meanly-wrapt in the rude manger lies.
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour."

In the treatment of his subject the poet would perhaps have been more signally successful if he had confined himself, or nearly confined himself, to the narratives of St. Matthew and St. Luke, instead of singing the legends that have gathered around the beautiful story. The visit of the angelic heralds to the shepherds at Bethlehem is nobly sung. Take for example the following stanza in which the poet invokes the "music of the spheres" to accompany the celestial singers,—

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
And bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so;)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony."

The introduction of the mythology into this poem is much less happy than in *Comus* or *Lycidas*; because in an Ode on our Lord's Nativity the reader expects his imagination to be awakened, only that his heart may be the more deeply touched. Many passages in Mozart's and Haydn's Masses are exquisite *music*, and yet fail to satisfy the devout and intelligent hearer; who expects above all things that the harmony and the words shall touch his soul in unison.

The beautiful lines on Shakespeare were written soon after the Ode. One of the earliest, perhaps the very earliest, of Milton's sonnets is that "On arriving at the age of Twenty-three years." In worthy language it records the noble resolve with which the great Christian poet and patriot entered on the stern business of life:—

“Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven ;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master’s eye.

Four English writers only have hitherto produced sonnets of superlative worth,—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning. It may be interesting to compare the use which these master-minds have made of this species of composition. Shakespeare’s sonnets are the outbursts of youthful passion, fierce and irregular, yet restrained by a mighty will. They present us with a picture of the poet’s mind before he had achieved that victory over himself, which was to cost him years of intense suffering. M. Taine, represents Shakespeare as “a man of almost superhuman passions, extreme in joy and pain, impetuous in his transports, disorderly in his conduct, heedless of conscience, but sensitive to every touch of pleasure, a man of inordinate, extravagant genius.” All this is manifestly the Shakespeare of the sonnets, not the Shakespeare of the later dramas. The sonnets abound in poetic beauties of every kind in lavish profusion ; they speak in turns to every instinct and passion of the soul, and will probably remain, as long as the world lasts, a metaphysical study of the deepest interest, and the most perplexing uncertainty. Milton’s sonnets are memoranda recording the aspirations of the poet’s soul, or the intense interest he took in the great questions of his day. No nobler record is to be found of any writer of any nation. These poems are so few in number that every person should read them till they are as familiar as his household names. As examples of varied excellence, compare the one referred to above with that on the decease of his second wife (Catharine Woodcock, who died in child-bed), that on his blindness, a second on the same subject addressed to Cyriac Skinner, and that on the massacre in Piedmont. Wordsworth wrote many sonnets, but the group addressed to Liberty form when read together, perhaps the noblest expression of lofty patriotism in the language. Milton himself might have penned the following lines :—

“Happy is he, who, caring not for pope,
 Consul, or king, can sound himself to know
 The destiny of man, and live in hope.”

What energy the following words bespeak !

“We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake—the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.”

In another sonnet Wordsworth thus addresses his great brother-poet,—

“Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee.”*

Mrs. Browning's “Sonnets from the Portuguese” are the purest, tenderest outpourings of woman's love that the literature of the world can boast. As inspired as Sappho, she is as pure as she is gifted, while a certain timidity literally bewitches the reader. The title “from the Portuguese” is of course a poetic fiction, intended to veil the intense subjective reality of the poems.

Comus, the greatest of Milton's earlier poems, was produced soon after he left Cambridge. It was written for the Earl of Bridgewater, and performed with musical accompaniments at Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, Michaelmas, 1634. The incidents were probably suggested by an adventure of the Earl's own children. Comus is dramatic in form, but, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, essentially Lyric in character; and it was partly from overlooking this seemingly obvious circumstance, that Dr. Johnson and certain French critics erred so astoundingly in estimating its merits. It is a mighty easy game to compare a work of this kind with *Athalie* or *Tartuffe*, and ask, what comparison there is between their merit *as dramas*? A stupendous blunder underlies the whole business. The works are incapable of any just comparison; it is like comparing the “Israel in Egypt” with the “Sonata Appassionata,” or one of Turner's Landscapes with Titian's St. Peter. What merit has the Prometheus Vincit *as a drama* compared to the *Œdipus Tyrannus*? The Prometheus like Comus is a lyric song, and the sublimest that antiquity has bequeathed us. The Book of Job is certainly, as pronounced by Mr. Carlyle, one of the most magnificent poems in the world; every speech is a sublime song; but as a drama it has absolutely no value at all. To sneer at Comus because “the brothers enter with too much tranquillity,” and “the elder makes a speech in praise of chastity,” and “the younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher,” and because the shepherd-spirit “is taken with a short fit of rhyming” is a species of criticism that would have done no discredit to Mon. F. M. Voltaire,† but certainly does not add to our veneration for Dr. Samuel Johnson.

* It is one of the psychological mysteries that perplex the student of literature that the writer of these lines lived to be a tory in the reign of the last two Georges! So blinded was he by political bias that he could not or would not see through the thin film of extravagance that enveloped the noble soul of Shelley, and he even spoke of the genius of the latter in terms of supercilious superiority.

† Witness his treatment of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Milton, Tasso, Blaise Pascal, and a host of others. I see no harm in the Frenchman's endeavours to demonstrate the universality of his own genius; but his repeated attempts to prove that all the world besides were utter fools were at least in questionable taste.

In the drama it is essential that at least the more important characters should not simply be sketched with a few bold strokes, serving as an index to the mind and soul, but marked with the thousand minor traits, that in the actual world enable us at once to recognize a familiar face in a multitude. All the incidents too must conform to at least dramatic probability. Every scene, every circumstance, every sentence must bear the semblance of reality. In a poem like *Comus* all this is deliberately reversed. Everything is ideal, imaginary, and undefined. The singers in *Comus*, (*characters* we can hardly call them,) are an attendant spirit, a lady, her two brothers, and *Comus* himself, the last mentioned alone being marked with sufficient personality to justify the use of a name. This word (the Greek *κόσμος*) originally meant a carousal accompanied with music and dancing, and was applied to the mad festivals held in honour of Dionysius, at which exquisite music, fine poetry, gross indecencies, and drunken buffoonery were strangely wedded. Milton's *Comus* is a cruel licentious sorcerer; but the character is dimly shadowed forth, and nowhere strongly and individually marked. We see the repulsive features, follow the coarse antics, and hear the harsh voice of Caliban; but of *Comus* we form but a very indistinct and inconstant conception. The scene, the age, and the character of the times, are even more unreal than the actors. We are transported to fairy-land, we are ravished with music of more than mortal sweetness, we revel in shifting scenes of more than earthly beauty, and we listen to beings, fairer than the sons of men, discoursing heavenly wisdom in celestial measure; but if we begin to argue and reason, the illusion vanishes, and we find ourselves once more surrounded by a world substantial enough indeed, but benumbed by sin and ignorance. What Schlegel says of Shakespeare's "As you like it" may be aptly repeated here: "Whoever affects to be displeased, if in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over to the wise-fool, to be led gently out of it into some more prosaical region (*Lectures on the Dramatic Art: Black's Transl.*)

Coleridge's well-known saying that "Milton is not a picturesque but a musical poet," applies only to *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson*,—poems composed long after the poet was totally blind. In *Comus* he is as picturesque as Spenser himself, and the same may be said of *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*. The authority of Coleridge's name alone could cause such a dictum to be so often repeated. Professor Ruskin has a remark characterized by that truth and profundity which make him the greatest art-critic in the world. He says: "In Milton it happens, I think,

generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay." The passage referred to is *Lycidas* 142-8. He then contrasts these lines with *Perdita's* (*Winter's Tale*, Act IV.) where "the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidity, the shadow of *Proserpine's*, and gilded them with celestial gathering." [*Modern Painters* III.]* The more I think of these words the more am I convinced of their justice and truth, and I find they apply as forcibly to several passages in *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, as to the one Mr. Ruskin was examining. Read such passages alone, and there can be little doubt that the imagery is weakened by much that is merely fanciful. But in a work like *Comus* it seems to me that this very defect becomes a beauty, like the "pretty mole of dusky dye" on the cheek of *Hafiz's* mistress. The mind is relieved and charmed by the alternation of the imagination and the fancy, the sublime and the beautiful, the noble and the pretty, the wise and the graceful. This, too, Shakespeare himself seems to have felt; for we find the same intermingling of the Imagination and the Fancy in his Sonnets certainly, and I think in *Midsummer Night's Dream* also. This defence does not apply as forcibly to Milton's other poems as to *Comus*.

For two hundred years people have gone on admiring *Paradise Lost*; often I fear without reading it; and it would I suppose, be deemed downright heresy if I ventured to doubt its great superiority to Milton's other poems. But *this* at least I know—we put it on our shelves, thank heaven for such a treasure; and frequently forget to take it down again. But *Comus* is ever with us. In solitude and in the bustle of business, in town or country, in the sun-light of success or the night of depression and gloom, in sickness and in health, in youth, and age, and middle-life, it counsels, and soothes, and charms, and encourages us. Its beautiful lines, a thousand times repeated, are ever new; and the oftener we think of them the truer, the nobler, and the gentler do they make us. Such "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* are so short that an average school-boy of fourteen commits them both to memory in a fortnight, by devoting half-an-hour a day to the work. He that will read them will require no analysis of them; he that will not, deserves none. To the man who has the smallest spark of poetry in his soul any

* Mr. Pope was very anxious to prove that *Winter's Tale* was not written by Shakespeare. It would have been interesting if he had told us who else could have penned lines like these.

praise of these poems would be superfluous; to him who has not, it would be useless. But let those who are so ready to abuse "the coarse bigotry of the Puritans" read *Comus* and *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*. If after so doing they dare repeat the charge, their words will deserve no further notice, as being vulgar and malicious slander.

Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, having been drowned in the Irish Sea, August 1637, a number of his university friends dedicated a volume of poems to his memory. To this volume Milton contributed *Lycidas*. What the other verses were few people know and nobody cares. *Lycidas* is one of the two interlocutors in Virgil's Ninth Eclogue. This poem Dr. Johnson whistles down the wind with infinite unconcern. "Surely no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known the author." Mr. A. Trollope, hazards an opinion hardly less extraordinary: "I am not sure that all lovers of poetry would recognise a *Lycidas* coming from some hitherto unknown Milton." (English Men of Letters: Thackeray.) This reminds one of the dilettante nobleman who, having rendered himself ridiculous by abusing the finest picture in a public gallery, dismissed his lacquey for neglecting to whisper '*a Rubens!*' It is plain that Mr. Trollope's "lovers of poetry" are a motley brotherhood. At all events no poem of the same length in the English language contains more varied beauties. Every line has its charm. It is addressed of course to the Imagination not to the Emotions. The death of *Lycidas* awakens no sorrow; that was incompatible with Milton's design. Although this is by no means the case with "In Memoriam," yet no one even of these "brief lays of sorrow born" speaks so directly to my heart as Wordsworth's simple lines,—

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me."

There is however an ideal world that only touches the emotions indirectly; and it is the crowning excellence of poetry to people this aerial realm with sounds and sights of celestial beauty. This excellence *Lycidas* possesses in the highest degree. It is almost a sacrilege to rend a passage of such a poem from its connection, and yet I cannot resist the temptation:

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves ;
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

There are only two similar poems that can be named with Lycidas, Shelley's Adonais, a monument to poor Keats, cut in more durable stuff than Parian marble, and Tennyson's In Memoriam already referred to. So enamoured is this generation of the laureate, that, of these three lovely claimants, the apple has been awarded by acclamation to the third. I feel sure that the verdict of fifty years hence will not confirm the preference. A fourth poem, Mr. Matthew Arnold's Thyrsis, has sometimes been mentioned with these; but the friends of the apostle of "sweetness and light" will do wisely not to invite the comparison.

THOS. RUDDLE.

NATURE AND FAITH.

"We miss thee here, but faith would rather
 See thee with the Heavenly Father :
Nature sees the body dead,
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide,
Faith can see the other side.
That but hears farewells and sighs,
This thy welcome in the skies :
Nature mourns a cruel blow,
Faith assures it is not so ;
Nature never sees thee more,
Faith but sees thee "gone before" ;
Nature reads a dismal story,
Faith has visions full of glory ;
Nature views the change with sadness,
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
Nature murmurs, *faith* gives meekness,
Strength is perfected in weakness ;
Nature writhes and hates the rod,
Faith looks up and blesses God.
That looks downwards, *this* above ;
That sees harshness, *this* sees love ;
 Oh ! let *faith* triumphant be,—
 Our child shall live eternally !"

—Anon.

ON IDEALISM.

HEREIN lies the wondrous eloquence of human life? Is it contained merely in the outward movements we see around us, the thousand petty and puerile acts of daily existence? Or does it not rather hide itself within that evanescent world of fancy and imagination, which is filled with ideal forms—types of possible nobility and goodness; never reached perhaps, yet which the heart of man yearns after as the choicest possessions he could ever gain? The grandeur of man, again, regarded as an immortal being, whence do we derive our just estimation of *that*? Not surely from the feeble evidence of worldly affairs; not from this temporal state, which is but the surface life of humanity, but rather from a deep sense of that innate power, that sublime faculty of aspiration which our Maker has implanted within us. And yet, strange to say, that which is in truth man's jewelled crown of honour, is often turned against him as his bitterest curse. Scorn and contempt have been heaped upon some of the best of our race, only because they were *idealists*—approximating their system of things to a purer model than any they could find about them in the visible world; seeking ever to attain the unattainable; struggling to rise above the mists of Time, and live as becomes those whose hope is immortal!

Idealism, we may conclude then, is the mysterious gift which enables us to retire to a sphere within ourselves peopled with shadows, yet such shadows as represent the substance of truths deeply rooted within our internal consciousness by the Power that never errs. It is a mistake to suppose that the idealist is a man who deals with mere abstractions, having no solid basis in facts. On the contrary, the idealist is he who alone rests on a secure foundation, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. We talk sometimes about idealism as though it unfitted those who resorted to it for real work and activity, whereas the truth lies in the opposite direction; since it frequently sustains and elevates the mind, enabling men to soar above the harassing annoyances of every-day life. From the realm of his ideals, the honest, hearty pilgrim who trudges a weary road of daily toil, draws supplies which spur him onward when flagging, cheer his spirits when drooping, nerve his brain, and strengthen his heart,—in spite of trial, discouragement, obstacle and bafflement. Were it not for the inspiration of his ideals, for that end set before his mind's eye which urges him to self-denial and energy, how many a hero would fail ignominiously to accomplish any great or good thing whatsoever!

E

There are indeed many ways in which we might regard this subject, many lights in which to set it favourably; but it has a pathetic side, and comes close up to our tenderest and holiest aspirations; touching our dearest hopes, as well as bearing upon those exigencies which crowd upon us in the world's turmoil. If idealism is frequently a boon that helps to ease our burdens, and lighten the weariness of existence, so also is it at times the reason of our keenest suffering. If it sends out bright ærial shapes to charm us; pointing to the unclouded blue for our solace and encouragement, so also does it compel us to drink of many a bitter draught before the cup has actually reached our lips—that is, by gloomy anticipation. It has been said by a great author,—one who was himself a singularly vivid idealist,—that on account of the idealising faculty we are forced to look into the sombre future, placing ourselves at a station far ahead, yet one that we feel by intuition too certainly we shall one day occupy. This, we consider, is one of the most touching attributes of humanity—the ability to realise at a glance the end of a road which the poor footsteps have perhaps unwillingly trod, long ere that stage has been reached. Of course this happens only in exceptional cases; yet after all, there are so many instances round about us of a prefiguration of coming sorrow that we cannot think them mere illusions. Thus, we find that what constitutes our highest consolation, is also at certain seasons the inflicter of keen injury to our peace of mind. The youth who is entering on the great arena of the battling world, what are his sensations? He may be bold and ardent, but is there not much that daunts his spirit in secret? The very anarchy of strife already roars in his ears; the tumult of fierce contending agencies is already enveloping his form! He cannot escape the scenes which idealism raises before him, when silent and alone. True, he may be sustained by bright visions, and well it is that the rainbow of hope is thrown athwart the dullest picture; but yet the sensitive spirit must often tremble before the prospects of *life*, and only the unfeeling can escape those dim forebodings that hover around the untried path, winding away so far within the drapery of the Future. Can we realise how great a proportion of the mental sorrow around us is due to this cause? Can we tell how many gentle and loving hearts have broken through mere dread of the conflict which they felt too surely they could never face? Such things may be laughed at, but we are sure that the idealising power which grouped before the timid actor on life's stage figures that awed, dangers and pitfalls that threatened, prospects full of mazy difficulty on every side, has been the cause of many an early death, and the unseen agent deposing many a brain from the throne of reason!

Passing, however, from this, we approach the main question which seems agitated by the word—idealism—to what extent does it benefit or elevate mankind; or how can the mere force of the imagination tend to ameliorate our position temporally? We are contending in this paper that it is of the highest value as a regenerating and renovating agency; that although it has its dark side, (as we have just hinted), yet that on the whole it is inspiriting in its effects upon our being. We might allude to the fact that the higher development of the intellectual and spiritual capabilities tends to increase the idealising grasp of the mind; but this would lead us too far afield. We are sure that this is a gift which enables men to fight their way more manfully, to keep their souls freer from earthly stain than would otherwise be at all possible for the strictest circumspection. We believe this to be incontrovertible: we are certain that the habit of idealising, that faculty by which we are able to overleap the dreary present, and live for the sake of an unseen, untangible, but *certain* future, is the surest evidence extant of immortality. There is no conceivable reason why men should form ideals of benevolence, truth or beauty, and struggle for a lifetime to approximate all they think, say or do to these impalpable shadows, unless the fact be accorded that a Being wiser, greater, purer—in short, the Infinite expression of all these three verities—has implanted such longings within their beings. No other explanation is feasible of a mystery as profound as it is sublime, as full of significance as it is productive of temporal blessing. We challenge any reader to furnish a sensible reason as to why we should instinctively revert to ideal types of the cardinal virtues, unless it be admitted at the outset that the one and only cause is the unseen link binding every human soul to the Father of spirits. There is no other mode of solving the problem, and thus we are driven to the pathetic fact that God has left within our secret hearts traces of what—without sin—we might become; of realities that exist somewhere without our sphere of knowledge; of forms of virtue and truth moving in a clearer atmosphere than our own. What should give that absolute feeling of certainty which we experience, regarding the *worthiness* of our ideals, unless we receive it direct from the Hand that first enshrined these ideals in human hearts? Nothing from below could lift us, for we find all this is of the earth, earthy; not aspiring, but grovelling; not raising its head to heaven, but grovelling in the dust. No attribute of our merely animal nature could teach us to idealise, for everything in that direction seeks to drag us down; to kill the aspirations of the soul, and chain it to base desires and affections. We are then shut up to the truth that our Maker has peopled our ideal world with figures

fit for emulation, fit for our love, for He only has the power to one day make the imaginary become the real; bringing out our shadowy, intangible hopes into the clear certainty of eternal day!

But we have, after all, drifted away from the point. We were inquiring in what way is it ennobling to mankind thus to idealise, when life demands action and energy of purpose? In many ways, in fact in reference to nearly all the weighty trials which beset that life. Are we appalled by crime and wickedness, what surer comfort have we in our sense of degradation than turning to our ideal world—as placed before us in the Word of God—that state to which there shall not enter anything that defiles? Are we filled with shame and resentment as we brush shoulders with the malice, the paltriness, the puerility of our fellow-men; then let us turn to those better thoughts which idealism suggests, and remember facts immutable as God Himself! It is no argument to tell us at such times we are leaving practicabilities and resorting to a land of dreams. This is not a sufficient motive for loosening our faith in the grandeur and ultimate victory of the true and the right,—to tell us that we can never expect to see our ideals clothed in human form around us. No, there can exist no reason for lowering our standard; since the higher we aim, the farther we shall ourselves be raised; and we should not sink our faith to the poor level of ever-day experience. We might as well refuse to gaze at the glorious sunshine, because scientific skill has never been able to approach its unsullied splendour; or refuse to revel in the beauties of Nature, simply because no human pencil has ever portrayed the same with fidelity! Depend upon it, readers, the firmer we nail our colours to the mast; the closer we pin our faith to our ideals, the nearer we shall approach the fulfilment of the same; the tighter we cling to these visions of the unattainable, the nearer we shall reach to those merits we feel in our consciences they possess.

But, on the contrary, the man who has no faith in the influence of idealism; who is content with the world as he finds it, and whose reliance on the possible limit of human aspiration is very feeble; that man is not one to rise in any direction of goodness or purity. He cannot do so, for he has chained his spirit to the low morality of the world, and will not strike out into any adventurous paths after ideal representations of excellence, however magnificent may be their promises. To him idealism is mere moonshine, for he has no belief in that which cannot be seen, no trust to place in motive, desire, ambition having for their consummation anything not tending to the aggrandisement of *self* in some form or the other. He has scoffed at the notion of aiming in life to work out an ideal which fills the whole being with ardour, and thinks that if “we are

as good as others," all is done that can be reasonably expected. What a deadly error to make in the life calculation ! What measure of elevation or ennoblement could our race ever attain were such a theory universally accepted and acted on ? Were it not that from the mass there start out men and women whose lives are the very essence of their idealism—as far as imperfection will allow—who search that visionary world within them for possibilities of the highest holiness and charity ; hammering and chiselling away at the stony figure of human depravity till they have wrought it into forms of beauty and nobility, what better should we be than the beasts that perish ? Were it not that these enlightened spirits pierced the present, and had glimpses of the Future which have touched their consciences and lifted them to the heights of spiritual contemplation, how greatly should we be sufferers in all that pertains to human progress !

There are times in everyone's life, we think, when idealism exercises a power, silent, concealed ; but, nevertheless, true and unmistakable. Reader of ours, have you never stood on some height where you could see the busy throng below you engaged in their pleasure and commerce, while beyond you there streamed a flood of light that touched your feet, but yet seemed in the far-off distance to be the portals of another world ? Have not you marked the ocean stretching far away to that other shore you could not see, yet could fancy was a haven of delight, since the path towards it was bathed in splendour ? On such occasions, when contemplating the glory of God's world, how petty and contemptible seems this present stage of being ; but then again, how the spirit bounds within one at the thought of the ideal state awaiting us yonder ! We feel of a surety that the low and ignoble will have no place in that better land,—when the intervening ocean is crossed—we seem to be lifted away not only in actual distance, but in mental and spiritual mood, from all that degrades humanity to its lowest level. Such facts as these are a justification of our argument that in idealising we aspire from the mists of earthly bigotry, ignorance, and meanness to that holier and better atmosphere in which God's power works, and His character, perfection, and attributes form the study of His loving children.

Idealism is then not a mere phantasy, but a source of the greatest good, and a fountain whence we may draw streams of purer water than any flowing around us in life. In other respects, also, how beneficent is this impalpable, shadowy world ! The poets have been largely indebted to its riches, and we owe them our reverence and affection for the permanent treasure they have crystallized for ever in verse, taken from a sphere that has never yet been

exhausted ! We dwell on the words of the idealist ; we look with him into matchless scenes of beauty ; we are filled with sympathy for the suffering ; love for the good and beautiful ; pity for the slave-trodden ; righteous scorn for the tyrant,—and all at the touch of a magic wand that has conjured up out of inner consciousness truths undying that lie before us in melodious rhythm ! What a gift is this ! And in a lesser measure, also, is it not marvellous that men should in their heart of hearts cherish a silent ideal—a spirit of rare beauty whom they all but worship—to which, day by day, they seek to come nearer ; to which they imploringly point, when beseeching the Almighty to lend Divine aid that may gradually mould their imperfect, sin-stained natures into its ethereal shape ? O ! reader, how precious is the thought, that although change and instability are *around* us, yet our ideals remain untouched *within* us !

E. CLIFFORD.

ONLY.

ONLY a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way ;
And the message that through the flower was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously clad ;
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught ;
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold ;
And the life bore fruit—a hundred-fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above ;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul " entered in by the door."

THE FOUNDER OF THE BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

THE author of the life of William O'Bryan* asks his readers at the outset, "What does it matter where a man is born?" He at once gives evidence that he thinks it of very much importance indeed, for he proceeds to say something about places of birth in general, and of the place of Mr. O'Bryan's birth in particular. Because the county of Cornwall claims him as her own, the "peculiarities and interesting features" of that part of Great Britain are pointed out, while a roll of Cornish worthies is appended. This, to say the least, helps to make up a book.

* * * * *

The O'Bryans appear to have come over from Ireland in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and to have been in sympathy with the religion and the political sentiments of that great man. The country they selected as a dwelling-place was Cornwall; and there, under the name of Bryan, Brian, Bryant, or Briant, its several branches are still found. Mr. O'Bryan's grand-parents were engaged both in farming and in tin-mining; and while the father managed to maintain a respectable position, the mother was recognised as being "the first in the parish that had tea furniture," and it was the old lady's custom to entertain with a tiny cupful of the cheering beverage any particular friend whom she delighted to honour. The son of these old people and the father of William O'Bryan must have been a very representative Cornishman of the eighteenth century. He was sent to school like other boys, but much preferred the active labour of a tin mine to poring over books. Such was his energy and thrift that he amassed considerable wealth. In his young days he excelled in wrestling, the parson occasionally attending at the ring with a horsewhip to keep proper order. Hunting was also a diversion largely indulged in by clergymen of that period; and after prayers were over on a Sunday, the parish pastor would prepare for a Monday's ride across the country. This man once contracted some confused notions respecting conversion, and he remarked one day to a man-servant, "I have been in this parish thirty years, and do not know that I have converted any one, canst thou tell the cause of it?" "Our Lord said to Peter," the man replied, "'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren'; you are not converted yourself." Well might it then be asked, "What sort of bishops could there have been in those days to ordain such parsons, and send them forth to guide the people to heaven?" Hunting parsons

* From the *Sword and Trowel*. The writer throughout the article spells the name *O'Brian*, but we prefer the way we have been accustomed to spell it, and to have seen it spelt.

are not an extinct species ; for the recently-published life of one who is still living in Devonshire is professedly a sporting book ; but they are happily getting rare, and we hope will soon be improved from off the face of the earth.

Mr. O'Bryan's mother was a truly choice woman, who became the instrument of her husband's conversion, and the entertainer of the Methodist preachers in Cornwall. When she was a child at home at Mena Lanivet the old house appears to have had a supernatural occupant similar to the mysterious lodger—noisy but invisible—who inhabited the house of the Wesleys. "I have heard my mother say," remarks Mr. O'Bryan, "that sometimes in the evening, when the family were sitting below, they have heard as if a man were walking in the chamber above and bustling about, when none of the family was absent, and they knew it was nobody living in the flesh, and this not once or twice merely, but for a continuance of time ; but after they were accustomed to it, it became less alarming." We do not attempt either to explain or to explain away this strange circumstance. By one, at least, it was very vividly remembered throughout life ; and it was likewise to her "a confirming evidence of a future state and the existence of a world of spirits."

As a wife, a mother, and a housewife, Mrs. O'Bryan was a model woman—"A pattern of industry, neatness, and cleanliness in her house." All her dependents led happy lives beneath her gentle rule. It was to be expected that the children of such a woman would turn out well, especially when her husband was in all respects like-minded. The state of society in that part of Cornwall in her time is thus depicted :—

"The clergy in our neighbourhood bore no good report. Our house was near the border of three parishes. The character of each parson of these three parishes was such as to render him repulsive rather than to invite fellowship. Most of the people who went to our parish church appeared to be on the side of Satan instead of Christ. We had about two miles to go to church, and, when a lad, in returning, I have pitied the people on hearing their vain and trifling conversation. Theirs seemed to me egregious folly, as if they went to church they knew not why. On the close of the service at church, the sexton regularly took his stand outside the gate by the wall to cry anything that was to be published—a calf to be sold, an auction at such a time and place, &c. This was a common case. The public-house was on the opposite side of the way, where it was a custom for many to go from church to drink. Sunday was the landlord's chief market day, and at his house on the Lord's-day the monthly vestry was held until my ap-

pointment as overseer, when it was cut off at a stroke and appointed on a week-day. Our vicar was partial to hunting as well as his predecessor."

Mr. O'Bryan was converted in childhood, and he could remember John Wesley's hand being placed upon his head, and hearing that veteran's prayer, "May he be a blessing to hundreds and thousands," Even in childhood his piety was ever fervent and seemed never to flag. He married early, made a good match, and while he was not influenced in his choice by worldly considerations, there was more philosophy than sentimentality in his first love-making, which occurred at the romantic age of seventeen. As a youth he had a goodly heritage, as he himself admits; and being besides "rather tall, stout, healthy, and vigorous," he thought of setting up as his own master with a wife by the time that he was nineteen. He came across the very girl who seemed to be thrown in his way by providence; and as no "truly pious young man" was available for a companion, there was the more reason for his marrying a devoted young woman. The one first selected was pious, well educated, and possessed of £1,000. "Though not what some might call handsome, she was shapely in person, and, which was of vast importance, next to grace, to all appearance healthy, and had a healthy father." He goes on to say, "I thought I could love this young woman as a spiritual sister and a companion above all others. Before I named the matter to her father or mine, I made a proposal to her to begin a correspondence. Her reply was that 'It was a temptation.' *That matter was settled.*" Then follow sentiments which some will find hard of digestion; and we are not ourselves sure that a distracted, heart-broken lover is not to be preferred to such a downright stoic as Mr. O'Bryan seems to have been. We do not believe in taking such matters quite so coolly. He says, "It has been said of some, on a repulse, they have been in trouble about it. Who can pity such childish creatures? Can there be a greater proof that such ought not to marry, lest it should increase the number of ignoramuses in the world? We were more sociable afterwards than before, and much more in each other's company. Living near, we sometimes walked together to the meeting, yet not a word on the dead and buried subject was spoken on either side. This was the first and last proposal to anyone except her I married. Some speak of distressing love. That seems strange." This is all very fine, but those who are made of ordinary flesh and blood cannot be quite so icy.

Mr. O'Bryan having missed his first intended, met with a greater prize in Catherine Cowlin, whom he married in July, 1803. She, too, was a devoted Methodist, whom neither threatening nor

coaxing could keep away from the meetings. She sang well, possessed excellent gifts in prayer, and was, above all, a powerful preacher in after days. On the day of their marriage, and while standing "at the communion-table, a heifer came in and walked up the aisle. It was hot weather, and the poor animal, seeing the door open, walked in for shade." We do not know why the fact is mentioned; for it is by no means unusual to see a calf at a wedding. The happy pair lived to extreme old age, Mr. O'Bryan dying in January, 1868, and his wife about eight years before.

Mr. O'Bryan was a very active and successful preacher among the Methodists until the rupture with the Society occurred in 1810. The cause of offence is not made very plain; but as numbers believed him to be guilty of no greater crime than that of taking the Bible for his rule, and Christ for his example, he soon attracted a large following, and his people were called Bible Christians. He seems, however, to have been desirous from the first not to encourage a secession. "The Bible Christian Church was formed of new members. For years afterwards, while he was labouring intensely hard among the unconverted population, no thought of separation occurred." He expressed "his doubt whether he acted wisely in cleaving so long to the Methodists, but says he was in the school of experience six years." The first quarterly meeting of the body called Bible Christians was held in 1815. The first Conference assembled in 1819. At the eleventh Conference, held in 1829, the separation occurred which led to his going to America shortly afterwards.

"He was a Christian and an earnest preacher; a plain man, dressing much like the Quakers or Friends of old, plain in dress, plain in speech. He was an early riser, getting up in winter at five o'clock, and in summer at four a.m. He lived to be nearly ninety years old. His piety was tried by family affliction, tried by loss of property, tried by persecution and mobs, tried by a separation from his friends at the disruption in 1829, tried by abundance, tried by poverty, tried by bereavement, tried also by time. But the longest day closes. The oldest believer dies. January 8th, 1868, he got up, but soon retired to bed. He asked his daughter Serena to read to him the prayer of Ezra, the prayer of Hezekiah, the prayer of Daniel, and the fortieth psalm, 'I waited patiently for the Lord.' Then observing, 'That will do, shut the book,' he fell asleep in Jesus, and was gathered to his fathers."

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READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

(Continued from page 32.)

II.

THE DISOBEDIENT ACT.

"But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord, and went to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them," &c. (verse 3.)

Chap. I.
Second Sectional
Division.

"JONAH rose up;" he was commanded to "Arise;" so far then he was *obedient*, was he not? No. For he "rose up to *flee unto Tarshish*," and not to "*Go to Nineveh*." His mind was made up, before he arose, to disobey. We sin in thought, resolution, will, before we take a single wrong step. A man need not *arise* to be disobedient, he can *sit still* and be that.

But decision leads to action. If he rise up it will be to flee to some "Tarshish" that shall shut out the presence of the Lord! And so Jonah starts; where he will end cannot yet be predicted; for certain it will be somewhere *bad*, for sin always ends in untimely disaster. He reaches "Joppa" in safety; has nothing to complain of save an uncomfortable companion within, whom he cannot silence nor rid himself of; still, it will be better by-and-bye. Such are the feelings with which he arrives at the first stage—halting-place—point—on his disobedient journey.

The Disobedient
Act. (v. 3)

Thus far Jonah has *walked*, he has taken his flight slowly, measuredly, unhastily; now he decides on *embarkation* to accelerate his progress, believing that the spread sails of the gallant craft will speedier bring him to his destination. So he took ship for Tarshish. *All sin is progressive*. By degrees, from bad to worse, men come to Perdition. First they walk away from God, then run, then gallop or sail—making haste to ruin! Brother, "ponder the path of thy feet."

Sin progressive.

But had not Jonah *sufficient grounds* for his disobedient act. Was not his ministry in Israel a *great failure*? And if a great failure among his privileged kindred, might he not reasonably infer it would be a *greater failure* among untutored and degraded heathen? Moreover, it was a *new expedition*—there was no precedent for him to follow—on heathen soil a prophet had never made a footprint to denounce sin or pronounce judgment, and might he not

conclude, such an expedition would involve privation, suffering, imminent peril, and great risk of life? Nay, did he not think God would turn from His purpose in mercy to the repentant Ninevites, and so cause him to appear in their sight as a false prophet? (iv. 2.)

In the face of all this I assert, he had *no honest reason* for shirking duty, for running away from God! Our *failures* may be our greatest successes. Our *new enterprises* to earth's rudest tribes, may be our most *fruitful* and *honourable* missions in prophet-life! And if rebels *repent* and Jehovah *pardon* and not punish, bless and not blast, no higher tribute can be paid to the faithfulness and effect of our ministry! And while we tremblingly ask, "Who is *sufficient* for these things?" we may joyously respond, "Our *sufficiency* is of God."

Homiletic
Treatment.
(verse 3.)

Homiletically *The Disobedient Act* may be considered as being (1) WILFUL: (2) FOOLISH: (3) ENCOURAGED BY OPPORTUNE CIRCUMSTANCES: (4) EXPENSIVE:—

(1) Wilful.

First, IT WAS WILFUL:—"Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish." That was not done without (a) *deliberation*. There had been mind-exercises many and perplexing. Jonah *thought*, carefully thought, then *planned* the rebellious adventure, until it ripened into *decisive action*. *Thought* plays an important part in a man's career either of villany or virtue. He can do but little without it. What an awful Power? What great issues hang on it? Sin, beginning in thought and maturing in action, asserts its wilfulness; but *where* IT began all *true reformation* must begin.

That was not done without breaking through (b) *Moral Restraints*. He had a stern battle to fight with the checks of conscience and the promptings of his better nature. All the forces of his moral manhood fell into rank, and marched in phalanx to resent the uprising wrong desires, and crush, if possible, the disobedient designs. Through a whole "body-guard" of moral influences, monitions, voices, hindrances, Jonah had to cut his way to Joppa for "Tarshish"! *This* made his act of disobedience all the more criminally wilful.

The *harder* the path to ruin the *greater* the guilt and punishment. God lets no man perish without fearful difficulties. Wilful sin will bring woeful suffering.

(2) Foolish.

Secondly, IT WAS FOOLISH:—"Jonah rose up to flee . . . *from the Presence of the Lord*." He attempted the (a) *impossible*. "*Whither* shall I go from thy Spirit," &c., Psalm

cxxxix. 7—12. That "*Presence*," like an all-encompassing atmosphere, hemmed him in—beyond it he could not get God meets man inevitably at every turn in life, at every point in the compass of human history—we are bounded on the North and on the South, on the East and on the West, by the Divine Ubiquity. *This* is a comfort to the believer, but a terror to the disobedient. As well might he have attempted escape from *himself*, or the enveloping *air*, as escape "from the Presence of the Lord."

Every rebel-subject of the moral government to-day is foolishly attempting the *Impossible*! From the burning glances of His flaming Eye none can successfully flee.

Jonah likewise abandoned the (b) *indispensable*. He evidently thought he could do *without God*, and so ventured on the mad experiment. *He gave up God before he attempted flight*. By so doing, he put out the sun and quenched all the stars in the firmament of his soul; he cut off the source of his spiritual supplies, and flung himself adrift without rudder and compass on the wild sea of infatuated independence!

A man may be "without God," though surrounded by Him. A blind man lives enveloped in light, yet is without light. Noon may blaze outside while midnight may reign inside. *God is absolutely Indispensable*. Without Him life is a blank, an enigma, a failure, an aching void, a hell! The soul must have *God*, or a midnight which will deepen into "outer darkness," and a hunger which will ripen into eternal gnawings, and a vacuum which will open into a "bottomless pit." God, I repeat, is a *Necessity*! No man can do, in Time or Eternity, without Him.

Jonah also undertook the (c) *unmanageable*. In fleeing from God he flew in the face of God. In trying to escape Him he came into hostile collision with Him. No man is sufficient for such an engagement! The match is unequal. Infinite odds are against him: terrible defeat is sure!

In abandoning the Lord he undertook, too, the *management of his own future*. He knew not what it might bring him, though he might have made a pretty good guess. However, he determined to risk it; firmly resolved to collar all the difficulties, and encounter all the adversities, hardships, labyrinths which might befall him. Difficulties are one thing in the *imagination*, and quite another thing in the *struggle*. The future may be a pleasing anticipation,

but an awful and destructive realization! None is competent to hold the reins of self-government. He who undertakes to steer his own barque across the dangerous sea of life is sure to founder on hidden rocks. Your *future*, my brother, is *unmanageable* if God be struck out of your life.

How *foolish* is all sin! What *insanity* to attempt hiding from God! doing without the All-necessary Good! thinking to control and master the contingencies that may arise in days unborn! Disobedience is moral mania. Thirdly,

(3) Encouraged by opportune circumstances.

IT WAS ENCOURAGED BY OPPORTUNE CIRCUMSTANCES:—*"Found a Ship going to Tarshish."* The accidental favoured the intentional. The ship was not waiting for Jonah to expedite his disobedient flight, neither was Jonah waiting for the ship; but it so happened that the ship was freighted for Tarshish, and Jonah came on the quay just in time to pay his fare and get on board. Don't blame the *ship*, but blame the *prophet*.

If a man is bent on going wrong, he will find near at hand ready-made *opportunities* to facilitate his projects—*ships* all rigged and ready to help him to his desired haven! Don't censure the *opportunities*, but censure the *disposition* which seized and made them auxiliaries of evil intentions. Occasion *for* sin is no divine warrant *to* sin. Though providence seemingly favour the rebel course pursued, it will testify to the contrary its indignation ere the port be gained. Opportune circumstances, I repeat, may encourage sin, but do not justify sin; they may be helps to escape from God, but do not in the least degree extenuate the guilt of fleeing from God. Let no man blame circumstances, opportunities, favourable occasions for doing wickedly,—don't sneakishly and cowardly say, "*If it wer'n't for so and so and so and so, I should not have done it,*"—it is a *lie*, you would! You had coined the evil before you acted it, and contracted the guilt before you came to the "*ship*" chartered to expedite your criminal designs.

Note that (a) *Circumstances are rendered moral or immoral in their bearing on human actions, only as they further goodness or facilitate disobedience:*

(b) *That opportunities in the way of transgression are accidental and not divinely appointed, which if availed of to accelerate rebellious flight will entail heavier penal consequences:* and

That (c) "*the ready way is not always the right way*":—

“There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.”—Proverbs xiv. 12.

IT WAS EXPENSIVE:—“*He paid the fare thereof.*” He ^{(4) Expensive.} might have gone to Nineveh for *less* than it cost him to go to Tarshish. *It is cheaper to do good than evil.* More is involved in this expression than the *mere coin* he counted out. True, he “paid the fare” in this sense, but he paid it in a *far more expensive sense*! It cost him his peace of mind, his conscience-approval, his prophetic honour, mortification of spirit, risk of life, and peril of soul. No man can do wrong without paying *dearly* for it. The most expensive thing in the mart of existence is *Sin*! The Devil’s taxation on his paltry wares—his premiums on indulged passions, vices, lusts, frivolities, appetites, etc.—are exorbitant, enormous, frightfully high! As a mere matter of “*economy*,” it is wiser and better to be good than sinful. How many Eves, to-day, are selling their “Paradise” for an apple! how many Esaus parting with their “Birthright” for a mess of pottage! how many Ahabs selling “themselves” to do wickedly! how many Jonahs paying “the fare” in the precious coin of *health, character, manhood, the immortal soul*, to go to some “Tarshish” of imaginary escape from God! When a man swallows an “*estate*” (and many a drunkard has done this), that is not the *whole* of “the fare” he pays for his disobedience; it has to be supplemented by a shattered constitution, a wrecked home, a premature grave, and in multiplied instances by an inherited hell! Sin demands the priceless pearl of a tranquil conscience, and when bartered a million worlds cannot procure it again! Sensuality costs health. Dishonesty character. Avarice the soul. And each, unrepented of, an eternity of blessedness and glory!

Oh, sin’s pleasures, sin’s fashions, sin’s customs, sin’s companions, sin’s vanities, and hollow delusions, and mocking illusions, are ALL PRODIGIOUSLY EXPENSIVE!

III.

THE DIVINE DISPLEASURE:—(4—7.)

“But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken.”—4. Third Sectional Division.

There’s a religious side to storms. *Divinity* may be pursuing some “child of many prayers” in prodigal-revolt, on the “*wings of the wind.*” The *roar of hurricane* may be but the thunder-echoes of an angry God over some purposed evil, or perpetrated crime. A lightning-shaft

has sometimes flashed conviction of sin on the soul when moral means have failed. *Tempests* have done what *spiritual teachers* could not do. A wrecked ship has been the life-boat of salvation to many a devil-wrecked sinner. There's a "ministry of nature" in *more* senses than one. Rain drowns a world of antediluvians because impenitent. The earth opens and swallows up Korah and company for unrighteous envy. The "stars" fight against "Sisera," because contending with the Lord's anointed. The ships of "Jehoshaphat" are broken by the sea because in unholy alliance with wicked "Ahaziah." And here a "great wind" and a "mighty tempest" are marshalled by Jehovah to manifest His displeasure at disobedience, and to arrest the recreant on his eager flight from duty.

Homiletic
Treatment.
(verse 4.)
Disobedi-
ence insures
punishment.

The fourth verse suggests, (a) *That disobedience ensures punishment*:—No man can sin with impunity. There is an absolute necessity for moral wrong to be judiciously dealt with. Infinite holiness renders indispensable the protection of virtue and right by the penal treatment of disobedience. In sooth, the honour and integrity of the Divine government demand the infliction of just punishment on transgression. Not to punish sin would be a libel on Jehovah's righteous character, a stain on His purity, an impeachment of His honour; it would render null and void the force of moral law, upset the basis of His throne, and create disorder and anarchy throughout His intelligent creation.

Forces of
Nature
God's in-
struments

It suggests also, (b) *That the forces of nature are often the instruments of God's corrective or punitive purposes*:—There's a providence in all varieties of weather. "Drought" may have a far more significant moral meaning than we with our shortsightedness may see. "Wet seasons" may be but the chastening or punishing hand of God. Storms are sometimes schools in which faith is educated, and Christ glorified: see Mark iv. 37—41, in which forbidden compacts are corrected with great loss: see 2 Chron. xx. 35—37, in which collision with God's purposes, and attempted escape from God's orders are punished with severity: the former strikingly illustrated in the destruction of the "Spanish Armada"; the latter in the prophet Jonah. All the powers of nature are His servants, &c.

Sin multi-
form in its
conse-
quences.

It suggests further (c) *That the sin of one involves others in its consequences*:—The father ruins his constitution by sinful excesses, and the child shares the result in wasting

consumption and an early grave. The mother is addicted to intemperate habits, her offspring drinks in the fiendish appetite at her bosom and becomes a sot and dies a drunkard. Yes, it is an eternal law, "the iniquities of the father are visited upon the children" to the fourth generation. Jonah not only endangered himself but likewise the whole cargo and crew. Sin is a contagion, it seizes others through us with a deadly and destructive virulence.

"Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his God," &c., from which we gather, (a) *That in seasons of extreme peril the religious instinct invariably reverts to a REAL or imaginary superior power for help*:—Every affrighted heathen "tar" had his God and to him appealed: The religious sense is not an imported commodity, not an infused quality from without into our make; but an inherent principle, a part of the very "warp and woof" of our moral constitution. When danger challenges our helplessness, unbidden our hands out-stretch in imploration to God. We "cry" to One outside of us when we discover no power to deliver within us. Human inability when genuinely felt instinctively throws its clinging arms around the Divine All-sufficiency. In our weakness and distress we want God. These tempest-tossed mariners, though ignorant of the True God were, nevertheless, true to their native instincts in calling each upon his own God. Better a false god than no god at all: better a heterodox creed than the cold and cruel negations of Atheism: better believe too much than believe nothing whatever. What! believe nothing at all! Impossible. Man has an inborn faith which will cling and climb around the rotten ruins of the rankest error, and which will become through ignorance or perversion as so much truth, if not instructed in "the truth as it is in Jesus." Verse 5.
The Religious Instinct.

We also learn from this verse (b) *That possessions are valueless when life is at stake*:—"Cast forth the wares," &c. Life more than possessions.

Life is a priceless jewel. It is a Divine dowry which no man cares to part with: and to none is it so beautiful and precious as to those who see the divinity pulsing in it. It was a great truth the "father of lies" once uttered,— "All that a man hath will he give for his life."—Job. ii. 4. We may lose our possessions and gain the like again, not so life. Once forfeited it is irrecoverable in this world for ever. The cargo might have been extremely costly, but the dearest article on board the quivering ship was the life

of each man. *Themselves* they tried to save, not their *goods*. It is a deplorable state of things when *humanity* is ticketed below *possessions*. When life has descended in value with an individual, and is deemed inferior to his cattle, or his estates, or his merchandise, he is drifting to suicide and death. The soul is the life, cast overboard, brother, the wares of worldliness, sin, self, if thy soul be in jeopardy, &c. "What shall it profit a man if he gain," &c. (Christ.)

When remedial measures are in vain.

This verse further intimates, (c) *That remedial measures to alleviate the Consequences of evil are futile while the Cause slumbers undisturbed*:—"Jonah . . . was fast asleep." The sailors might have cried unto their gods until hoarse, and have exhausted their energies in emptying the whole cargo into the sea; but while *Jonah* sleeps down in "the sides of the ship" the danger will be as great, the storm as wild, and the terror as maddening. Not until rough hands are laid upon him, shaking off his slumber, and consigning him to the boiling billows which leap, and pant, and foam for him, will the hurricane fold its wings, and the elements hush their fury, and the frantic deep subside into a calm! One *Jonah* endangers and alarms a whole ship's crew; one *Achan* entails disaster and defeat on a whole nation. One sin slumbering in the soul-barque will toss it with tempest, and plague it with fear. Sin is the *Jonah* in every man which keeps him in jeopardy and restlessness every hour. An orthodox Creed, an established Form, an observance of Ceremonies—strict and punctilious—won't, *cannot* quiet the consequences or avert the effects of moral wrong, if the *Cause* remains untouched, uneradicated. Let *sin* be cast overboard, and behold, there shall be a "great calm"! Apply this likewise to families, businesses, churches, etc.

Verse 6.

Adverse circumstances.

"So the shipmaster came to him, and said, . . . What meanest thou," &c. This teaches, (a) *That adverse circumstances often require to be supplemented by direct appeal to arouse men to a sense of their perilous situation*:—"Arise," &c. Providence may alarm, but preaching must faithfully apply. The elements *protest*, ministers must *impress*, &c. Affliction, adversity, bereavement, &c., need to be pungently explained and applied by earnest personal appeal. (b) *The*

Insufficiency of Nature.

insufficiency of nature to correct the false and teach the true object of worship:—"Call upon thy God," &c. The "twilight" of nature must be followed by the "noon" of Revelation, or Jehovah will remain a hidden, impalpable

unrealized Being, &c. Suggests—

(c) *The parallel and divergent points in human history*:— Parallel and divergent points.
The same ship, route, port, &c., but widely different motives, ends, etc.

The seventh verse teaches, (a) *That the casualties of life* Vers^e 7.
are not unfrequently associated with wrong-doing:—"Whose cause," etc. No calamity without a cause, no sin without calamity, sooner or later. They were impressed with the fact that it was no chance storm, but an enraged deity pursuing secret guilt:—*whose* they were anxious to discover. Life's casualties the result of wrong doing.

That necessity drives to expedients:—"They cast lots," etc. Necessity.
A pagan custom permitted for the divine disclosure of the real offender. Over the "lots," they believed, a superior Power presided. In this particular instance Jehovah ruled.

That detection will inevitably overtake the guilty, or the lot fall on the right man:—"Lot fell on Jonah." It was he Guilt detected.
God was pursuing, and he God was determined to expose. God's strokes always fall on the right back. "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." "*Thou art the man!*" comes with an awful surprise and alarm sometime to every sinner.

That the extremities of men are the opportunities of God:— Man's extremity God's opportunity
God is now going to make Himself felt. Sound asleep, Jonah heard not the thunders of His anger in the storm. The old vessel quivered in the convulsions of peril and rocked on the verge of destruction, but Jonah only slept the more soundly. Now roused from his slumber God, is going to bring guilt to his memory and penalty on his head. Punishment to Jonah, but moral good to the heathen crew, etc.

That one rebellious act sends its ring down the vestibule of ages:—"We live in deeds," good or bad. Deeds which Consequences of sin unending.
pulse with immortal vitality: which the crushing hand of "Time" will fail to obliterate. Every vibrator in the huge organ of humanity will feel the touch and thrill of one vile deed. Forgiveness may be secured, but that will not arrest the effect of our sin on posterity. As the lifting of my hand vibrates through interminable space, so the doing of one unholy deed travels like electricity down the vast chain of being through successive cycles of time.

(To be continued.)

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

JAMES LOBB

WAS born near Bodmin, Cornwall, 1830, went to reside in that town in 1856, and married in April, 1857. He was converted in a Wesleyan chapel in 1859, but at once united with the Bible Christian Society. In 1862 he removed to Railway-terrace, near St. Cleer, in the Liskeard Circuit, took an active part in getting the chapel built there, gave much labour during its erection, cleaned it free of cost nine months, and was chapel steward some years. In November, 1866, he migrated to Llantrissant, Glamorganshire. The people of his choice having no cause in the neighbourhood, he joined the Wesleyans, and remained in their fellowship till the opening of the Cardiff and Llantrissant Mission. He soon united with the society that was then formed, and continued a member to the end of life.

Having known Br. Lobb intimately over six years, I had ample opportunity to form an estimate of his character. It would not be true to say he was the brightest Christian on earth, or that he had no defects which needed loving forbearance. But he "feared God above many," and possessed several valuable traits of character. *Steadfastness* was a leading feature. His heart was fixed, and sterling integrity of life was the fruit. Having put his hand to the plough, he did not look back, but held on to the end. He was *diligent*—pursued his daily labour industriously, and gave "diligence to make his calling and election sure." There was *no eye-service* with him. He realized the mutual obligation of employer and employé, and did his best for those whom he served. The presence or absence of the master made no difference: every hour was filled with 60 minutes' toil. And now that the twofold aim of many is to do as *little work* and get as *much money* as possible, it is refreshing to meet with a man like this. He was *honest* as the sun. One might have trusted him with anything. Though blessed with little learning, he was *fond of reading*, and spent most of his spare time in its pursuit. Many of our ministers and local preachers shared his *hospitality*, and an aged, dependent mother-in-law found him her best earthly friend. In the infancy of the Cardiff and Llantrissant mission, he and his good wife put themselves to great inconvenience, often, to accommodate the pastor, who will ever reflect upon their hearty kindness with gratitude and joy. His piety was less fussy than many people's. He was very *matter-of-*

fact. Vapid sentimentalism, empty religious talk, were far from him. His piety assumed a *practical* form, and displayed itself in a sensible, solid, Christian life. In the family, the church, and his daily toil he was the same straightforward, upright man. Though more reserved at home than many, his faithfulness and goodness as a husband and father were manifest as the sun at noon on a clear day. The household was well-ordered, to the benefit of the children. The eldest was the first person converted in the chapel. His *individuality* was *marked*. He had a way of speaking and doing things quite peculiar. Looking at objects with his *own eyes*, he expressed himself in his *own way*, which was often quaint, always interesting. He was one of the few friends who formed the nucleus of the society at Llantrissant; was trustee of the chapel, evinced deep interest in its erection, and rendered good service in establishing the cause.

Depression in the district led him to go to North Wales, in March, 1878. He worked there nine months. The dynamite used in blasting, and the impure air of the mine, seriously affected his health, and he returned home much shattered; but after three months' rest he seemed well again. In September, 1879, he went to Cardiff, and secured employment with the builders who erected our chapel and minister's house. His fellow-workmen spoke of him in high terms, and the firm prized him. He was allowed to lay out the garden connected with the minister's house, and took great delight in doing so. On Saturday, November 29th, the writer paid him his week's wages, and they arranged the work for Monday and Tuesday. But the arrangement was not carried out. On Sunday morning Br. Lobb complained of spending a restless night, but made a hearty breakfast. At ten minutes past ten, while reading, he fell on the floor from his chair, and within ten minutes, without a struggle or groan, breathed his last. The writer was called, and remained with him to the close, but found it most difficult to realize that the dear friend's earthly career had ended. Yet so it was. The heart had ceased to beat, and the spirit was gone to enjoy the blessedness in store for those who die in the Lord. The *mortal part* was buried in Llantrissant Cemetery the following Wednesday. A widow, a son 22 years old, and two daughters—17 and 12—mourn an irreparable loss. The suddenness of the death made the trial more painful for them, But surely there was a *fascinating grandeur* about it. To finish an honourable week's work on Saturday, and go home to heaven on Sunday morning, was unspeakably beautiful. May we so live that *whenever* and *however* the summons comes to call us hence, we may go "to be with Christ, which is far better."

A funeral sermon on "The gain of Christian dying," was preached on Sunday evening, January 4th, 1880. The congregation was large, and that all who composed it may meet in the "house not made with hands," is the prayer of
W. F. JAMES.

MARY VISICK.

MARY, youngest daughter of John and Margery Symons, was born in the parish of Breage, in the county of Cornwall, on the 18th day of March, 1807. Her father died when she was in her infancy, and she was left with her mother, with three other children, and only scanty means of support. But the Lord supplied their temporal wants by, in His goodness, raising up several friends. Whilst yet very young the subject of this brief memoir was put to school; also for several years she was a regular attendant as a scholar in Breage Sunday-school. When the Bible Christians first came in the parish to preach, there being no chapel, they preached in a barn and coal-house belonging to Mr. John Treweek and Mr. Fisher, who were influential helpers of the people. Not long after they had begun to preach in these places, a revival took place; several persons, young and old, became converted; the Lord began to work powerfully by His Holy Spirit on the heart of Mary, insomuch that she determined to go to class-meeting, Mr. John Treweek being the leader; and shortly after she found peace with God through the atonement of her Saviour, Jesus Christ. She was then eighteen years of age.

In the year 1826 her mother died, when she came to reside with her brother-in-law, William Davey, at Cusgarne, in the parish of Gwennap. She at once joined the society of Bible Christians at Hicks Mill; she was a zealous and useful member, and for years assisted her class-leaders in holding prayer-meetings in several private houses. Her class-leaders were—first, Mr. Thomas Tregaskis, then Michael Williams; afterwards, in succession, Peter Colliver, and Mr. David Martin, who, a veteran worker, is still with us, abounding in faith and prayer; and latterly, Mr. Thomas Verran, who has the class still, and, as of old, is prompt and ready in every good work.

In the year 1830 her marriage took place with Luke Mansell Visick, and she brought up a family of seven sons and one daughter. She taught and trained her children in the fear of the Lord, and prayed and agonized with and for them, that they might be saved. The Lord heard and answered her prayers; so that nearly all the family and her husband became converted. Two of the sons are local preachers with the Bible Christians to this day. Mrs. Visick was a loving and affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere

and faithful lover of all God's ministers and people, whom she gladly received into her house and treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

In March, 1864, she was seized with paralysis, and was confined to her room for nearly two years; throughout that time of trial she was fully resigned to the will of the Lord. About four years and nine months before her decease she was again seized with another attack of paralysis, which wholly prevented her attending a place of worship; but she still enjoyed sweet communion with her Saviour, and she beautifully exemplified the spirit of meekness and gentleness. She was frequently visited by her class-leader, Mr. Thomas Verran, whose conversation and prayers were greatly blessed to the comfort and strengthening of her soul. And the ministers resident at Hicks Mill during her prolonged affliction frequently called to see her. She lived and died trusting in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. She entered into rest March 26th, 1879, aged seventy-two years, having been a consistent and useful member among the Bible Christians for the long period of fifty-four years.

CHATHAM CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As several readers of our Magazine in this circuit often express disappointment at not seeing certain efforts and successes reported, I place at your disposal the following items:—

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARIES.

That at *New Brompton* was, contrary to the expectations of many friends, even more successful than last year's. Sermons by the writer, Oct. 12th, 1879. Good congregation in the morning, and in the evening chapel crowded. On the following day over two hundred persons sat down to tea. A public meeting followed, presided over by our excellent friend, Mr. Beveridge, who in the course of a timely and well-received address said, "Here we have a simple service, free from Ritualistic formalities, tinsel, and show. We get no lighted tapers, no elevated host; we have no surpliced choir, no intoned prayers. But we get the plain Gospel truth preached to us," &c. Mr. Jones (Primitive Methodist) and the circuit ministers gave addresses. It was a capital meeting. The report showed that the receipts for the year, including balance, had enabled us to pay £20 for renovations, £31 for working expenses, Quarter-board, &c., reduce the debt £25, and retain a balance of £4 18s. 11d. The financial result of the anniversary was £14.

Chatham chapel anniversary was also a great success. Sermons were preached by Mr. Jory on Oct. 19th, and the services passed off well. The next day a goodly number enjoyed themselves at the tea table, and afterwards assembled in the chapel for the meeting, which was said to be the best they had had for years. And this was as it should be, seeing that this was the chapel's *Jubilee*. F. F. Belsey, Esq., who was then Mayor of Rochester, honoured us by taking the chair. He gave us an excellent speech. He had, however, to leave before the close, to fulfil another engagement. But as our valued friend, Mr. Crittenden, kindly came to our help, and worthily succeeded the Mayor, the meeting, which was addressed by the Rev. J. Burgess, Mr. E. Brown, and the circuit ministers, was

brought to a satisfactory termination. And we learnt that there is an advantage in having two chairmen. The report stated that after all expenses had been paid, the debt was lessened £37 10s., and a balance of £19 17s. 3d. left in the treasurer's hand. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to £14 3s. 7d., being £2 11s. above last year. And, as indicating progress, it is worthy of note that the money raised during the last six years, is about equal to the total amount for the previous twenty-five years, though the debt then was much greater than it is now. Our Sunday-school here suffers much from insufficient accommodation; hence preliminary steps have been taken for building a new school-room, and effecting some improvements in the chapel, of which, no doubt, more will be written on a future day.

The anniversary of *Stoke* chapel was held on the 2nd and 3rd of November. Sermons by the pastor. Public tea on the Monday, and though not patronized by a large company, did credit to the ladies. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Jory, Squire, and Palmer. Mr. J. Cooper in the chair. The report showed a decided improvement in the condition of the trust property. New trustees have been added, and the long-standing debt of £100, reduced by about £20.

Fenn and *Hartlip* anniversaries also passed off well, and the financial result at each place considered satisfactory. Br. H. Down, of Sheerness, preached the sermons at Hartlip, and his labours were greatly appreciated.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

On Nov. 22nd, I started from home for the Elham mission, to assist Br. Brenton in holding missionary meetings. The weather was very unfavourable, consequently the meetings were thinly attended. But the few friends were very enthusiastic and liberal, and so the collections were, on the whole, in advance. The mission is looking up a little. The friends are good and true, and Br. Brenton succeeds.

The first series of missionary meetings in this circuit was held on the following week. Sermons were preached on the Sunday. At Rainham by Mr. R. Hawkey (deputation), Luton by Mr. Davey, and at Fenn by myself. The respective chairmen were Mr. Griggs, Mr. Jory, and Mr. Crittenden. All did their work well. And addresses were given by Mr. Hawkey (who did us good service at all the meetings) and the circuit ministers. The severity of the weather (frost and snow) made against the attendance, and the collections, though exceedingly good at each place, suffered a little in consequence. But the friends do not intend to be behind last year in the total.

Our second series of meetings, embracing Gillingham and Yieldstead, followed the next week. Sermons by Brs. Jory and Davey. On the Monday evening, the meeting (which was pronounced a thorough good one) was at Yieldstead, presided over by Mr. C. Black, and addressed by Mr. Jory and the writer. The people here know how to give to a missionary collection. Nearly all—even little children—gave silver, and four friends, to my knowledge, emptied their pockets, and so the collection was in the right direction. The next evening at Gillingham, the meeting was presided over by Mr. Glover, and addressed by Mr. Wingfield, and the circuit ministers. Here too the weather affected the attendance and the collection. But our friends are hearty, and there is no room to fear for the ultimate result.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Arrangements were made soon after the Michaelmas quarterly meeting to hold special services in the circuit. Accordingly, special sermons were preached at *Chatham* on Nov. 23rd and week. The result was not what was desired, though

some good was done. At the time I write, however, there is a hopeful move there, and thirteen or fourteen have been converted. On Sunday, Dec. 21st, Br. G. Matthews, of Poplar, who was on a visit to his friends, preached in the evening. Three were converted, among them the pastor's son. The same evening Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett's son went from the service, carrying a heavy burden. When he got home father and mother gladly prayed with him, and before retiring rejoiced with him in a sense of Divine forgiveness. Our friends intend to work while God is working, and so will hold a second series of meetings.

At *Halston* a good work has been going on for a considerable time, and several persons have professed conversion.

At *Fenn*, the last time I was there, two were on their knees seeking the Saviour. And two have been converted at *Luton*. May this be followed by "greater things."

Our special services at *New Brompton*, which commenced on Dec. 7th, have been delightfully and gloriously successful. A special effort had been made in the school for one or two Sundays before, and two or three of the senior scholars and one teacher had found peace with God. On Monday, Dec. 8th, there was a real breaking-down, and five were converted; the next evening, three; the next, six or seven; and so the work went on for a fortnight, conversions every evening. God has very graciously visited us, and "stirred up" nearly all the members. And the holy fire has been re-kindled in hearts that had grown cold. But some few need a little more "stirring up." From the first meeting to the last the congregations were large, the influence was rich throughout, and sometimes overpowering, and the result is very blessed and cheering.

FIFTY PERSONS RECEIVED ON TRIAL.

On Monday evening, Dec. 22nd, we held our quarterly society tea and meeting. All who had given their hearts to God, and who wished to join society, were invited to attend, and we had a truly blessed meeting. After each candidate had given satisfactory answers to the questions put,—on the motion of Mr. J. Coles (society steward), seconded by Mr. Branfield—the society, by an unanimous vote, received them on trial for membership; and it was the writer's unspeakable pleasure to give notes of admittance to fifty persons, many of whom are teachers and scholars. It was a most affecting sight to see one after another, as the name was called, come up to the table to receive the note of admittance and a copy of the rules. Suitable addresses were given by Mr. Davey and others, who spoke with evident emotion, and said it was a meeting never to be forgotten. The good work is still going on, and others have been converted since. We purpose holding another series of meetings at an early date. May the revival spread over all the circuit. We pray God to send us as a Connexion a general revival. Then, Mr. Editor, our "Connexional liabilities" would soon be relieved, the committee's hands would be unfettered, and the much-needed work of aggression would proceed unhindered. Our

QUARTERLY MEETING

was held on New Year's day, at Chatham. The business passed off pleasantly. There is a deficiency in the receipts, but it will be met all right before the end of the year. There is a considerable increase in the membership. The public meeting, which was really a fellowship meeting, was one of the old sort. As the brethren from the different places spoke, out of the fulness of grateful and loving hearts, the meeting rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm that it will not soon be forgotten. The spiritual influence was truly refreshing and powerful. It certainly was a grand and encouraging omen for another quarter's successful labours. May our joyful anticipations be fully realized.

R. SQUIRE.

New Brompton, January 7th, 1880.

GUNNISLAKE, CALLINGTON CIRCUIT.

ALMOST immediately upon our arrival here we discovered that the people had a mind to work, consequently a society meeting was called, and arrangements made for holding a Christmas Tree, to raise funds for the chapel. A committee was formed, circulars were printed, and all hands went quietly to work. On calling the committee together, as Christmas drew near, we were delighted to find that the efforts of the committee had been so successful as to have grown altogether beyond the limits of a Tree. Accordingly arrangements were made for a Tree and two Stalls.

On December 29th, 1879, at three p.m., after a hymn had been given out by Br. Finch, and prayer offered by the writer, the sale was opened with an appropriate address by Mr. W. Paynter, our senior circuit steward.

The proceeds were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1st Stall, presided over by Mrs. Youlton, Mrs. Hamley, Miss King, and Miss Hopewell	6	2	6½
2nd Stall, presided over by Miss Bowden, Miss N. Harris, and Miss A. Harris	5	5	6½
Refreshment Stall	2	16	1
Entrance fees, &c.	6	0	2½
Mrs. Crocker, collector	1	0	10
„ Gorrell „	0	6	0
„ Yandell „	0	6	0
„ Alford „	0	5	0
„ Jones „	0	5	0
Miss Andrews „	0	15	6
Mr. Vanstone „	0	10	6
Collectors under 5s.	0	13	6½
Proceeds of Service of Song	0	12	0
Total Receipts	24	18	9
Total Disbursements	3	12	10
Net Profit	£21	5	11

The hearty way in which the friends carried out this effort is most praiseworthy, and the success (considering the depressed state of the times) has surpassed our highest expectations. One of the most cheering features in connection with our society at Gunnislake is a flourishing Sunday-school, with an active staff of officers and teachers; and we are glad to say that during the past quarter five of the scholars have professed conversion, and joined the church. For this we thank God, and take courage.

T. G. VANSTONE.

LISKEARD CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I send you the following account of our doings in this circuit, for insertion in the Magazine, in the hope that it may interest some of your numerous readers.

Upon our entry into this circuit, after the Conference of 1878, things presented a serious and discouraging aspect. There was a resolution in the circuit book, passed at the previous quarterly meeting, requesting the Conference to appoint only one preacher to this station. The preacher's house at Liskeard was but scantily furnished; my house was by no means sufficiently, but my predecessor had made it fairly comfortable. Our members, through want of employment, were leaving in large numbers, as indeed they have been ever since. Emigration

and other causes have reduced our list of members at the rate of 130 per annum. A period of mining and agricultural depression of unequalled severity had set in, and continued without the least break till very recently. It will be easily conceived that these surroundings were calculated to have the most depressing effect upon both ministers and people. But we knew it was not the part nor policy of leaders to be desponding, much less to repine; so we girded ourselves, and tried to inspire the friends with courage and hope: that we did not wholly fail the issue proves. In this dilemma Mr. Broad applied to the committee for assistance, and succeeded in getting what, he tells me, he has got before—sympathy and good wishes. However, we so far presumed upon the generosity of the folks and Providence, as to buy the necessary furniture, which, with travelling expenses, and the usual quarterly deficiencies, brought us at the Lady-Day quarterly meeting £90 in debt. A vigorous effort was determined on; it was resolved that by subscriptions, bazaars, etc., a special fund of £150 should be raised, to pay our debts and provide for future deficiencies, which average £15 per quarter. Under the circumstances, the idea seemed almost Utopian. But our *Pensilva* friends, as if eager for the work and to inspire others, volunteered to raise £35 if the other places would make it up to the amount required. The challenge was accepted.

St. Luke's, a little place up among the moors and turf-pits (our friends used to have “*tin*” there, and it is suspected they have some stowed away there still), led the effort with a bazaar and tea, which enabled them to hand over £12.

In the same month, viz., last July, a bazaar, in connection with which was a splendidly-furnished refreshment stall, was held at *Pensilva*. It was one of the very few fine days we had last summer. The place was crowded. Things sold well. The amount promised to the circuit was raised, and several pounds for the chapel. The vote from this place to the circuit has since been increased to £37.

On the 15th of October a bazaar was opened at *St. Cleer* for all the other places in the circuit—except *Dobwalls*, which is in the unenviable position of having “no part nor lot in this matter.” By the sale of articles, and the proceeds of a capital refreshment stall, about £60 was realised.

These efforts have been supplemented by others, which have yielded £40, thus bringing the total very near to the proposed sum of £150. One feels tempted here to mention the names of those persons who have contributed so nobly, by their subscriptions or labours, to this success. But they are so many that I fear a full list would occupy too much valuable space; and to specify a few where so many are worthy would be invidious.

While these efforts have been made on behalf of the circuit funds,

THE CHAPELS

have not been neglected. The debts on the premises at *Pensilva* and *Tredinnick* have been reduced.

The congregation at *St. Neot* are about to repair and beautify their little chapel, for which money has been secured by a bazaar held on New Year's Eve. A very good harmonium was placed in this sanctuary a few months since.

By the time this gets into the hands of your readers, the work in connection with *Liskeard* chapel will have been let. The trustees think to lay out £500 on this building to make it worthy of the circuit and Connexion.

The contract is signed for the restoration of *Trewidland* chapel, at the cost of £170, towards which we have £20.

A reference to the Minutes of Conference and Missionary Report will show that these exertions have not militated against the Connexional funds.

THE MAIN WORK,

The conversion of souls, has not been so prosperous as we could desire, nor as,

from the agencies employed, we might reasonably expect. We have had many accessions, but no thorough break-down, or "daily adding to the church such as shall be saved." But ours is a work which admits of no paralysing depression, we therefore rejoice in *hope*, and take the trembling and weeping under the preached word, as indications of an early and general yielding to God. Amidst all these activities,

THE LAST ENEMY

Has not been idle. He has done his solemn work upon several of our friends. I may here write a few words upon the life of two of them, without I trust being thought guilty of slighting the others. The first is

JOHN MALLITT.

This dear brother died in this village at the patriarchal age of ninety-three years. Twenty such veterans in succession backward through the ages would constitute a magnificent "Bridge of history over the gulf of time," and connect us with the apostles. Our friend was, probably, at the time of his death, the oldest member in the Connexion. He was one of the first class and society in this circuit. This society was formed by James Thorne at Trevarbyn, in the year 1817. From that time to his last hour, he lived a consistent and zealous christian life,—preaching, leading class, or encouraging those who went to comfort him. He had the cares incident to a large family. I may state that he left eleven children, seventy-seven grand-children, and ninety-seven great grand-children. He was of a very even temper, not naturally, but as the effect of grace. This doubtless tended to his longevity, for nothing wastes life like "*Fret*." The only thing that seemed to trouble him in his last days was his want of more gratitude "for the mercies of nearly a hundred years." He said to a friend who saw him some days before his death, "I am rocking down, rocking down, and shall soon be asleep." As the closing scene came on, he whispered to one standing by, "This can't be death." Nor was it, it was only the "*shadow* of death," for the *substance*, "the sting," he had lost long years before at the Cross.

JOHN ODGERS

is worthy of a long memoir; but as I fear long memoirs are seldom read but by a few kindred and acquaintances, I must ask his relatives and friends to supply the details of a very bare outline, from the stores of fond and grateful memories. Our dear brother was born in 1826, and died at Trengrove, Feb. 15th, 1879. He was a victim to what is known as "the miner's decline." He was laid aside from work for seven years, and during that time suffered much. He was converted to God in 1855, and preserved all his quarterly tickets from that time. His wife, under God, was the instrument in his conversion. He made a custom of reading the Bible through every year. This he did in no perfunctory way, for all the family reverently knelt while he read aloud from the sacred oracles. He was a very acceptable local preacher; a much loved class-leader, and was esteemed by all as a Christian indeed. I saw him several times, and always found him in possession of that perfect peace which flows from entire resignation to the Divine Will. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

St. Cleer, Jan. 15th.

J. M.

[Well done! brethren and friends in the Liskeard Circuit. Go on and prosper! May many catch your spirit, and copy your example.—ED.]

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Already acknowledged - £1,247 1s. 4d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
I. O. G. T., Ilfracombe Lodge	0	5	0	SHEBBEAR—			
TENTERDEN—				Sheepwash, Mr. Ruddle's			
R. Hawkey, 1st instalment	1	0	0	Lecture	1	5	0
Rolvenden-lane Sunday-				W. T. Down, 1st instalment	1	0	0
school	1	0	0	TORRINGTON—			
Woodchurch Sunday-school	0	4	0	Mr. Coad's Lecture, &c..	1	8	9
BRIGHTON—				Miss Fowler, donation ..	0	5	0
Miss Page, donation ..	0	10	0	Torrington Sunday-school	1	0	0
Mrs. Gillett	0	7	6	"Ella"	1	0	0
NORTH LEW—							
Bridestow Collection ..	0	11	0	W. T. Ennor, 1st instalment	1	0	0
Boasley	0	13	0	G. Webber, Exeter, Ontario,			
North Lew	0	12	0	1st instalment	3	0	0
Highampton	0	5	8				

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The best of all efforts which we as a Connexion can possibly make, will be for us to induce 50,000 of our friends to get or give £1 each, and to do it now.

We are, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*,

16, King-street, Covent-garden, London, W.C.

W. HIGMAN, *Agent*,

New-street, Torrington, Devon.

Revivals.

SOMERTON CIRCUIT.—*Keinton Mandeville*.—DEAR BR. BOURNE.—The revival is still going on; many have been brought to Christ. Over sixty have professed conversion. We are still continuing the services. I was at High Ham last Sunday, Dec. 14th; it was a blessed day; four came out and decided for Christ after the sermon in the evening. May the Lord send us a sweeping revival!

R. S. ALFORD.

[This came a day or two too late last month. In the *Hicks Mill* Circuit, Br. Batt tells us there has been an extensive revival, over 100 conversions; in the *Aberavon* Circuit a considerable movement also; Jan. 10th, Br. Keen at *Swansea* wrote, "Thirty converted since Sunday"; at *Seal* (near Sevenoaks) after a week's special services by Br. Cann, eleven persons were received on trial; and we hear of "a stir" in several other places. A letter that came to hand a few days ago from Br. T. E. Keen in *South Australia* says: "We are working away for Christ in this far-off land, and, blessed be His name, not in vain. We have had a very gracious revival. Over seventy have professed to find peace with God. Night after night, between four and five hundred persons present. We shall not soon forget the blessed seasons we have had."]

HATHERLEIGH CIRCUIT.

DEAR SIR,—A word in reference to this circuit may not be uninteresting to your readers. It has been the rule for each place, according to the number of its

members, to raise its proportionate part towards the support of their ministers. Winkleigh society has done this with much difficulty. To make things more pleasant and easy, about two months ago a special effort was decided on. The matter has been taken up heartily. On Friday, December 26th, 1879, in the store-rooms of Mr. Isaac (kindly lent for the occasion), a Christmas tree was exhibited, and a variety of useful and ornamental articles offered for sale. The weather being beautifully fine, a large number of persons assembled, and about 150 persons partook of tea (the provisions were mostly given). At the stalls the ladies did their best, and despite the depression, many articles were disposed of, and with the money collected, tea tables, &c., amounted to £21 4s. 7d.

At Merton a fortnight's special meetings have been conducted by the writer with happy results; believers have been quickened, many souls converted, and God's name glorified. To God alone be all the praise, while we'll take courage and go forward.

J. RAWLINGS.

Brief Notices of Books.

My Coloured Schoolmaster, and other Stories. (Price 2s.)

Female Heroism, and Tales of the Western World. (Price 2s.)

Capture of the Pirates; with other Stories of the Western Seas. (Price 2s.)

THESE three volumes are all from the skilful pen of the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, Author of "Romance without Fiction," and published by the Wesleyan Conference Office. There is a vividness, and a reality, and evident truthfulness, in all that Mr. Bleby writes, that not only absorbs the attention, but wins the confidence of his readers. Several of these stories are full of pathos, but others have a bright and humorous side to them.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Vol. VI. Old Testament. Elliot Stock. (Price 5s.)

WE have so often described, and as often warmly recommended this useful and popular work, that we only need to call the attention of our readers to the publication of another volume.

The Home World. An Illustrated Religious Family Paper. F. E. Longley.

THERE are so many serials of this kind that one could heartily wish they were fewer in number, and that some of them were better in quality. If the "Home World" has any distinctive characteristic, it is the wonderful variety in its contents, and all persons know that variety, except in morals, is positively delightful.

Ecce Christianus; or, Christ's idea of the Christian life. An attempt to ascertain the Stature and Power, Mental, Moral, Spiritual, of a Man Formed as Christ Intended. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 6s.)

THIS is, to say the least, a remarkable book. The author has got hold of a new idea, which he has worked out with singular freshness and power. Its purpose "is to show a man in Christ, built up according to the stature which Christ designed. The conclusion arrived at is that such a one will become of the order of the first Apostles of Christ, and will be able, in consequence, to hold a large measure of Divine grace, and in that might perform tasks equal to any that

the most matchless men have performed." A startling conclusion surely! Is Christian perfection henceforth to be regarded, not only as *moral* and *spiritual*, but *mental* also? Whatever one may ardently wish, we fear it is too good news to be true. But this is the contention of our author, and if a just one, "a Christian man according to Christ's idea, is of apostolic mould, *i.e.*, greater than Plato or Shakespere." "One who has followed Christ, who has lived in His mental realm, and acquired somewhat of His grasp, will have a mental breadth that is adequate to deal with all those problems which are of the greatest extent and compass. His nature will be large enough to comprehend in the unity of one thought, all those scattered conceptions, many of them of vast extent, which together make up the most sublime and most important generalizations. Other men cannot arrive at these generalizations, because their minds are not great enough to take in, at one and the same time, all the facts needed to make them manifest." No room then for such characters as Cowper's cottager, "who knew, and only knew, her Bible true." We must refer our readers to the volume for the writer's answer to the question which such remarks cannot but suggest, "How comes it then that theologians and preachers are not great men?" We cannot at present agree with the author on all points, but we thank him for his book, and shall read it again, and all who do so will find it a healthy mental exercise.

Life of W. O'Bryan, Founder of the Bible Christians. By S. L. THORNE. Bradford, Published by the Author. May be had through the Book-room. (price 1s.)

THIS little volume contains many interesting details concerning Mr. O'Bryan, so interesting indeed that we are sorry Mr. Thorne has not given us a fuller and more complete account of his life and labours. Proportion should have been studied, so that his early life might not overshadow the rest; fifty years cannot be satisfactorily compressed into a page or two. We suppose there must be a multitude of facts in Mr. Thorne's possession concerning Mr. O'Bryan's last years, equally interesting as one we find in a letter of his written not many years before his death. Christ and His great salvation, he in substance wrote, was the subject of Mrs. O'Bryan's and his thoughts and converse by day, and of their dreams by night, and sometimes he became so happy in his sleep as to awaken his wife by his shouts of praise, and sometimes his wife awoke him in like manner, when they praised the Lord together with joyful lips.

The Converted Wrestler; or, The Life of Abraham Bastard. By S. L. THORNE. Second Edition. Bible Christian Book-room. (Price 3d.)

A BRIEF, but vivacious account of a noted character. Abraham Bastard had a commanding presence, remarkable physical strength, and after his conversion was distinguished for his boldness and piety. Such a hand as his, for size and strength, we never knew any one else possess. We think we have heard him say himself that soon after his conversion he went to St. Austell to hear the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke preach. When the doctor announced as his text, *Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered*, Abraham could not help exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, I am the man! I am the man!" Well do we remember preaching once at St. Teath, when little more than a youth, and being interrupted at the close of a sentence by Abraham Bastard asking what we meant. We answered as well as we could, when he said, "It is all right, go on," but the interruption confused us so much that we could not proceed quite as fluently as before. At the next service when we gave out the verse,

“ Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew ;
The form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew,”

Abraham thundered out before we had hardly got through, *You have no business there then !* which, if it had no other good effect, had this, that it made us somewhat more careful afterwards what hymns we selected to be sung in public worship.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. Part XIV. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s.)

ANOTHER instalment of these wonderful lectures. All of them seem to us to be as fresh as the waters from a spring. We cull a sentence or two, and a striking illustration from the Lecture, “ The New Birth, a Scientific necessity.”

WHAT IS THE NEW BIRTH ?

“ The acquisition of similarity of feeling with God. Is that necessary for our peace here and hereafter. Ask self-evident truth whether you can love what God hates and hate what God loves, and be at harmony with Him. Grant me nothing in the shape of a proof text except this immortal and eternal axiom, that the door cannot be open and shut at one and the same time. A thing cannot be and be at one and the same time, and in one and the same sense, and therefore we cannot love what God hates and hate what God loves, and be at peace with Him.”

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

“ When the battle was fought between the ‘ Monitor ’ and the ‘ Merrimac,’ the ship ‘ Cumberland,’ which the poet Longfellow has made immortal by an ode, went down in water so shallow that her topgallants remained above the waves. A surgeon, a friend of Governor Andrew, was in the hold of the ship when she went down ; but, by keeping in view the light which streamed through the hatchways, and aiding himself on the rigging, he at last reached the surface, and was taken into a boat and saved. Now, the insidious, the almost insane persuasion which governs average human nature is, that when we go down in the sea of death and eternity, we are to leave ourselves behind ourselves, and swim out of ourselves, and be taken into some life-boat at the surface of the eternal ocean, and so brought to peace. The trouble with that precious theory, my friends, is, that we are the ‘ Cumberland,’ and the ‘ Cumberland ’ cannot swim out of the ‘ Cumberland.’ Here is the first axiomatic truth on which the man who really reveres science ought to found himself, and demand, in the name of mere culture, harmony with this portion of the environment of his soul from which he cannot flee.”

The Christian Monthly and Family Treasury. January, 1880. Nelson & Sons. (Price 7d.)

WE distinctly remember the pleasure with which we read the first numbers of this periodical. It is intended to be all that it has ever been, and something more, as the *Events of the Month* are to be dealt with in short papers by leading men, and *Topics of the Day*, discussed in a thoughtful and popular way, without reference to the interests of sect or party. The article on *Dr. Abbott and Liberal Christianity*, and *The True Eastern Question* in the present number, are specially opportune and valuable.

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. January, 1880. (Price 6d.)

THIS Magazine is a great favourite with us. It is not only evangelical and spiritual, but it is as varied, as thoughtful, and as vigorous, as the best of its contemporaries.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

MILTON: PARADISE LOST.

THE two former papers were in the Editor's hands before the writer had seen a copy or read a line of the Rev. Mark Pattison's "Milton" (English Men of Letters). It is necessary to make this statement because a few paragraphs in the second article are so similar to corresponding passages in the book named as to justify a suspicion of plagiarism. Any facts or hints hereafter borrowed from Mr. Pattison will be scrupulously acknowledged. And, first, I have to thank his book for directing my attention to a clumsy blunder in the first paper. In the hurry of examination-week I inadvertently made 1647 the date of Mrs. Milton's (Mary Powell's) reconciliation with her husband, instead of 1645, the correct date; and thus the period of estrangement was made four years instead of two (1643—5).

Before we enter on an examination of *Paradise Lost*, let us remember that it was written in blindness, poverty, solitude, and neglect.

It was written in blindness:

"Thee (Light) I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd!"

Lib. III. 21—26.)

Again,

"With the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,

G

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me ! from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out !”

(Lib. III. 40—50.)

It was written in poverty, solitude, and bitter reproach :

“ I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues ;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east.”

Lib. VII. 24—30.

Milton did not select the theme for his great poem at a wild venture, he had mused on it long :

“ This subject for poetic song
 Pleased me, long choosing, and beginning late.”

(Lib. IX. 25—6.)

His first intention had been to write a national Epic like the Iliad, the Æneid, or the Lusiad, with King Arthur or some other chieftain, legendary or historical, as hero. The following extract from his *Reason of Church Government*, published in 1641, will explain his views at the age of thirty-three.

“ I began thus far to assent both to them (some friends in Italy) and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other : that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue ; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout the island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine ; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world ; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small* by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.”

* For a remarkably similar opinion see the introduction to Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by Thomas Carlyle.

It is idle to speculate how far Milton was qualified for such a task,—it was not undertaken. Some critics have kindly informed us that he must have failed,—information the more valuable as not elsewhere obtainable. It is, nevertheless, a little remarkable that in the poem which can best assist us in such a conjecture, the *Samson Agonistes*, he has sketched a character of more heroic parts than Achilles, Æneas, Orlando, or even the gallant Goffredo. Nor does it mend the business to reply that *Samson* is a purely subjective creation,—is, in short, no other than Milton himself. If so Milton himself was a nobler theme for heroic song than any that bard before had chosen. In any case we are glad that the poet did not execute his first design. The world has had enough and to spare of these battle songs. The butcheries of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* are enough to glut a vampire; but if any reader is yet unsatisfied, he may turn to the descriptions of Statius and Ariosto and Tasso, and gorge till blood and murder sicken.

Satan's apostacy, the creation of the world, the transgression of Adam, and the loss of Paradise together form a subject worthier of Milton's powers than the legends of Arthur and his Knights, but lately sung by a weaker bard. Dante alone has grappled with a theme as vast as this,—a theme where utter failure was the probability, and partial success the utmost hope. Only a poet of the highest order, or a madman, would place his scenes in heaven and hell, and make archangels and the princes of Pandemonium his actors. One obvious advantage, of course, he thus secures: he may fearlessly give rein to his imagination, assured that his boldest fancies beggar truth. But this is an advantage much overrated and too dearly bought. The risk of rushing into the incongruous and grotesque is extreme. Milton's personifications of Sin and Death provoked the loud laughter of Voltaire; and the metamorphosis of the demons in the 10th book has always appeared to me the greatest blemish in the poem. Dante has repeatedly fallen into similar mistakes. One example shall suffice. In the 13th Canto of the *Inferno* self-destroyers are represented as transformed into gnarled and knotted trees, on which the harpies build their nests. Nor do the heroic poets escape when they venture behind the curtain of mortality. In the 5th book of the *Iliad* Diomed,* urged on by Athène, assails the grim Arès himself, and the redoubtable war-god instead of avenging himself bellows "loud as nine or ten thousand men," and hurries off to Olympus to whimper to father Zeus; and in the 21st book the angry rivers Xanthus and Simoïs pursue the

* Mr. Pattison refers to these grotesque images, and one of his illustrations is from *Iliad* Lib. V. But I had written the substance of the above, and marked the references, long before his book was published.

fugitive Achilles in a manner absolutely ludicrous. The enchanted forest in the 13th Canto of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* is even more unnatural, reading like a versified story from the "Arabian Nights." Voltaire was too wary to fall into mistakes of this kind. But his dapper wit has spoilt his poem. The difference between *Là Henriade* and *Paradise Lost* is that between an examination-exercise of a would-be Mus. Bac. and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

The creation of this world of ours, and the origin of all the sin and sorrow upon it, are subjects that concern mankind of every tongue in every age; and as Christianity spreads and the Bible is more extensively known, the Scriptural basis of *Paradise Lost* is becoming more and more widely familiar. In this circumstance certain critics have seen a promise of perennial life to the poem. I decidedly doubt it. *Paradise Lost* will live; but not because of its subject, rather in spite of it. The eternal truths of nature and God do not change, but the theories and opinions of men are never constant long. What is unhesitatingly proclaimed to-day is doubted to-morrow, and the third day shown to be incorrect. Nor are the interpretations of Holy Writ, and the doctrines supposed to be grounded thereon, more stable than the rest. A thousand warring sects declare that Revelation approves their creed; and every sect admits a thousand shades of faith within itself. Unless, therefore, we claim for Milton the infallibility which Pius IX. claimed for himself, we must admit that his interpretations of Biblical truth may possibly be one day rejected by all, as already they are rejected by many. Here, therefore, we have the germ of death, not of perennial life. Hence I conceive the dialogue between the Eternal Father and the Son in anticipation of man's revolt, and the story of Creation in the 7th book, to be the most perishable portions of the poem; while the first and second books, and all other such passages as are the pure invention of the poet, bear the unmistakable impress of immortality.

There has been much silly disputing about a supremely silly question—Is *Paradise Lost* an *Epic* poem? The enquiry was probably started by some Oxford bigot, who dreamt thus easily to consign his illustrious countryman to the second rank among poets. If by an Epic poem we mean a noble action nobly sung, *Paradise Lost* is as certainly an Epic as the *Iliad*. But why this strife of words? Let any such critic frame a definition of Epic poetry that will exclude both Dante and Milton. We will not quarrel with him; we will even commend his ingenuity if neatly done. But what then? Are Dante and Milton thus quietly disposed of? The *Divina Commedia* and *Paradise Lost* remain, call them what you will. It is the Epic Muse that has occasion of alarm; and old

Homer will blush for the companions that are left him. Let us notice here that Milton's first intention was to give his poem a dramatic form. It is altogether fortunate that he changed his purpose. His genius was intensely subjective—that is, essentially undramatic. Comus is exquisitely beautiful, but it is beautiful in spite of its dramatic structure; and in Samson Agonistes the genius of the poet is everywhere manacled and fettered by the restraints of the drama. Goethe's Faust is as certainly Goethe himself as Milton's Samson is Milton; but the drama is perhaps the most marvellous example of subjective and objective poetry, alternating and blending, to be found in the literature of the world.

Let us now consider for a few moments the characters introduced into Paradise Lost. And here we at once perceive that Milton's task was one of unexampled difficulty. There are but two human beings in the poem, and these are placed in circumstances widely different from the lot of ordinary mortals. The other characters are the Almighty, three or four Archangels and the foremost chieftains of Pandemonium.

It is at all times in the highest degree hazardous to introduce the Divine Being as a speaker in a poem. There is small difficulty in describing in sublime and terrible language, as several of the Hebrew prophets have done, the majesty and mighty acts of Jehovah; but the attempt to catch the accents of Eternal lips nearly always ends in failure. In the *Prolog im Himmel* in Goethe's Faust the marvellous songs of the three archangels satisfy our loftiest conceptions of the singers; while the words of Mephistopheles hiss with all the malice and ribald impudence of hell; but calm, and pure and benevolent as are the words put into the mouth of Deity, they always strike one as beneath the dread dignity of the "Lord of Hosts." Milton has succeeded no better. Nearly every passage where the Deity himself is speaker weakens the effect of the poem; and some of them are positive deformities. In the fifth book (719 et seqq) the Eternal Father is represented as strangely discussing with his Son the resources of his own Omnipotence; and the speech in the 10th book (616—640) I never read without disappointment and pain.

Adam and Eve on the other hand, are exquisitely drawn. The description of the two fresh from the Creator's hands is, as far as my reading goes, unrivalled in ancient or modern poesy:

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed)

Whence true authority in men ; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;
 For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay."

The character of Adam is unique in its quiet nobility, intelligence, tenderness and piety—he is the Father of Mankind, of whom his sons may be justly proud. If I remember rightly Addison in the "Spectator" has noticed the wonderful intelligence which he displays in the interview with his Maker in the 8th Book (357—451); but it is twenty years since I read those papers and I do not recollect how the matter is stated. However that may be, the passage is one of the noblest in the poem; and I sincerely hope it will be honestly read. But Adam is at all times noble. His first interview with Eve, his conversation with Raphael, the morning scene after Eve's unwonted dream, his gentleness and mild wisdom when she makes the fatal proposal of being alone, his anxiety at her delay, his self-sacrifice when he sees her hopelessly ruined, his prudence and humility when in an agony of despair she suggests divorce or suicide, his manly grief and repentance, and his paternal tenderness, seen in the last interview with Michael, form a series of poetic pictures of unrivalled beauty. Eve is no less happily conceived. Adam is not more remarkable for intelligence than Eve for inimitable grace. Her speech at sunset (Lib. IV. 634—658) breathes the fragrance and purity of Paradise—or better, of Eden's mistress and queen; and her withdrawal from the bower in the 8th book that she may learn from her husband's lips the wonderful revelations of the angelic visitor is a beautiful example of womanly tact and modesty. Even her obstinate resolve to leave her husband's side for a short time—her true fall—is almost atoned for by her gentleness and submission when Adam, aroused at last to a fearful apprehension of the ruin he has wrought, thrusts her away. How tender, too, and natural, that lament for Paradise—her bridal home,—and how womanly that last sad yet hopeful venture with her husband, on a world now blighted by the curse!

In the face of all this some writers have pretended to discover

in the portraiture of Eve an instance of Milton's harsh injustice to women; which they proceed to illustrate by his treatment of his first wife and his daughters, falsifying history as they go to make it suit their purpose. And hundreds are so deceived. In thinking of this, and of many similar incidents in political and literary history, I do not know which amazes me more, the wrong-headedness of the dupe, or the impudence of the knave.

It is scarcely possible to conceive any nice distinctions of character among those bright celestial beings whose purity knows no stain, and whose happiness no alloy. Hence Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Abdiel are essentially one and the same character. A deep interest attaches to Abdiel on account of his admirable courage and fidelity when surrounded by disaffection and revolt (Lib. V.); but this arises from peculiarity of situation and not from any special pre-eminence of virtue. We are compelled to believe that Gabriel or Raphael in similar circumstances would have been equally faithful. In the same way it is much more difficult to imagine a gradation and variety of bliss, than a similar gradation of punishment and woe. Hence the "Hell" and "Purgatory" of the *Divina Commedia* are far more striking and real than the "Paradise."

On the other hand the princes of Pandemonium, Satan, Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial, and Mammon are sketched with a bold and masterly hand. Although I have never met with any notice of the fact, either direct or indirect, it has struck me for some years past as one of the sublimest conceptions of the poet, that while in the case of Moloch and Belial and the other inferior chieftains of the revolt, the zymotic poison of envy and hatred, and the sulphurous whirlwinds of eternal vengeance have obliterated every trace of their former dignity and virtue, Satan, their mighty Suzerain, though blasted and ruined, is still the fallen cherub: the lineaments of his countenance, distorted indeed and blackened, are those of the great Archangel, who sometime stood with Michael next the Throne. The latter circumstance has of course been repeatedly noticed; but it is the proud distinction between the Arch-rebel and the lesser chieftains of the infernal host that seems to me the sublimest stroke.

The character of Satan is the most powerful in the poem—the most powerful in Epic poetry. In its awful grandeur the conception is Æschylean rather than Homeric. And when we have mentioned Æschylus and Shakespeare we have probably named the only men who, in the recorded history of our race, might have conceived a character equally sublime. It is in the fearful soliloquies of the fourth book that the Prince of Darkness appears in all the lurid

splendour of his fallen majesty. Boundless ambition is the basis of his character—an ambition which deliberately prefers to reign in hell rather than to serve in heaven. To gratify his lust for power he resolves, with purpose inflexible as the dome of heaven, to sacrifice his own happiness and purity, to expose himself for ever to the fiercest vengeance of heaven's Almighty Ruler, and to involve "in hideous ruin and combustion" myriads of spirits, hitherto as free from guilt as pain. With unflinching courage he confronts Heaven's utmost wrath; and though the thunderbolts of the victorious Son confound him for a time, he rises from the fiery surge unsubdued and defiant still. Rebellion and defeat have transformed his associates from angels into demons, fit denizens of the pit. But Satan's majesty is not quite consumed. It is the terrible doom of the Arch-offender that in every point he shall be his own destroyer. His awful pride, "that cast him out from heaven," is his direst punishment in hell—"in the lowest deep a lower deep." What a flash of the cherubic glory beams forth in the following words:

"—Pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard."

(Lib. IV. 40—45.)

Once more is this seen when he contemplates the happy pair in the garden,

"Ah gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches." (Lib. IV. 366—367.)

and then the unutterable ruin, self-inflicted!

"Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good." (Lib. IV. 109—110.)

How different is all this from the impotent blasphemy of Capaneus in the 14th Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, or of Vanni Fucci in the 25th: "Take them, God! I level them at thee!" (Cary's Transl.)

Let us here notice that Milton does not make the character of Satan *hateful*. In spite of his intense selfishness, and the utter heartlessness of his ambition, which never hesitates a moment at any cruelty or fraud, there are a sublimity of endurance, an invincible courage, a steadfastness of purpose, and a ruined majesty about all he says or does that rescue him from detestation. We cannot love, cannot sympathize; but we gaze again and again with painful interest on the stupendous wreck; and we cannot *hate*. I think, therefore, that from an ethical point of view, Goethe has been far more successful than Milton. From the moment that Mephistopheles appears among the "Sons of God" till the last harrowing scene in the condemned-cell the presence of the tempter

becomes more and more distressing, till it is insupportable. His cold, cruel mockery freezes the very blood; the foul atmosphere of hell is about him; we shudder at his approach, and cry out with Margaret, "'Tis he! 'Tis he! Send him away! What would *he* in the holy place?"

The style of *Paradise Lost* is everywhere earnest, solemn, and sublime; it is therefore not likely to be a favourite with the frivolous and the profane. "Fit audience though few" the poet asked and the poem has found (Lib. VII. 31). Milton's bitterest enemies (and their name is Legion,) admit that he excels all others in sustained sublimity; as Byron nobly sings, "he made the word Miltonic mean sublime." Homer sometimes nods, Ariosto still more frequently snores aloud, but Milton is never negligent, never common-place. The one exception, as far as my memory serves, is in the sixth book, where the merriment of the rebel angels at the effects of their new artillery is unworthy of themselves and of the poem. The structure of the sentences is highly elaborate and varied, but always rigidly grammatical, strongly contrasting with the slipshod English of many of our poets. The apparent exceptions, at which our old friend Lennie boggled so dreadfully, are nearly all classical imitations, as the well-known Hellenism of the following verses,

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

(Lib. IV. 323—4.)

Hence a merely verbal study of Milton, such a "study" as promising young school boys boast, is not greatly inferior as a mental exercise to a critical reading of a great Latin or Greek author, Cicero, for example, or Plato. The language corresponds with the dignity of the subject and the sublimity of the imagery. It is chaste, sonorous, and majestic; at times, perhaps turgid; but in this particular it is certainly far less faulty than the language of either of the two Greek poets most celebrated for their sublimity, Pindar and Æschylus. It is noticeable that Wordsworth, who pleaded so earnestly and so often for "a return to the language of nature," which very frequently means the language of vulgar stupidity, who chiefly on account of their artificial style pronounced three fourths of the poetical writers of the language to be nothing better than rhymers, and who in his earlier productions ventured to sing of "washing-tubs," and to tell stupid stories about Alice Fell and Betty Foy, in language many degrees worse than ordinary prose, in his great poem the "Excursion" is as pompous and turgid as Milton himself; and with far less reason; for whatever may be the excellencies of the *Excursion*, it is vastly inferior in subject and design to *Paradise Lost*.

Milton was passionately fond of music, and his ear was exquisitely sensitive and correct. The finest verses of *Paradise Lost* are the most magnificent in the language. In sweetness and ideal finish however they are inferior to the best lyric-verses of Coleridge and Shelley. The poet's fondness for sonorous rhythms leads him occasionally to string together such a host of magniloquent foreign names, that the reader is constrained like the gentle Celia to beg the loan of Garagantua's mouth. The orthography of these names often differs from that in general use, and a careful study of these deviations will convince us of the wonderful accuracy of the poet's ear. It is usual to compare him in this particular with Virgil, but I do not think the comparison a happy one. The one is the chamber-music of Mozart, the other the organ fugues of Sebastian Bach.

For the average reader an annotated edition of Milton is essentially necessary. Every page is crowded with allusions to the history, mythology, literature, or art of the ancients, or of the nations of modern Europe, especially the modern Italians. To read a passage without understanding these allusions is to repeat the blunder of Candace's treasurer without his excuse. Milton does not lavish his learning in wantonness and frolic like Rabelais, nor in irrelevant and tedious conceits like Lucian and Butler (*Hudibras*), nor in idle display like Ben Jonson; but with consummate judgment employs it to illustrate and adorn the magnificent creations of his own genius. In this respect Virgil and Cervantes alone can challenge comparison with him.

It would be a pleasing task to compare Milton for a few moments with his two mighty rivals, Homer and Dante. But this is impossible now: the article is too long already. In the last number I expressed a fear that *Paradise Lost* is very little read. Mr. Pattison makes the same remark in the very last sentences of his book, flavouring it with a bitter sneer of Voltaire's. But if, as he says, instead of reading Dante and Milton, "we shall prefer to read the fashionable novelists of each season," we ourselves shall be the only losers. Dante and Milton can afford to wait. Even to-day, in an age of a peculiarly hard scepticism, bluster, and frivolity, their names are engraven on the hearts of a few. And when the shallow novelist and his shallower admirer are both forgotten, men and women wiser than they will take down the neglected poets from their shelves, and wonder at the folly of their fathers.

THOS. RUDDLE.

LORENZO DOW.*

LORENZO DOW, "eccentric cosmopolite," independent and irregular Methodist preacher, was born in Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, October 16th, 1777. He was the fifth child of his parents. His pedigree is thus given by his own hand. "M. Dow, of Norfolk, England, turned his thoughts to the wilderness of America; his son T. came over, and his son William Dow, the grandson, was buried at Ipswich; he had four sons," of whom one, "Ephraim, settled in Coventry, on lands bought of the Indian sachem, Joshua. Ephraim married the daughter of Humphrey Clarke, of Ipswich, and from whom my father was named, and lies deposited by the side of my mother in my native place. She was the daughter of James Parker, the son of Joseph Parker, whose parents came from England, and were murdered by the Indians."

All this is not more foggy than the legend that the Parkers were descendants of "Lord Parker, of Macclesfield, England," who is said to have derived his origin from a natural child of Charles II., who is said to have descended from William the Conqueror, whose parents were "no better than they ought to have been."

For ancestry Dow cared little. "Whether my Coat-of-Arms be a 'star,' a 'basket,' or a 'broom,' hereditary from my forefathers, what is that to me? If I *inherit* their vices, I am none the better for *that*, nor any the *worse* if I imitate their virtues."

His scholastic education was such as the common schools of the day afforded. His parents "were very tender towards their children, and endeavoured to educate them well, both in religious and common learning." Lorenzo's temperament was of a religious cast, inquisitive, musing, susceptible, emotional. Sudden and severe illness, at twelve years of age, made him morbid, imaginative, dreamy. In this condition a singular night-dream induced conviction of sin and of unpreparedness for death. He wept, sought salvation, and began to pray in secret. He also broke off from old companions and evil practices, and "betook himself to the Bible, kneeling in private." "Soon I became like a speckled bird among the birds of the forest in the eyes of my friends."

"Cords of sweet love" occasionally drew him on, but he had no one to guide him into the way of peace. He deemed himself reprobate, despaired of mercy, and determined to know the worst of his case. Accordingly, he loaded a gun, "and withdrew to a wilderness;" but just as he was about to execute his purpose,

* From the *National Repository*, reproduced in the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

"a sudden, solemn thought" suggested postponement, and gave him a gleam of hope.

About that time there was much talk of the people called Methodists. They were everywhere spoken against. One daring, adventurous man invited Hope Hull to preach in Coventry. "Lorenzo went to the door, and looked in to see a Methodist. To his surprise, he appeared like other men." The preacher spoke with power, and the youthful wanderer trembled under the Word. For days he was in the deepest distress. One night, after pleading with God for mercy, "as a man would plead for his life," he fell into a slumber, and dreamed that he was seized by two devils, of whom he said, "the stronger one set out to drag me down to hell. And when I got within sight of hell, to see the blue flames ascending, and to hear the screeches and groans of devils and damned spirits, what a shock it gave me I cannot describe." He woke up, and found it was only a dream. Hope again arose in his breast. He cried, "Lord, I give up; I submit; I yield, I yield. If there be mercy in Heaven for me, let me know it." Then the words were applied to his mind with great power. "Son! thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." The burden of sin fell from his conscience, fear vanished, and his "soul flowed out in love to God, to His ways, and to His people; yea, and to *all* mankind." "I spent," he says, "the greatest part of the day in going from house to house, through the neighbourhood, to tell the people what God had done for me. I wanted to publish it to the ends of the earth, and then take wings and fly away to rest."

His conversion was clear, marked, and powerful. Immediately following was the resistless impulse to declare how great things the Lord had done for him. His call to the ministry was well-nigh coetaneous with conversion. His first step in relation to the visible Church was marked by the individuality and self-reliance which afterwards so strikingly distinguished him. "Having been sprinkled in my infancy, and now feeling not satisfied, I had the ceremony re-performed, as a declaration to mankind of my dedicating myself to God; and the same evening I, with twelve others, united ourselves in a society to watch over one another in love."

Soon afterwards, while kneeling before God in a solitary place, the words of the Saviour's commission to His disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," were impressed upon his mind. He "instantly spoke out, 'Lord, I am a child; I cannot go, I cannot preach.'" But these words followed, "Arise, and go, for I have sent you." He replied, "Send by whom Thou wilt send, only, not by me, for I am an ignorant, illiterate

youth, not qualified for the important task ;" but was silenced by the answer, "What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." Still he hesitated and questioned, and then the "Saviour withdrew from him the light of His countenance." Months passed, wasting illness was endured, health was regained ; but no recognition of his call to the work of the ministry was received from the church. Uncertainty still rested upon his mind ; but certainty was at hand. "One Sunday afternoon," he writes, "whilst engaged in prayer in the wilderness, in an uncommon manner the light of God's countenance shined forth unto my soul, so that I was as fully convinced that I was called to preach as ever I was that God had pardoned my sins."

On Sunday, October 5th, 1793, for the first time he "attempted to open his mouth in public vocal prayer in the society." In November he spoke a few words of exhortation in public, for which his parents gave him tender reproof, fearing lest he should run too fast. When he confided to them his convictions of duty, they opposed him, and hinted that they would neither give consent nor assistance. But visions and voices of the night urged him to persevere. At length, on the 7th of January, 1806, he received orders from C. Spry, the circuit preacher, to go to Tolland, and there to make proof of his gifts.

Neither Spry nor L. M'Coombs, then on the New London Circuit, who, as Lorenzo mildly puts it, "constrained me to part with him," had special faith in his call to preach. N. Snethen, whom he rode forty miles to see, discouraged him. In fact, he used great plainness of speech, saying, "You are but eighteen years of age. You are too important, and you must be more humble, and hear and not be heard so much. Keep your own station. . . . Learn some easy trade, and be still two or three years yet. . . . It is my opinion that you will not be received at the next Conference."

Again Lorenzo dreamed, and saw John Wesley, who said to him, "God has called you to preach the Gospel. . . . Woe unto you if you preach not the Gospel." By July 3rd, 1797, he had preached the Gospel on Warren Circuit, Rhode Island, for three months with such questionable acceptability that the preachers, John Vanneman and Thomas Coope, seconded by Jesse Lee, the presiding elder, dismissed him with orders to go home and wait for a further recommendation.

At the following Conference, held in Thompson, Connecticut, he was denied admission as a probationer, and again sent home. Philip Wager next employed him as assistant on the Orange Circuit, where he acted so irregularly that Jesse Lee forbade Wager to

employ him any more. The fact was, Lorenzo was utterly impracticable—an angular peg that would fit no aperture—an eccentric wheel that could find no place in any ecclesiastical machinery.

He returned home to his parents “after an absence of eight months, having travelled more than four thousand miles through heat in the valleys, the scorching sun beating down, and through cold upon the mountains, the frost nipping me, so that I lost the skin from my nose, hands, and feet, and from my ears it peeled three times; preaching from ten to fifteen times a week; and oftentimes no stranger to hunger and thirst in these new countries.”

He had warm friends as well as strong opponents among the members of Conference, and this encouraged the erratic novice to continue his work. Marked success began to crown his efforts. Near Fort Edward, New York, a powerful revival of religion occurred under the labours of himself and colleague, T. Dewey. “A young man, by the name of Gideon Draper, said, If I can stand the *crazy* man, I will venture all the Methodist preachers to convert me.” When Dow heard of that saying, faith sprang up in his soul. He talked with Draper, who replied, “I am too young;” but “God brought him down, and he is now an itinerant preacher.” *

In Danby, New York, he was taken ill of what seems to have been malarial fever, and caused himself to be placed on a bier, with coverlet sewn upon it, and to be carried several miles to a rich Methodist’s house, where he expected to be very kindly cared for. He was much disappointed, however, and despaired of life. The report of his death reached his parents, and was so generally credited, that the preachers ventured to preach his funeral sermon in several places.

He recovered in time to attend Conference in the fall of 1798, was admitted on trial, and recorded in his journal, “My name was now printed in the Minutes, and I received a written licence from Francis Asbury. Then said S. Hutchinson to J. Lee, ‘This is the crazy man you have been striving to kill so much.’”

Sober, conventional men will not judge Jesse Lee harshly for pronouncing Lorenzo Dow a crazy man. He certainly was odd and eccentric, with somewhat of madness in his methods, and with much of method in his madness. He realised the invisible; he walked as if seeing the spiritual world, and yet he exemplified the shrewdness and tact of the ideal Yankee.

* Three-quarters of a century have passed away since then. Gideon Draper, having made an excellent record as a Methodist travelling preacher of more than half a century, died only a few years since. A son of his, bearing the same name, is now a well-known member of the New York Conference, and his grandson has been accepted as a Methodist missionary to Japan.

On the Cambridge Circuit, New York, he resolved "to get a revival or else to get the circuit broke up." So he visited every house in Pittstown, prayed with and exhorted the inmates. "Some said I was *crazy*, others that I was possessed of the devil; some said one thing, and some thought another; many it brought out to hear the strange man, and would go away cursing and swearing, saying I was saucy, and deserved knocking down. Many were offended at my *plainness*, both of *dress*, *expressions*, and way of *address* in conversation about heart religion; so that the country seemed to be in an uproar, scarcely one to take my cause, and I was mostly known by the name of *Crazy Dow*."

What his personal appearance at this epoch was may be learned from an engraving by H. S. Ladd, which is prefixed to his collected writings. It is the portrait of a youthful man, of feminine features, beardless chin, and long, flowing hair. A suspicion of insanity is created by the quiet but intense stare of his eyes. In later life he was pale, sallow, of consumptive appearance, and wore a patriarchal beard. The long hair, he declared, was used as a veil to protect his face at night from mosquitoes when in the South.

His attire was of the plainest, and his single-breasted coat was often worn threadbare. When stationed in Rhinebeck, under Freeborn Garretson, in 1801, he wore a grass-green coat, and over that a great-coat, made of undyed wool, that came down to his heels. On one occasion he entered the pulpit with two hats on his head.

His conversation was in correspondence with his carriage. At Poultney, Vermont, he said to a young woman who gave him cool answers when questioned about her soul, "I'll pray to God to send a fit of sickness upon you, if nothing else will do, to bring you to good; and, if you won't repent then, to take you out of the way so that you shall not hinder others." In Dublin, Ireland, when there a few years later, he sent a printed public warning, framed and directed in gilt letters, sealed in black wax and paper, to the Lord Lieutenant. Two others, framed in black, and directed in gold letters, one for the merchants and the other for the lawyers, were left by him--the first in the Royal Exchange and the second in the Hall of the Four Courts.

Evidently he enjoyed and prized his reputation for craziness. It was an element of his popularity and an assistant to his usefulness. He seems to have studied how to increase it. "People do not blame crazy ones for their behaviour," said he. "Last night I preached from the word of the Lord, but when I come again I will preach from the word of the devil." The "weak brethren were tried," but hundreds came to listen to his sermon from Luke iv. 6, 7,

and much good was done. In Virginia he "called at a house on the road, saw a woman ask a blessing at the table, and, to give her a sounding, talked somewhat like a deist." She was about to turn him out, and was only prevented by the revelation of his real character. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," he wrote a few days subsequently, "if we don't bring the trials on ourselves needlessly."

In North Carolina the people took the strange preacher for an impostor and a horse thief. Near Raleigh a petty constable attempted to arrest him as such. In Nashville, Tennessee, failing to obtain the court-house to preach in, he entrapped the keeper of a grog-shop into granting permission to preach on his premises. In Liberty, Virginia, he took his text from the "Age of Reason." In Coventry, Connecticut, he preached from the uttermost branches of a tree for a while, then descended, and finished his discourse from a waggon. Half Quaker, half Methodist, and wholly *sui generis*, he was stoned by the London street boys as a foreign Jew. In the north and in the south, in England and in Ireland, he was repeatedly rated as an impostor. It requires the hand of a clerical Halliburton to represent him with life-like correctness. His "spiritual father," Hope Hull, wished to confine him to a circuit, and so did his "spiritual grandfather," Freeborn Garretson. But the world must be his parish, as it was John Wesley's, albeit no man could be more unlike the founder of Methodism in mental quality and external appearance than Lorenzo Dow.

The country is full of stories about him to this day. Old men never weary of repeating them. A few specimens may be given. Some fowls had been stolen, and Lorenzo pledged himself to detect the culprit. He put the bird under an inverted kettle in another room, bade the men enter the room separately, and assured them that when the thief put his hand on the kettle the cock would crow. They did as directed, but no report came from the prisoner; but on examining the men's hands one of them was found unsoiled, and its owner was declared to be the thief. The surprised criminal, it is said, confessed his guilt. An axe had been stolen, and he spoke of the theft from the pulpit, and drew a huge stone from his pocket, threatening to hurl it at the head of the purloiner, who incontinently dodged, and thereby discovered himself.

In South Carolina, after preaching on one occasion, he announced another sermon to be delivered twelve months from that day. The singular man kept his promise to the hour. On the day previous to its fulfilment he met a coloured boy whose marvellous performances on a long tin horn attracted his attention, and he asked his name. "Gabriel, sah," was the answer. "Well,

Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?" "Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time." Gabriel also knew the pine tree under which Dow was to preach, and was induced by the promise of a dollar to hide himself among the thick branches. An immense concourse assembled. Dow preached a terrific sermon on the last judgment, and at a preconcerted signal Gabriel blew his trump with such alarming vigour that women shrieked and fainted, men looked ghastly and cried for mercy, and all waited in agonised suspense for the crack of doom. Lorenzo watched the storm of terror with keen appreciation, and made a telling application of the event to the consciences of his hearers.

(To be continued.)

TALKS ON TEMPERANCE.

NO. II.—RAVAGES OF THE ENEMY.

THE curse of drunkenness in our midst spreads far and wide its blighting and fatal influence; with unpitying eye and unsparing hand the drink-foe is carrying on his work of ruin and death. There is scarce a family in the land but could tell a tale of sorrow and shame resulting from intemperance, and scarce an hour passes without some additional proof being given of the horrible doings of drink.

The full extent of the evil is known only to that Being whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good; but we know sufficient to fill us with sadness, and to set our souls on fire with holy indignation. As we consider the mournful subject we are led perforce to think of the many millions of money mis-spent; of enormous quantities of golden grain converted into a poisonous liquid; of industry paralysed; of an alarming amount of immorality, pauperism, madness, crime, disease, and death. The liquor traffic is in fierce conflict with the church, the school, and the library: and year by year, owing to intemperance, tens of thousands of homes are filled with sorrow; tens of thousands of our people are made drunken, a vast number miserably perish, and an awful slaughter of souls is continually going on.

A mass of evidence is now obtainable, which cannot be controverted or gainsayed, demonstrating the widespread and fatal character of our national intemperance. We are now in possession of the separate reports of the Convocation of Canterbury and York, and of the evidence of two Parliamentary Committees—which evidence has been printed. Anything more horrible it is

impossible to read. In vain we seek to discover some redeeming features : all is dark, repulsive and sad.

In the space at our command, we can but briefly refer to a few points showing the appalling and disastrous character of this evil. At the outset, let us consider the fact that as a nation we suffer terribly from the enormous expenditure of money in the purchase of intoxicating liquors—an expenditure which enriches the few at the expense of the many, paralyses trade, and lays burdens upon the people grievous to be borne. Things have come to such a pass that every thirty-sixth house in the kingdom is employed in dispensing liquor, and in a single year £147,000,000 were spent in the purchase of these drinks. How paltry are the offerings laid upon the altar of Christ compared with those laid upon the altar of Bacchus. Here then, is an enormous sum spent on that which is not in the slightest degree a necessary of life ; and it is easy to show that no expenditure could be more foolish and mischievous. Now the nation cannot afford to spend thus ; nor are the working men in a position to maintain two houses—their own and the publicans. If they swallow their wages in drink they cannot have them to clothe themselves and families. Hence we have many homes without decent furniture ; men, women, and children in rags ; and numbers on the brink of poverty. Soon as trade becomes depressed, those sturdy fellows, who have made themselves hoarse at the “Red Lion” and “Gaping Goose,” shouting, “Britons never shall be slaves,” become miserable paupers. And how the people are robbed—not of their beer—but through their beer. A man giving two shillings to the publican receives in return that which is worth just *two-pence* ; and if he spends twenty-shillings in drink he helps trade to the extent of about four-pence, while if spent in buying a table nearly the whole of it goes for labour. Can we afford to spend money like this ? In whatever light we look at this drink expenditure it is seen to be disastrous. In the keen struggle and sharp competition between nations, we are placing ourselves at a serious disadvantage through our drinking habits. Take one fact. Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P. is connected with a firm possessing a capital of £900,000, and he states that they lose £35,000 yearly, owing to the drunkenness of the men preventing work on Mondays.

In addition to all this there is another serious item. Over ten-million quarters of grain are annually destroyed in making these drinks, and as we do not grow sufficient to supply our wants, we have to pay other nations a considerable sum to replace the food we have wickedly destroyed. Consequently there is so much less money to spend at home. But even here the cost does not end. If the money were cast into the depths of the sea we should be so

many millions the poorer ; but spending it as we do on an article which produces accidents, disease, crime, disorder, and madness, we are adding loss to loss, and a heavy bill has to be paid for support of police, paupers, prisons, and asylums. Sin evermore is costly and ruinous.

But other and graver evils afflict us in consequence of our intemperance—evils which disgrace the name of England and fill the land with misery and woe. It is computed that we have in our midst 600,000 habitual drunkards ; and who can imagine the misery and degradation and ruin which these figures imply. Every drunkard is a source of unhappiness to himself, and with him suffer many of the innocent. A drunkard—whether a man or a woman, whether living in a wretched hovel or in a lovely mansion—is a power making for evil. Many thousands of homes are filled with woe and want, and multitudes of women and children are plunged into misery. And what deeds of violence, what crime, what scenes of horror disgrace the land. Most crimes of violence have their origin in the passion for drink. Think of such cases as those of Francis West, who while drunk shot dead his wife ; of a clergyman's wife of just thirty summers found dead in bed with a glass clutched in her hand and an empty brandy-bottle by her side ; of a drunken labourer seizing his crying child and dashing out its innocent life ; of the chairman of a free-and-easy returning home and pouring paraffin over his wife while in bed and burning her to death ; of a nameless young man found floating in the river Mersey, and concerning whom the Coroner received just two hundred letters from mothers anxious to know if it were their lost child, and eager to kiss the cold cheek of a self-murdered son.

Nothing seems to equal this drink in its man-degrading power. In the saddest sense the drunkard is a ruined man ever to be pitied, never to be laughed at. Reason is dethroned, conscience is hardened o'er, and the heart is filled with dark and foul passions. Drink changes the kind into the cruel, pollutes the pure, and plunges man into the deepest depths of sin and shame. It has a demonising power, and it curses deeply the physical, mental, and moral. So powerful a brain poison is alcohol that a serious proportion of insanity results from its use. Quite recently the Rev. J. S. Birley stated at a meeting in Manchester that the superintendents of two large asylums had informed him that while 20 per cent. of the cases were the result of drunkenness, 40 per cent. owed it to the intemperance of their parents. So that sixty out of every hundred of the patients owed their dreadful position to intemperance.

We have also to deplore a fearful loss of life resulting from the

use of intoxicants. Of late, considerable attention has been devoted to this subject, and Dr. N. Kerr tells us in a paper read before the Sanitary Congress, "That by no reasonable reckoning could he estimate our annual mortality at less than 120,000 souls." and even this estimate is declared to be "far under truth." If we further consider that those engaged in the manufacture and sale of these liquors die faster than any other class, and that abstainers live longer than even careful drinkers, we shall be prepared to accept the statement of Dr. Richardson that in 1877 we lost prematurely through alcohol 220,000 lives. What a host slain year by year, not in some noble cause, not in defence of country, but by drink, and falling dishonoured and disgraced.

We cannot now dwell on this evil as it injuriously affects the work of God. But we know that drink is undoing much of the work of the Sunday-school teacher; it is a powerful hindrance to the advance of Christianity both at home and abroad; it is working sad havoc inside the church; and countless hosts for whom Christ died are perishing, for it is written that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Our heart becomes sad as we think of the ravages of the drink-foe, and we are constrained to ask, "Why does not the nation arise in its strength and destroy this destroying drink-demon?"

JOHN LUKE.

AGAINST HASTY GENERALIZATIONS,*

IN the year 1798, Napoleon Buonaparte, with his army, entered the town of Denderah, in Central Egypt. There he found two interesting and seemingly ancient temples. From one of them—the smaller—the roof, carved with certain figures, was carefully taken down, and carried to Paris. When examined there by learned men, it was found to be what is technically termed a Zodiac, and from certain marks, they inferred that it was at least seventeen thousand years old. Soon after this discovery, and under its influence, a Professor in the University of Breslau wrote a book with the title, *An Invincible Proof that the World is at least Ten Times Older than Moses supposed when he wrote the Book of Genesis*. Many believers in the Bible were very much startled by this discovery, and for a time they were in much fear of mind. But some time later Champollion discovered the method of reading such inscriptions as were found on this Zodiac; and when he carefully examined it, he discovered, among other things, the name of Augustus Cæsar inscribed upon it, proving that it was not older than the Christian era!

* From Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson's *Studies in Life*, a book of great interest and value, especially to young men. Price 2s. 6d. Publishers, Hodder & Stoughton.

READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

(Continued from page 83.)

IV.

THE CONFESSION AND ITS SEQUEL:—(8—17.)

"Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us," etc.: (verse 8.)

Chap I. continued.
Fourth Sectional Division.
Jonah at the bar. (v. 8.)

THIS verse presents to us *Jonah at the bar of Inquiry*:—*Conscience* brings every man there. There is a *present* judgment-seat as well as a *future*. There is a "bar" *within* as well as one *without*, before which all nations are to appear. Sin *must* be inquired into some day. Delay is not acquittal.

Observe 1. *The Interrogators*: heathen sailors! a perfect right to question.

2. *The Prisoner at the bar*: A prophet of Israel. Degrading position to be in.

3. *The Investigation*: it was (a) kind, (b) considerate, (c) circumstantial.

The 9th verse *sets forth the elicited Confession*:—"I am an Hebrew," &c.

Jonah's confession. (v. 9.)

Confession a (1) *Relief*; how unhappy is the child until it has made known its wrong-doing to the father, &c.

Confession a (2) *Necessity*:—how many murderers undetected have been *driven* to confess, &c.

Confession a (3) *Divine condition of forgiveness*:—"If we confess," &c.

Here it was (a) *Ingenuous*, (b) *Contrite*, (c) *Humiliating*, (d) *God-honouring*.

Verse 10 suggests, *That God's terribleness as seen in His judgments on sin inspires the* (1) *greatest terror*:—"Then were they *exceedingly* afraid." Up to this point they had only seen the natural in the storm, now they discern the supernatural. They recognise the tempest as Jehovah's warrant officer sent to arrest rebel-Jonah. Omnipotence terrifies, love allures. Law precedes Gospel. Earthquake, fire, tempest, herald "the still small voice." *Great terror* mercy hushes into "*great peace*."

(v. 10.) God's terribleness in judgment inspires—
(1) Terror.

Prompts to (2) *earnest inquiry*:—"Why hast thou done this?" *i.e.*, "fled from the presence of the Lord." The interrogation is reprehensive rather than inquisitive: "Why hast thou done this?" "THOU," a *prophet*, &c.

(2) Earnest inquiry.

In the solemn confessional of the soul manifold voices

ask on the omission of duty or commission of sin—"Why hast thou done this?" Providence, Christ, conscience, the Holy Spirit, &c., put this inquiry.

Humanity of the heathen. Verses 11 to 15 SET FORTH THE HUMANITY OF THE JEOPARDISED HEATHEN CREW, AND THE SELF-SENTENCING OF JONAH:—

Their conduct shows great (1) *caution*: nothing precipitate; great (2) *tenderness*: nothing harsh; great (3) *sympathy*: nothing vindictive; great (4) *moral change*: there was (a) earnest prayer; (b) reluctance to touch God's anointed, though disobedient; (c) recognition of the Divine sovereignty. (Verses 11—13, 14.)

Self sentencing of Jonah. *The self-sentencing of Jonah* was the result of (1) conscious demerit: it was (2) an evidence of submission to God: it was (3) the only hope for the safety of the ship and crew: it was (4) reluctantly executed: it was (5) divinely attested to be just—"the sea ceased from her raging," &c. (Verses 12 and 15.)

Lessons. From which we may learn, (1) That no sinner visited with divine judgments is justified in taking his own life. Jonah sentenced himself, but would not execute the sentence lest the sin of suicide be laid to his charge. (Verse 12.)

(2) That when God intends to execute justice, in vain are the attempts of man to hinder His designs: "they rowed hard," etc. (Verse 13.)

(3) That in executing sentence against transgressors we should be certified it is in harmony with the will of God. (Verse 14.)

(4) That the safety and well-being of society depend on the execution of justice on the guilty. (Verse 15.)

Effect on the Sailors. Verse 16 INDICATES THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THE WHOLE PHENOMENA ON THE SAILORS:—They (a) Feared; (b) Sacrificed; (c) Vowed. The moral change was decisive and complete. "*The fear of the Lord* is the beginning of wisdom:" "the fear of the Lord is a treasure." Note their *Fear* in its (1) OBJECT: "the Lord." In its (2) INTENSITY: "Exceedingly." In its (3) PRACTICALNESS: "offered a sacrifice." In its (4) PERMANENCY: "made Vows" for the future. Learn

Judicial providences. (1) That startling judicial providences often exert a moral reformatory influence on others. "When thy judgments are abroad in the earth the people will learn

righteousness." *Two* purposes served by the *one* ministry—the offender punished, the ungodly saved.

(2) That great changes may be produced by strange and stern ministries. Not by orthodox preaching or direct loving persuasion, but by Nature's rough and harsh instrumentality (the medium of retributive operations) was this change brought about. So in manifold instances. Cite illustrations.

Strange ministries.

(3) That not unfrequently temporal losses are more than compensated by spiritual gains. They lost most of their cargo, but saved their souls, etc.

Losses and gains.

(4) That the truest evidence of conversion is willing sacrifice and living consecration. Self will die on the altar; spasmodic impulses or transient emotions will be prevented by a holy life—votive and constant.

Best evidence of conversion.

Verse 17 SETS FORTH JUSTICE ATTEMPERED BY MERCY THROUGH MIRACLE:—"Prepared a great fish," &c.

Justice tempered by mercy.

"Objections have been made to the truth of this, on the alleged ground that the gullet of the whale is not of sufficient dimensions to admit a human body. But this objection has been abundantly refuted. In the first place, it rests on a mere assumption. The scripture phrase is not 'a whale' but a 'great fish;' of which many an unknown species may exist in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. One species of the whale kind, however,—the CHACALOT—naturalists assert, could swallow an ox; and this may be the instrument by which the purpose of the Deity was fulfilled. We may, however, in this case, logically dispense with all reasoning on mere natural principles; for the whole circumstance is narrated as an instance of Divine and miraculous interposition: and if this be admitted, omnipotence could as easily create an instrument for its purpose, as restrict itself to the use of one already in existence." The black thunder-cloud of wrath is edged with the silver light of gracious interposition. Punishment and preservation meet half-way. God is angry, yet compassionate: pursuing Jonah even to the jaws of death in the wilderness of waves, yet protecting him from harm and death in a miraculous manner!

What is miraculous from the human standpoint is infinitely easy and simple from the Divine. God knows nothing of miracle: all that seems so from the side of

creaturehood is but the ordinary actings of Almightyness. The impossible to a *child* is mere play to a *giant*, etc.

Lessons.

Learn here (1) *That irrational creatures as well as inanimate creation are subject to His control, and obedient to His will.*

He who raised the *storm* and caused the *calm*, prepared the *fish*, &c.

(2) *That we may alight upon the mercy of God at the most unexpected hour and in the most unlikely place: Light in the darkness. Mercy in the midst of judgment. Life even in the grasp of death. Deliverance in the very plunge into destruction. Never too late to pray, to repent, until dead. Mercy in the latest moment. Illustration—the “thief” simply gasped out, “Lord, remember me,” &c., just as the extinguisher was going down on the lamp of life; and you know the result.*

(3) *That partial deliverance is divinely intended to exercise and develop faith, in order to full and final deliverance. “Three days and three nights in the fish’s belly.”*

(4) *That salvation shall be wrought for the penitent if it necessitate a miracle. God will save, etc.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE BISHOP WILBERFORCE AND DISSENT.

IN Vol. I. of the life of this distinguished prelate, just published, there is a letter dated August 29th, 1838, to the Reverend Dr. Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, in which a paragraph occurs that refers to the Bible Christians at Brixton, or Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight, though they are not specifically named. Here it is:—

“Will you give me any practical suggestions as to managing the Ranter section of a parish? When I took possession of my present living, eight years ago, I found in it a Wesleyan meeting which had been some seven years rooted. The *regular afternoon* service of the village was with them; not above twelve persons being present at the prayers of the Church. They had the only Sunday-school. By God’s blessing on various plans I succeeded in regaining them so far to an outward conformity that at two years’ end the meeting was closed, and the Wesleyans left the parish. But a body of *Ranters* soon crept in from a neighbouring parish. They pretended affection to the Church, laid hold of the strongest Wesleyan villagers, got to prayer-meetings in cottages, by degrees weaned them from the Church, threw off the mask, and made a schism, and now have run up a meeting-house. They have about thirty or thirty-five regular members (out of a population of 700), but have large attendances from curiosity, &c., &c. They touch none but the poorest and most ignorant. Their doctrine is Arminian—

perfection, &c. Their arms, strong sensuous excitement, bodily perceptions of the presence of evil spirits, as well as of the Most Holy Spirit of God; their animosity to the Church extreme; their zeal for proselytising unbounded; their apparent sanctity considerable; their real self-righteousness fatal.

"Now, can you give me any practical hints as to managing such a set of evil ones, of reclaiming them, or at least of guarding a set of very ignorant people—whom reason scarcely touches, and who can be lighted up at once into a flame of what seems to them spiritual feeling by sensuous excitement—against such deceivers."

We could have wished that Dr. Hook's "practical hints," if he had any to make, had also been given. To two or three of the sentences in the above extract we strongly object, and they must have been penned in ignorance or malice. That our people ever pretended a hypocritical affection to the Church—in order to get a footing anywhere, we cannot admit in the absence of evidence, and in opposition to abundant evidence to the contrary, and if we were obliged to admit it in any solitary case, we could only reprobate it strongly, and we believe our ministers and members would as strongly forty years ago as we should now.

Equally absurd is the declaration that among their arms "bodily perceptions of the presence of evil spirits, as well as of the Most Holy Spirit of God," must be included, and instead of being the victims of a fatal "self-righteousness," we know that many of them had learned the great art of genuine "self-renunciation," and in life and death trusted alone in the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ, for eternal salvation.

Some of the sentences are very suggestive. "By God's blessing on various plans I succeeded in regaining them so far to an outward conformity that at two years' end the meeting was closed and the Wesleyans left the parish." We wonder what the *various plans* were. Doubtless one was to get cottage after cottage closed against them, as in our own experience later, and if the meetings had not been thus persecuted into importance it is extremely improbable that our people would have "run up a meeting-house." And if the inhabitants were so "very ignorant," the fault must belong to the Church of which Mr. afterwards Bishop Wilberforce was so great an ornament. That our fathers should have been able to "touch the poorest and most ignorant" is one encouraging tribute to their power and usefulness in which we may exult, as the disciples of Him whose crowning proof that He was the Messiah was the fact that "the poor have the gospel preached to them," and "the common people heard Him gladly."

Mr. Wilberforce confounded (and it has been one of the most common mistakes of the order to which he belonged) *deep religious fervour with strong sensuous excitement*, and it is a little singular that

one of the men charged by Mr. Wilberforce with mistaking "strong sensuous excitement" for "deep religious fervour," was brought up a strong Churchman, thought the Methodists were the false prophets spoken of in the New Testament, and had years before violently opposed and fiercely persecuted them.

Mr. Wilberforce is not quite consistent either. These hateful Ranters who touch "but the poorest and most ignorant," notwithstanding "laid hold of the strongest Wesleyan villagers," and eight years before he had expressed himself as being "a good deal hurt at the hold the Wesleyans appear to have on the better disposed among my people." His prayer then was, "Lord, overrule it for good." (page 55.) In 1839, after a tour in Devon and Cornwall, in a letter to the Rev. R. C. now Archbishop Trench, Mr. Wilberforce speaks of "the Wesleyan features: its (*sic*) conflict with heathenism and with the Church; its blessing and its curse are most remarkable." (page 155.) The truth is, Mr. Wilberforce's ecclesiastical proclivities and prejudices were so strong that he could not fairly judge either Methodism or Dissent. His own confession is (page 72), "I am a strong Churchman, *and if a man is only a Churchman I can forgive him anything else in the world.*"

We ought in fairness, after having given Mr. Wilberforce's version of matters at Brixton, to print a sentence or two on the other side. From the *Jubilee Memorial* we take the following:—

"On Friday, 13th, and Sunday, 15th of October [1839], a substantial chapel was opened for Divine worship at Brixton, Isle of Wight. The clergyman, Mr. Wilberforce, the present Bishop of Oxford, had used his influence to have the preaching turned out of one house after another, so that they had to worship in the open-air; and for some months, in the coldest part of the winter, they had their preaching services and prayer meetings by the side of the highway, in frost and snow. Ultimately a friend sold the trustees a piece of freehold on which the chapel was erected." (pp. 150 and 151.)

The spirit of the people is indicated in a letter written at the time by the late Mr. Moxley, who says:—

"The clergyman has not allowed those who attend the chapel a share in the coals, &c., that the Rev. Mr. Digby left to the poor of Brixton parish, nor any benefit from the club established in his parish for the help of the poor. I believe all our friends stand firm against the baits held out to them to barter their profession of faith; for they say they had rather suffer any cold here than go to hell for the sake of many bushels of coals."

And as we are able to add, from our own knowledge, that the compilers of the *Jubilee Memorial* wishing to be scrupulously accurate in their statements, gave Mr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, the opportunity to point out any error in the foregoing, which, if needed, they promised to correct, and as he contented himself with merely denying the accuracy of their version without taking the trouble to correct it, we are willing to leave the public to decide which representation is the right one.

In the Memoirs of Elizabeth Dudley, a gifted "ministering woman," of the Society of Friends, published in 1861, we get a pleasant glimpse of these humble Brixton folk.*

"We requested our friends, the Jackmans, to invite some of the Bryanites to meet us in their cottage (previous to the meeting for worship). A dozen or more assembled; and we were interested in hearing some of them relate the persecutions and difficulties they had to endure before their little chapel was erected, which was built on a piece of ground† given by — Jackman. They had been used to meet in a barn; turned out of this, they assembled under the hedges, sometimes in very inclement weather.

"The little chapel in which we met had only been opened about three weeks. Here peace was felt, and the God of Peace was pleased to commission his servants sweetly to administer to the interesting group, most of whom were of the labouring class;‡ and of many of whom, I trust, it might be truly said, 'Blessed are ye poor.' I particularly noticed one young man, William Blanchard, dressed, as many of them were, in a smock-frock; and found he was one of their preachers, though himself illiterate. Surely these are of the poor to whom and by whom the gospel is preached.

"Some of us called on an interesting female of the name of Corrie, mother-in-law to Charles Pitman, missionary to the South Sea Islands. We also saw the little native girl, a Rarotongan, brought over by — Corrie's daughter. This person (Corrie) had been an invalid for two years, and wholly confined to the house. In the course of conversation she told us that before the chapel was built she used (though herself a member of the Establishment) to invite some of her neighbours to meet for worship in her parlour, till a message was issued from the clergyman, that there was to be 'no preaching or prayer except in the church.' She meekly said (though I did not quite understand whether she made this in reply to those who conveyed the message) that when they met together they were a little church."

It is no pleasure to us to have to refer to this incident in the life of the late Bishop Wilberforce, but we have pleasure in adding that a more fascinating book we have seldom read than the first volume of his life, and we much regret that Canon Ashwell has not been spared to complete a work begun with such consummate skill. We are bound also to add that the Bishop's transcendent abilities, indefatigable labours, strict conscientiousness and fidelity, according to the light he had, and true devotedness to Christ, combined to form a character that is all too rare in the leaders of all churches. We can easily forgive a man, though he uses hard words and was guilty of injustice in his conduct towards us, who fears "being scourged into devotedness," who was never beguiled by the teachings of Pusey and Newman, and who felt "furious at the craving of men for union with idolatrous, material, sensual, domineering Rome, and their squeamish anathematizing hatred of Protestant Reformed men."

* Quoted in the Appendix to the *Jubilee Memorial Volume*.

† The compilers say the ground was purchased.

‡ What a contrast to Mr. Wilberforce's "strong, sensuous excitement."

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

PRISCILLA SNELL,

THE eldest daughter of our highly esteemed brother and his wife, Joseph and Sarah Snell, of Swansea, was born at Shebbear, North Devon, October 24th, 1852. Born of pious parents, and nurtured amidst the purest of religious influences, evil had difficulty in mar-
 ing to any extent the beauty of her naturally good character, and Satan but an ill-chance of poisoning to an extensive degree the springs of her life. Tender and delicate as a bud of spring, she could not suffer exposure to nipping winds or cutting cold; great care was always needed to preserve her through childhood, and to bring her to the years of womanhood. A more amiable, affectionate, and obedient child, her dear father says, never could be. She never gave them one anxious moment relative to her conduct and character, and never any trouble from the day of her birth to that of her death, apart from the evident signs of a weakly constitution, and an early departure from them to the "Home over there." Fond of reading, of music, and of the sanctuary from a child, she grew up to be intelligent, accomplished, and godly. Her intelligence, when she passed scholar-days in Sunday-schools, she was ready to make helpful to others, and so became an efficient, loved, and successful teacher; and not until absolute inability through weakness to attend became her sad lot, did she relinquish her post of teaching the young women's class every Sunday afternoon. In addition to this, our dear young sister employed her musical talent for the Lord. Blessed with a voice rich in compass and sweetness, she sang praises unto the Most High in "His holy temple," and skilfully presided at the organ for years. Never will the writer forget the impression made on him one of the last Sunday evenings she played and sang. She rendered the alto in the piano-part of the chorus, "It is well, it is well with my soul," with uncommon tenderness and feeling. Her greatest trial during her illness seemed to be the loss of the means of grace. To her the word was precious, and praise and prayer a delight.

Though unquestionably the Lord's for years, yet possessing such profoundly humbling views of herself, such a deep consciousness of unworthiness, she was afraid to think she was good, at any rate good enough to connect herself with the church. But on going to London a few years ago on a visit to some friends, the pious conversation on matters appertaining to the Kingdom, caused her to

realize as she never had before, her "acceptance in the Beloved," and enabled her henceforth to walk in the brightness of His countenance. On returning, she identified herself with the church, and to the day of her ascension continued a pattern of godliness. She was in very deed the "Beloved of the Lord." If Christian deportment, unobtrusive goodness, gentleness and beauty of spirit, patience, and submission under suffering to the Divine will entitle one to such an epithet, she in the most unqualified sense had a right to it. Scarcely ever have I seen such a beautiful, uniform character,—such a *whole* Christian! In look, in temper, in spirit, in life, in death, there was signally manifest the all-pervading and hallowing presence and power of vital godliness. Some develop fully some special grace of character, some particular fruit of the Spirit, some noteworthy phase of Christian living, but are conspicuously deficient in other qualities, graces, fruits, and phases of religious life—there is an unevenness of character,—a want of symmetry of soul; but in our departed sister *all* the graces of godliness, or the fruits of the Spirit, as given by St. Paul (Galatians v.), seemed in blossoming beauty and uniform development. Her character was not an *accident* beautiful and fair, but a "*building*" the foundation of which was Christ the eternal Rock, on which she built herself up in her "most holy faith," "adding to faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, to temperance patience, to patience kindness, and to kindness charity." There was a certain *undefinable charm* about her, which made itself felt, I believe, by all persons about her, by all Christian people in particular; which made her the "beloved" of all, and which was an indubitable guarantee of her being "*the beloved of the Lord.*"

About three years ago consumption showed its earliest symptoms, and despite the most skilful medical means to be procured, and the most tender nursing and care fond parents and a loving sister could render, the disease took firmer hold and made more rapid advances, until the fair flower—withered at the roots—drooped its head, and was lifted to the "Everlasting Spring" to bloom anew in immortal vigour. All through her illness, which latterly was attended by great suffering, she manifested the most unmurmuring patience, the most absolute trust in Christ, the most unruffled peace of mind, and the most cheerful acquiescence in the will of God. In all my visits to her sick-room I never once saw the brow shaded with grief, or the countenance clouded with sadness. The brightness of her hope made her radiant in look, and the assurance of her safety in Christ made her joyful in spirit. I don't say *no* cloud ever passed across her sky: her experience, had such been the case, would have been wholly exceptional; but she never forgot under

the darkest cloud that the sun was still shining behind it. A brief extract or two from her letters to her affectionate brother, will perhaps better indicate her spiritual condition than any words of mine.

About two months before her death she wrote:—"I should like to live a little longer, even if I suffer a little, as I think dear father and mother would find a little comfort in attending to my wants, and caring for me. . . . I can hardly tell you how kind every one is, . . . it seems as if father cannot lavish enough love and tenderness upon me, and although at times I feel it hard to be debarred from the pleasures which others enjoy, yet withal I am happy and comfortable, and can say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' I trust, my darling brother, amid the cares of business you will not forget to prepare for the home above the skies; my prayers are yours. God bless you." I quote now from one penned as she was propped up in the bed, and I believe the last she wrote:—"It did my heart good to read your beautiful and encouraging letter. Oh, my dear brother, how important it is that we should be always ready, waiting for the Master's call. . . . Your sister constantly prays for you while lying hour after hour on her bed. Oh, how dull and dreary it would be without my Saviour to talk to. There are times when I feel depressed and sad, and I believe it is so with all, even the best of Christians. Live near to God, and meet me with our dear ones gone before." Such words as these need no comment from me.

Under the wasting power of the disease she became reduced almost to a skeleton, as well as utterly prostrate, and for some hours before the final one her sufferings were intense. Still, "Jesus was precious," she said, and a happy smile at times played sweetly on her face. The last hour was painless and peaceful: she was conscious to the end, and when the power of speech had gone she would look around on her weeping loved ones and tenderly smile. She had no rapture, she had "perfect peace." At length, like the tired child that falls asleep on its mother's breast, dear Miss Snell, weary with the weakness of the flesh, without a "lingering sigh or groan" dropped "the mortal coil," and entered into life. God in very truth came down and gave "His beloved sleep," Wednesday, September 10th, 1879. The funeral, which took place five days after, was largely attended. The first to lead the solemn procession were the young women composing the class she so long taught,—all in mourning attire. The following Sunday evening her death was improved by the writer from the text, "So He giveth His beloved sleep:" Psalm cxxvii. 2. The chapel was literally crowded, and the service most impressive. The rostrum and orchestra were draped in black, and the choir (of which she

was organist for years) went into mourning for a month, as a mark of esteem and love for her. Select and appropriate pieces were sung, and the "Dead March in Saul" rendered effectively as the congregation with slow and solemn footsteps retired. The stroke was very severe to the family and friends, especially to our dear brother and sister Snell, advanced as they are in years; but God's sustaining grace has been strikingly displayed in the manner in which they have borne up under it; their whole conduct quietly saying, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

1. SAM. iii. 18. May the broken family circle find its completeness again in the land of re-unions and felicity, is the prayer of

JOHN OSBORNE KEEN.

MRS. ALICE PIPER.

DIED May 24th, 1879, at Mill Bay, Plymouth, in the Devonport Circuit, Mrs. Alice Piper, aged seventy-four. Her maiden name was Jackson. During her childhood she lived at Gooseham Mill, in the Kilkhampton Circuit, where she was in the habit of going to the Bible Christian preaching services. When about ten or twelve years of age, under the preaching of Mr. Harry Major, Bible Christian minister, she saw herself to be a sinner, and felt the need of a change of heart. One morning, at one of the services, she with many others was found in the penitents' pew, seeking the pardon of her sins. At the same time her brother was outside the door, threatening the most serious opposition if he thought his sister was one of them. But one of them she was, and there and then she obtained a saving interest in Christ, with the clear and abiding witness of the Holy Spirit that she was a child of God. While still young she removed to Moorwinstow. After following for some time a course of consistent piety, she was appointed prayer leader, and sometimes would exhort sinners to repentance. One of her companions of those days, who now resides at Plymouth, says, "I shall never forget the many happy prayer-meetings we had together. They were the happiest hours of my life, and especially when returning from the meetings." It was not unfrequently the case that they had to walk many miles. When our Denomination was yet in its infancy, she was often asked on which side she was. The answer would always be, "I am for Christ, I am for Christ." About the year 1830 she came to reside at Devonport, and at once joined the Bible Christian society there. After a while she became united in marriage with Mr. Thomas Piper, who was well-known to our preachers living in those days. She was an affectionate and faithful wife and mother. The

domestic altar was frequently to her a place of special visitation from on high. Some of her highest enjoyments were associated with family worship. She was very anxious for the conversion of her children. Her prayer was that all might meet as an unbroken family in heaven. May the desire of her heart be granted! She was strongly attached to the doctrines and discipline of the Bible Christians, esteemed the ministers of Christ for their works' sake, and prayed earnestly for the prosperity of Zion.

Three months before her death, at midnight, she was taken very ill, and for two or three hours took no notice of anything or any person. Those of her children who were living near were sent for, and all expected her speedy departure. But our Heavenly Father saw fit to raise her up again. One of her sons said the following day, "Suppose, mother, you had not rallied again." With raised hands and uplifted eyes she said, "I should have gone straight home to heaven." Thank the Lord for such a mother! But her last moment did come. On Saturday night, May 24th, before going to rest, she with her dear husband, as was their custom, knelt to pray, she beginning with the words of the Psalmist, "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." Having given themselves into the care and keeping of the Saviour, they retired to rest. After sleeping for a short time she was taken with her old complaint—shortness of breathing—and while her dearest earthly friend held her in his arms, she said, "My Father's house," and shortly after passed from the arms of her husband to those of her Saviour. Thus died a loving wife and affectionate mother, who for sixty-two years was unwavering in the faith of Christ our Lord.

The above affectionate tribute to the memory of a sainted mother by her son, Mr. Samuel Piper, will be read with interest by many of the readers of our Magazine, and especially by the preachers, to whose comfort it was always her delight to minister. It was my happiness when previously labouring in the Devonport Circuit, to be favoured with the privilege of going regularly to her house once a fortnight, to spend as much of the afternoon as my other duties would permit. I have never forgotten the motherly spirit she ever displayed, and the pleasure it gave her to have one of the servants of Christ under her roof. On engaging to return to this circuit, it added greatly to the pleasure anticipated, the thought that I should once more be brought into intimate association with our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Piper. But He to whose will we must all bow was pleased to realise my hope only in part, for a few months previously to my arrival He saw fit to promote our dear sister to His own presence. I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to her piety and worth. She was a sincere

follower of Jesus, a devoted friend of our Connexion, taking an interest in its welfare, and seeking to promote it; she was one that shewed piety at home, was faithful in all her relationships, and sought to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." Her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her children much impressed me. One was then in America, after whom the maternal heart was ever yearning, and for whose conversion thousands of prayers were offered; whilst for each of the others, Samuel, Jane, Thomas, all of whom were converted, her supplications were fervent and incessant that they might be preserved and finally saved. Oh, that all the mothers of England were like her! Her dear husband is still with us, and though the loss is deeply felt by him, even beyond expression, yet his face often shines with more than an earthly radiance, in prospect of a reunion in the Father's house with one of the best partners that ever leaned on the arm of man. May that hope be realized,—not yet, but in the Father's own time, and may husband and wife, parents and children, all at last rejoice together in the bright unfoldings of the beatific vision. Amen.

J. DYMOND.

MRS. BARBARA WOODCOCK.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." There is great pleasure in reviewing the lives and characters of our old friends, the pioneers of our beloved Denomination. About sixty years ago the brethren W. Wakeham and W. Mason were sent to the Scilly Isles; these men, by their simplicity, earnestness, and zeal, were rendered very successful in the conversion of souls. Our sister Woodcock, whose maiden name was Ashford, was one of the earliest converts. She was born on St. Martin's Island, and, like all of the Islanders of that day, lived without God, and without hope in the world, for piety was almost unknown in those days in St. Martin's. It is true there was service in the Established Church occasionally, but the people knew nothing of converting grace. Our dear sister after her conversion lived to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. It is said of the Christian, "That his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." Our dear sister's religion was of the noblest type. Like a tree planted by the river of waters, her leaf never faded. As the cedar, which in its majesty and grandeur strikes its roots deep into the soil, weathers the storms, and endures the heats of a thousand years, so our old friend, being "rooted and grounded in Christ," safely passed through many storms, and endured patiently the heats of many persecutions, in her long pilgrimage of over sixty years. She brought forth the fruits of the Spirit, even in old age. For the fruit of the Spirit is *love*. She loved God her Saviour much, and also His people, His house, and His word. The Bible was her daily companion—especially the last five years of her life, which she spent in bed, through old age and infirmities. Also *joy*. I visited her often, which was to me a great pleasure, as I always found her able to praise God. Praise was indeed the element in which she lived. He that offereth praise glorifieth God. *Peace*; hers was a peace which passeth all understanding,

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that keepeth the heart and mind through Christ Jesus; she was kept by the power of God through faith unto eternal salvation. *Long-suffering*; bearing with the frailties and provocations of others, considering that God had borne long with her. *Gentleness*; she was one of the most gentle women I have ever known. *Meekness*; hers was the meekness of the Lamb; she would not do or say anything to hurt another's feelings. *Temperance*; she was temperate in all things. I think we may truly say that all these fruits were not only formed, but fully developed and brought to perfection in the life and character of our aged sister. She was the second wife of our old friend Samuel Woodcock, who went home to heaven several years ago. As a wife she was a true helpmate, and a very kind mother-in-law to his children, who are now walking in the way to heaven.

A weekly class meeting has been held in their house for many years, and a prayer-meeting once a fortnight on Sunday afternoons. These were seasons of great pleasure and profit to Mrs. Woodcock. Although confined to her bed during the latter part of her life, she heard the singing, and could recognize each person's voice in prayer. She used to be heard shouting the praises of God most of the time we were in the room below. The servants of the Lord were always welcome to her house and table.

As a neighbour she was kind and obliging, respected and loved by all. She always felt a deep interest in the cause of Christ, making frequent inquiries about the meetings, and the prosperity of the work. As did the Psalmist, she loved the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honour dwelleth; and therefore her place was seldom empty while she had health and strength to attend. Happy would it be for the church, and blessed for the world, if all that profess Christ did likewise. Then there would not be so many empty pews in our chapels, and the leaders would not have to mourn over so many absentees from their class-meetings.

The last fortnight of her life Mrs. Woodcock sank rapidly, though she retained her faculties to the end, and on Wednesday, March 12th, 1879, at the ripe age of ninety years, she entered into that rest she so longed for, and for which she had been so long preparing.

W. DENNIS.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. H. HOCKEN, Br. W. Hocken's widow, died on Friday, February 13th, at her residence, Plumstead, Kent; and Mrs. E. Ching, Br. James Ching's widow, died at her son's house at Croydon, on one of the last days in November.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £1,262 8s. 3d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. J. Johns, through G.				LISKEARD—			
W. Angwin - - -	5	0	0	J. Morris - - -	1	0	0
SOMERTON CIRCUIT—							
High Ham, Miss Smale; 1st				A Friend, per J. Gammon -	1	0	0
instalment - - -	0	5	0	Jas. Miles, Esq., Liverpool—	1	1	0
FOREST OF DEAN—				BEAFORD—			
S. Pascoe - - -	0	10	0	Miss Ellacott, 1st instal. -	0	10	0
MEVAGISSEY—				TORRINGTON—			
Mr. Jas. B. Parnall -	0	10	0	Mr. T. H. Langridge -	0	5	0

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*.
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

SIR,—I am almost afraid our long silence may have been a source of anxiety to your readers as to how we are getting on here. I regret not having written before chiefly because I am aware that anything from New Zealand is read with eager interest by that portion of your constituency whose friends have recently left for this country. It will not be news to you that, like yourselves, we have been suffering from great commercial depression. For six months labour has been very scarce, and while but few cases of real want have occurred, there has had to be a pretty general curtailment of expenditure. Amongst the necessitous, drink's victims have been conspicuous by their numbers and for the loudness of their complaints. The amount of drink consumed in this colony is prodigiously frightful. The attention of the Legislature is, however, being called to the matter, and there is a general opinion that an effective measure will be passed.

The surplus labour is now pretty well employed, and with wool at such a price, and unprecedentedly good harvest prospects, a spirit of confidence and hopefulness is growing. Hay harvest is now on, and with a splendid crop and brilliant weather nothing is left to be desired.

We held our last Quarterly meeting October 7th, and there was an excellent attendance of officials. The following is the financial statement:—

RECEIPTS—			DISBURSEMENTS—		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
By Balance on last Quarter . . .	0	2 6	To Society Steward's account	7	16 0
„ Collections . . .	21	14 6	„ Minister's board and		
„ Quarterages . . .	14	19 6	lodging . . .	19	10 0
„ Quarterly Tea . . .	3	15 6	„ Ditto, salary . . .	18	0 0
„ Mr. P. Thomas, donation	5	0 0	„ Rent of Hall and Tickets	0	11 0
„ A Friend, do. . .	1	0 0			
	£46	12 0		£45	17 0

The balance will be found to be on the right side. Considering the depression, the above figures are highly satisfactory. A vote of thanks was sent to our excellent friend Mr. Thomas, of Dunedin, for his generous donation.

ADDINGTON.

We held a tea-meeting at Addington a few weeks back, and realised about £16, which will enable us to reduce the debt about £10, and pay off a floating debt of £6. Last Sunday and Tuesday, November 30th and December 2nd, we held the Sabbath-school Anniversary. At 11 a.m. the Rev. G. Macfarlane preached; at 2.30 a children's service was conducted by the writer; at 6.30 the Rev. Alex. Reid preached to a crowded congregation. On Tuesday at 7.30 a public meeting was held, Mr. F. Manhire, superintendent, presiding. The report stated that the school had been established about twelve months, and numbered 58 scholars and six teachers. Addresses were then given by Messrs. Lanyon, Keast, Glass, and Farro. The collections were very good. The children acquitted themselves well in their recitations, which reflected credit on Messrs. Radford and Gerry, who had the training of them. Mr. W. Bennett received a vote of thanks for getting up the singing.

TEMPLETON.

Templeton is a Railway township about nine miles from Christchurch. A few weeks back, having been informed that several of our people were living there, I paid the district a visit and found out several families who belonged to us in the Forest of Dean. The first house I called at I found to be Mr. Voice's (their son died at Shebbear a few years ago). I need scarcely say that they were glad to see a minister of their own beloved church, not having seen one for four or five

years. There being no Dissenting place of worship nearer than four miles, our friends had attended the Established Church, and identified themselves with its interests. But the Church of England was not like their own church; and no sooner had I mentioned about our trying a service in the neighbourhood than the idea was heartily approved. In due time the matter was laid before the quarterly meeting, and I was authorised to open services there. The Foresters' Hall was engaged, and on Sunday evening, November 2nd, Mr. Scawn drove me out, and at the first service full 150 were present. This greatly encouraged all concerned. We sang Sankey's hymns, Mr. W. F. Cheverton taking the lead. The next service was conducted by Mr. J. J. Glass and was splendidly attended. On the 25th we held a social tea in the Hall, and though the weather was very wet, 100 sat down to the well-spread tables. The object of this tea-meeting was to call the friends together to further make their acquaintance and to ascertain their feeling respecting building a church. A public meeting followed, Mr. Keast in the chair, and addresses were given by Messrs. Jenken, Voice, Lanyon, and Glass. The Hall was full and the meeting passed off well. To lose no time, I called a special quarterly meeting, and arranged with Messrs. Voice, Jenken, Jenken, jun., and Cheverton to be present and represent the neighbourhood. This took place last night, December 4th, and a most excellent meeting it was. The deputation spoke of the needs of the district, referred to the large number of young people in it, pointed out sections of land obtainable, declared it was a fine opening, and one of them created much amusement by saying that a gentleman in the neighbourhood had called upon him to urge the desirability of a church being built, and there and then offering the first contribution, which was nothing less than a *horse*. The deputation stated that a church should be built to accommodate from 150 to 200. A vote of thanks to the deputation was proposed by Mr. Knipe, which was carried with acclamation. Three of the gentlemen then withdrew, Mr. Cheverton remaining to another meeting. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That the Pastor, J. Smith, W. Knipe, J. J. Glass, Voice, Jenken, and D. Jenken be a committee to purchase a site for a Bible Christian Church in Templeton." The site will be secured at once and a board fixed on it, announcing it as the site for a Bible Christian Church. It was thought it would not be of much use to attempt to build until after harvest, when it is presumed money will flow a little more plentifully and freely.

THE REV. J. R. CREWES.

The meeting last evening was also "to make preparations for the arrival of Mr. Crewes." After an interesting conversation on the matter, it was resolved that "the pastor and circuit steward be deputed to take a house and furnish it for the new minister." We thoroughly appreciate the interest you have manifested in us in appointing our dear friend Mr. Crewes to this colony. I am anticipating meeting him with no little pleasure. I am sure it will be a question of Proverbs xxvii. 17. The "Norfolk" ought to have arrived at Melbourne by this time.

THE "KNOWSLEY HALL."

I know not whether any of our friends were in this ship or not. She has been out nearly 200 days, and is, it is feared, gone to the bottom.

W. H. KEAST.

*North Belt, Christchurch, New Zealand,
December 6th, 1879.*

ARRIVAL OF BR. CREWES.

WE are glad to be able to announce from a note to hand from Br. C., that he arrived in Christchurch, New Zealand, on Friday, December 19th, "all well."

WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow space for a brief report of a meeting in connection with the above society, of a somewhat novel character? It occurred to the members of our Christmas Quarterly Meeting to arrange for a "Social Gathering," early in the year, of all the Bible Christian ministers and friends in London. The "Gathering" took place on Thursday, January 15th, and the response given to the invitation from Jubilee, Clapham, Kilburn, Forest Hill, and Lee, exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We assembled at 6.30, and the evening up to 10.30 was profitably spent. Strangers formed acquaintance, old friends renewed theirs. Congratulatory addresses were delivered, interspersed with anthems by our Waterloo-road choir, under the leadership of Mr. Murdock. Refreshments were sold during the evening at cost price. A number of curiosities and scientific specimens were exhibited, and the remnants of our late bazaar disposed of, which resulted in a profit of £9. All seemed delighted with the evening's entertainment; and now we wonder that such a gathering had not been thought of before. There are many Bible Christian friends in London who are lost to our societies. Some live at too great a distance to attend our services regularly; but many others live near, some of them nursed in Bible Christian homes, who, when they come to London, are attracted to larger and more imposing places. We should have a flourishing cause here if we could only retain our own friends who come up from the country, to say nothing of those gathered in besides. I think that if such a gathering as the one we have just held were held annually, it would do us good in this respect. Ministers would know the friends better, and the friends would know each other. We fail in that we know each other so little. As you, Sir, told us in your address on the occasion, "if we could only greet each other by name," we should probably have a greater influence over each other; "and the pleasure of the Lord would prosper in our hand."

Whilst I am writing, will you allow me further space to add that we have just established a "Young Christians' Band" in connection with our Sunday-school; its objects are to "bring the Christian scholars into closer fellowship, strengthen them in the faith, and induce them to work for Christ." We have commenced the Band with very encouraging prospects. The school, under the indefatigable labours of the superintendent, Mr. Gammon, supported by a noble band of teachers, continues to flourish. The society here at present is stationary, but we have some warmly-attached friends. I have never found truer friends anywhere than at Waterloo-road; and any brother appointed to this station may be sure that they will sustain him in his work. We want, not truer friends, but more of them.

S. ALLIN.

PROSPERITY.

WRITING on 19th January, Br. KEEN says: "The good work is still going on, between 40 and 50 have professed conversion."

Br. JORY the 26th: "We have good doing still. About 20 brought in at Union-street. Nearly 100 altogether in the circuit."

Br. E. V. STEPHENS writing Feb. 9th, says: "The Lord is reviving His work in this [Helston] circuit; souls are being saved, and the Lord's name glorified."

Br. WERREN, writes the 12th: "You will be glad to know that we have had about 40 conversions during the past month, and are still holding special meetings at Murton, Wingate, and New Herrington. At the last named place there have been from 26 to 30 added, and the congregations have considerably improved."

Br. BENDLE the 17th: "I am thankful to say that the Most High is blessing us with prosperity. We have had nearly 60 souls hopefully converted. Special services are being continued in different places, and friends in other places are earnestly longing for an outpouring of the Spirit."

Br. CRADDOCK, St. Just, the same date: "In conjunction with our friends in other parts, we have to rejoice over a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. During the past six or seven weeks, special services have been conducted and souls saved. The revival has been denominated 'steady,' from the fact that only one, sometimes two or three, the most five, having stepped into liberty at one time. If the work has been steady, we trust it will prove sure, and that stability may characterise the future conduct of the recent professors. Let the ministerial brethren make Calvary's eminence the rostrum to preach Christ from, and the Cross will achieve still greater and more glorious results. Be all praise to Him who has added 50 souls to His Church, and may the work continue."

Br. ENNOR, the 18th: "You will be pleased to learn that 'showers of blessings' are falling on us in this circuit. Five persons have recently been added to the church at Medrose. Since the commencement of the New Year more than forty have given their hearts to the Lord at Limehead. At St. Teath our friends have been holding united revival services with the Free Methodists for some weeks. Last week four or five were converted; and on Monday evening we were delighted to see fifteen persons on their knees (some of them young people, and four members of the choir) seeking salvation through the blood of the Lamb. We are also holding revival services at Blisland. Fifteen persons have already professed conversion, and many more are deeply impressed with the importance of salvation. While we thank God with all our hearts for what He has done, we earnestly pray that the good work may continue to prosper."

Chapels.

ARRETON.—Another memorable event in the history of the Bible Christian Denomination in the Isle of Wight has to be chronicled—the opening on Thursday last of the new chapel erected in the village of Arreton, and the people of that place have indeed good reason to be proud of the handsome building which has sprung up in their midst. It is an ornament to the long village street, and speaks volumes for the zeal, the liberality, and the devotion of those who have been instrumental in its erection. The chapel was built from designs generously given by Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., of Ryde, who has also superintended the execution of the work in the same free and liberal spirit. The style of architecture is late decorated. The front is of red brick, pointed with black mortar, and relieved with Bath-stone dressings, the mullions and tracery being also of the latter material. The interior fittings are of pitch-pine, and the work has been exceedingly well carried out. Behind the rostrum, with its opened traceried front, is an apsidal recess, which will be appropriated by the choir. There is a vestry attached, and the old chapel, which immediately adjoins the new structure, is intended to be used as a school-room. The building occupies an admirable and commanding site on the main road, a short distance from Horringford railway-station. The land was virtually given by the late Mr. Philip Wykeham-Martin, M.P. A certain sum, we believe, was paid in connection with the site, but it was returned as a donation to the building fund. The contract was taken by Messrs. Blake and Mackett, of Arreton, at £647, but the whole of the bricks were bought

by the trustees, and these, with extras, the cost of furniture, &c., will bring up the total outlay to about £883. Towards this there was raised, up to Thursday, £350 10s. 4d., leaving a deficiency of over £533, but Mr. Robert Bullen, who has been an invaluable friend to the cause at Arreton, expressed an opinion that when the services of that day were over and the collecting boxes were brought in, the debt would be reduced to £400. The opening ceremony on Thursday was attended by a large number of persons from near and far. At three in the afternoon, the Rev. W. B. Lark, preached to a crowded congregation, the Revs. A. Hancock, of Ryde, and T. Rowe, of Newport, also taking part in the service. Mr. Lark took for his text St. Mark iv. 30 and two following verses (the parable of the mustard seed). The preacher remarked that the smallness of the mustard seed as compared with the proportions of its after growth was a proverb amongst the ancient Jews, and there was a fitness in the great Teacher's selection of this seed to illustrate the origin and the progress of God's kingdom in the world. The great lesson here designed to be taught was this—that while the religion of Jesus Christ was, like the mustard seed, very small and very humble in its origin, yet it should continue to grow and grow until it had reared its sacred head above all other systems, and filled the world with its beneficent influence. Humanly speaking, no movement could have had a more unpropitious beginning than Christianity. Its founder had a pauper's birth and a malefactor's death; its first teachers were not schoolmen brought from the seats of philosophy, but fishermen summoned from their nets on the shores of Galilee; and it had its rise not in Rome, the seat of empire, not in Athens, the seat of learning, but in despised Judea. The preacher then went on to remark that, though the origin of Christianity was so humble and so unpromising, its growth had been unprecedented. In words of impressive eloquence and power, he set forth the triumphs of Christianity, which were the greatest miracles the world had ever known, and when, he said, we came to consider the origin of Christianity, its early surroundings, the storms which had assailed it, and, in spite of all, its triumphant position to-day, we were bound to acknowledge that this thing was not of man, but of God. Was there a circle in society to-day which did not feel the influence of this Christianity? Were not we as a nation reaping some of its precious fruit? He was not ignorant that evils were still existing amongst us; but he knew this, that the religion of Jesus Christ had uprooted a thousand curses, had righted a thousand wrongs, had toned down harsh laws, had introduced the quality of mercy into our criminal code, had lifted the morals of the nation to a higher platform, and the people to a nobler life; and what it had done in the past was but a promise of what it would do in the golden age in the future. Some of these future triumphs of Christianity were pictured in glowing words by the preacher, who added that this glorious revolution, which was nothing short of the salvation of the world, was destined to be wrought by the religion of Jesus Christ. Specially referring to the service of the day, Mr. Lark said the Bible Christian Church at Arreton had a history for which they should indeed thank God. There were those present who assisted in founding the church there, and they knew how small were its beginnings. He appealed to them, when they laid the foundation of this cause in the village, did they ever expect such a growth as that which was now witnessed? Never. When, some thirteen years since, they erected the adjoining building, it was considered almost a cathedral; but they had outgrown it, and now their requirements were such as called for the erection of the very handsome and commodious chapel in which they were then assembled. The influence of that church in the village had been for good. Why, drunkenness was unknown there, unless it was imported, and many, many were the homes which had been made happier

through the influence of the humble Bible Christian chapel. But while the church there had a past for which it should be thankful, it had also a future, and it was for the members of that church to see to it that, with God's blessing upon their earnest labour, the glory of the latter house was greater than that of the former. This was a new starting-point for them, and while they praised God for all that was passed, let them trust Him in the days that were to come, and diligently strive to do His will and to extend His kingdom.

Following the afternoon service was a public tea, which was supplied in the school-room, and in a large temporary structure adjoining. There was a great demand, and fortunately the supply was quite equal to it. Between 600 and 700 persons partook of tea. At half-past six a public meeting was held, and people flocked to the place in overwhelming numbers. The chapel was densely packed, and some hundreds were unable to obtain admission. To meet this emergency, the Rev. W. B. Lark announced that an overflowing meeting would be held in the adjoining school-room, and he intimated that both audiences would be addressed by the same speakers, who, as soon as they had done duty in one place, would go to the other—rather hard on the speakers, he admitted, but he suggested the plan as the most likely to satisfy the people. The schoolroom, like the chapel, was soon crowded, and the proceedings commenced, Mr. Isaac Chipp, of Brighton (a native of Arreton), presiding in the chapel, while his brother, Mr. Abraham Chipp, performed a similar duty in the adjoining room. On the platform in the one place or the other were the Revs. W. B. Lark, A. Hancock, and T. Rowe; Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., Mr. Councillor E. Morey, Mr. Councillor Denness, Mr. Robert Bullen, Mr. J. L. Manning, Mr. J. Rice, Mr. Gale, &c. The Mayor of Newport (Mr. Councillor Herbert J. Orchard) had been expected, but was "given up," owing to the bitter inclemency of what was a typical winter's night. However, his worship, braving the elements, put in an appearance during the evening, and met with a very cordial greeting. The Chairman in the chapel, in the course of a few opening congratulatory remarks, said when he compared Arreton now with what it was forty years ago, he could not but thank God for what the Bible Christians had done for his native village. Then came the denominational Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Robert Bullen, who once more proved that with the dry contents of a balance-sheet as his "figures of speech," he can make an exceedingly interesting address. He gratefully recognised the services of all who had helped them—the donor of the site; the architect, who had given them his commission, amounting to nearly £40; the farmers of the neighbourhood, and others, who had "carted the materials free of expense; and working men of the village who, without pecuniary fee or reward, had dug out the excavations, some of them even labouring by moonlight after their ordinary day's work was done (cheers). Mr. Bullen also paid a high tribute to the contractors for the excellent manner in which the work had been carried out. The total cost would be about £880, and towards this they had raised £350, in addition to paying off £100 debt on the old chapel (cheers.) As the result of that day's service, he expected that the debt on the new building would be reduced to £400, and he had no doubt that four or five years would see that wiped off (cheers). A special subscription towards the extinguishment of the debt was at once started, Messrs. W. and H. Barton heading the list with five guineas each. The Chairman promised a guinea a year till the debt had disappeared, and Mr. Lark stated that Mr. Withers, of Sandown, would also give a guinea a year, which was to stand as the subscription of the child who was most attentive at Sunday-school (cheers).—Mr. Councillor E. Morey, who was the next speaker, said his recollection of Arreton went back over many, many years,

and standing now in that beautiful chapel, he could not but reflect upon the contrast which it presented to the state of things in those early days when he had stood upon a log to preach in that village. He besought them to remember that with their increased privileges came increased responsibilities.—Mr. Thomas Dashwood, J.P., followed with some words of hearty congratulation, and he remarked that the manner in which the contract had been executed was in the highest degree creditable to Messrs. Blake and Mackett. He touched in impressive terms on the subject of Christian unity, and added that he should question very much the religion of any person who could not hold out the right hand of fellowship to a body of men who were doing such a noble work in the country as were the Bible Christians (cheers.) Mr. Councillor Denness, whose presence is always welcome at Arreton, next engaged the interested attention of the audience for a short time. His knowledge of the village reached back for many years, and being thus able to compare the present with the past, he could most cordially congratulate his friends there on the marvellous progress which had been made (cheers). He mentioned in the course of his speech that Mr. Dashwood, of Redway, had intended to be with them, but the illness of a member of his family prevented him from attending. Mr. J. L. Manning, in an able speech touched upon the subject of civil and religious liberty, and traced the influence which Nonconformists had exerted in promoting the principles of freedom (cheers.) The Rev. W. B. Lark, taking up a remark made by Mr. Dashwood, said he agreed with that gentleman that it was time to give over magnifying their differences, and now let them set to work to magnify their agreements. Thank God, there were points at which they touched, and these were of far greater importance than those upon which they differed (cheers). Still, he believed that denominationalism, was a necessity at the present time, but should ever the day come when it stood in the way of the Cross of Christ, then he would say “Perish denominationalism, and let the religion of Jesus Christ extend from the rivers to the end of the earth.” The Mayor of Newport, who was received with cheers, said the sight of that meeting amply rewarded him for coming. He could very sincerely congratulate them on the completion and opening of that chapel, because he knew that, with their more beautiful and attractive temples, the Bible Christians would never depart from that pure simplicity of worship which had been their strength in the past (cheers). He looked with pride and pleasure upon the work which the Bible Christians had been doing there for many years past. They had held up a light in a somewhat dark place, and brought the sound of the Gospel to many who might not otherwise have heard it. He was thankful, too, for what they had done in the cause of temperance—a work which, next to the preaching of the Gospel, was the noblest in which a man could engage (cheers). In this and other ways Bible Christians were doing in many districts a good work for their country, and generations to come would rise up and call them blessed. Touching upon the theme of Mr. Manning’s speech—civil and religious liberty—the Mayor said he believed that nowhere had braver and nobler allegiance been shown to the principles of religious freedom than in our rural districts, where even yet, in some parts, “going to chapel” was visited with penalties in some form or another. His Worship concluded by wishing that prosperity and every blessing might attend the Bible Christian cause in the good old village of Arreton (cheers). The Rev. A. Hancock, the Rev. T. Rowe, Mr. Gale, and Mr. J. Rice also addressed the meeting, and a vote of thanks having been passed to the Chairman, the proceedings closed with the Benediction.—Several sacred pieces were very creditably sung by the choir, Mr. W. Barton presiding at the harmonium.—*Hampshire Independent*, Nov. 22.

HOLSWORTHY.—*Whitstone.*—The Anniversary was held on Tuesday, October 28th, 1879. In order to meet the cost of extensive repairs, and to reduce the debt, a special effort was made. The writer preached a sermon at 11 a.m. to a fair congregation. A luncheon, bazaar, and tea followed, all numerous attended. A public meeting in the chapel in the evening, ably presided over by Mr. W. Penhale, and addressed by the circuit ministers and Mr. A. Hoskin. The day was fine, the services good, and the effort yielded £50, which was considered a financial success. It is due to the friends to state that they worked together right well, and merited the hearty congratulations and thanks accorded to them at the public meeting.

Clawton.—The lease of the old chapel, which was built on the land of the late Sir William Molesworth, having expired, and the building having become much dilapidated, it was resolved to erect a new building adapted to modern requirements, and of sufficient size to accommodate the increased congregation. A very excellent site was selected at Affaland Cross, on the same property as the old chapel, and only a short distance therefrom. Mr. L. Beckly was architect, and his plans provided for a building 40 feet by 26 feet 6 inches. The style is Gothic, built of local stone, with Bath stone and Lee Moor brick dressings. The interior is fitted up with pitch-pine. At the entrance is a handsome lobby, with broken-battlement cornice and fine cut cresting on the top, and fitted with two doors. The ends of the seats are solid, with a plain chamfer worked all round. The fronts and choir stalls are formed with 2-inch pitch-pine, stop chamfered and panelled. The roof is of red deal, stained and varnished, supported upon major legs resting on Bath stone corbels. The school-room, 22 feet by 16 feet, is separated from the chapel by a pair of folding doors. The floor of the school-room is on a level with the chapel platform, to which is fixed a desk with tracery panels and a minister's chair. Around the platform is a moulded communion rail, supported upon turned newels and bronzed standards. The contractor for the whole of the work was Mr. W. Wiffin, Brandis Corner, Bradford, who has for the past five years been mostly employed on ecclesiastical buildings in Devon and Cornwall. New Year's Day was selected for the opening services, and although the weather was rather unfavourable, the ladies, nothing daunted, were early at their posts, with beaming and bright countenances, making the necessary preparations for the day's operations. In the morning Br. A. Trengove, of Bristol, preached an appropriate and excellent sermon to a moderate congregation. All the time of the service vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians were putting in an appearance, wending their way to Mr. Robert Daniel's large barn, Affaland, where a luncheon was provided, to which about 150 sat down; and a better spread has been seldom seen, the whole the gift of numerous friends. After the luncheon the bazaar, which was held in a large room on the same floor as the barn, began in good earnest. There was a large assortment of useful and fancy goods on sale, and a good business was done. The following ladies presided at the stalls:—No. 1—Misses Bessie Daniel, Kirkin, and Sloman; No. 2—Mrs. Robert Daniel and Miss Miller; No. 3—Mrs. S. Rook and Miss Sanders; No. 4—Mrs. Daniel, senior. At 4.30 a public tea was held, presided over by Mrs. W. Daniel, Miss Bassett, Mrs. Tribble, Mrs. W. Coldwill, Mrs. Drown, and Miss C. Jordan. Upwards of 400 visitors sat down. A public meeting followed in the same barn, which was thronged with eager hearers. The devotional service was held by Br. J. Gifford, of Swansea, who happened to be on a visit to his relatives and friends. Mr. N. Heard, of Liddaton, Brentor, presided, and opened the meeting with a truly practical speech. This being his native place, he felt quite at home with his old friends. He evidently considered it a great honour conferred upon him to

have been invited to occupy such a position on this interesting occasion, and this feeling was fully reciprocated by all present. He congratulated the friends on the erection of such a neat, substantial, and commodious place of worship. Then, in a number of well-chosen sentences, which were delivered with much force, fervour, and touching pathos, he called up many pleasing incidents of bygone days, which brightened the faces of many present, and filled their eyes with tears of joy and welcome. He was certainly the right man in the right place, and his presence contributed much to the pleasure of the occasion—especially as he was accompanied by our venerable friend Mr. Hammett, who was among our first and best friends at Clawton, but who is now finishing his long and beautiful life in the home of the chairman and his estimable wife. The writer next addressed the meeting, and regretted the absence of the Brethren W. B. Reed and W. H. Tickell, the latter being prevented by sickness; congratulated the friends on the success of the day, and expressed a hope that the new chapel might prove the birth-place of multitudes of precious souls, who shall reflect the image of God on earth, and shine in his likeness for ever in heaven. Now came to the front Br. Trengove, whose speech was of such large proportions, massive eloquence, and withal so lucid and practical, that the entire audience seemed wrapt in admiration. No words of mine can fully set it forth; it must have been heard to be properly appreciated. This brother preached again on January 4th, to good congregations; on January 11th, Br. R. Spencer delivered two able discourses to large assemblies. Both these brethren acquitted themselves well and were highly prized. The financial result is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
By Collections	13	19	4
„ Luncheon and Tea	32	3	5
„ Bazaar	60	15	10
„ Small sums	1	7	0
Laying Memorial Stones	108	5	7
	82	18	8
Total raised	191	4	3

Great credit is due to all the friends who aided in this noble effort; especially to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Daniel, whose arrangements were so perfect that the whole affair passed off without a single failure. I am thankful to be able to state that a good work is in progress in this circuit. In Holsworthy, Bridgerule, Derril, and Simpson Moor many have obtained mercy.

W. ROWE.

POUNDSTOCK.—The chapel was opened on Friday, December 26th, 1879. Br. I. B. Vanstone preached a very excellent sermon in the morning from Ps. lxxxiv. 11. Luncheon was provided at Trifrida, Mr. James Shepherd's, jun. Messrs. W. Moyses, J. Worden, W. Baker, and J. Shepherd, sen., presided at the tables, who with Messrs. H. Moyses, H. Sandercock, J. Hicks, J. J. Smith, and S. Heard, gave the provisions. In the afternoon we had a bazaar in the old chapel. Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Luxton, Mrs. Bendle, Miss Shepherd, Mr. Box, and others rendered good service in this effort. Tea was provided at Dymma, on the premises of Messrs. Parkyn and Hole. Donations were given towards the tea by Messrs. R. Hicks, Thomas Hicks, Thomas Orchard, S. Heard, and others. The tea was numerously attended. The old chapel as well as the new was crowded at the meeting in the evening. The choirs from St. Gennys, Eden, and Canworthy Water discoursed some excellent music. Addresses were given by the brethren

I. B. Vanstone, M. Chapman, T. C. Jacob, W. Tucker, J. Ballhatchett, J. Bendle, and others. The friends all around came to our help in a noble manner. Churchmen and dissenters, both in the parish and in the adjoining parishes, sent their horses and men to draw materials free of cost, to all of whom we tender our best thanks, and to all who have in any way co-operated in building this house for God. The financial result is as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Debt with interest paid off from the old chapel ..	45	0	0
Cost of new chapel, including deeds and other expenses.. ..	204	9	6
Total expenditure	249	9	6
Total receipts	144	9	6
Present debt	£105	0	0
	£	s.	d.
Raised by Teas, Bazaars, Collections, Donations, &c.	103	7	10
Labour given, and horse work done free of cost ..	41	1	8
	£144	9	6

The new chapel is an ornament to the neighbourhood; all the internal wood work of the chapel is of the best pitch pine. Most of the sittings are let, and paid for a quarter in advance. Our prayer is now for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit to make the church what it should be.

J. BENDLE.

SCHOOL ROOM.

HAMBRIDGE.—At this place a new school-room has recently been erected, the need of which has long been felt. On Monday, July 28th, 1879, the memorial stone was laid by Mr. G. H. Gillard, who gave a liberal subscription, as did several other friends. The ceremony over, we repaired to the chapel to listen to an instructive lecture on “The Bible,” illustrated by diagrams, by Br. C. Dening, of Liphook. The collections and donations were rather beyond our expectations. A hearty vote of thanks was then given to the lecturer. Opening services as follows:—On Sunday, November 16th, 1879, two interesting sermons were preached by Mr. R. Coad, of Ilfracombe. The next day, at 3 p.m., Mr. T. Andrews, of Somerton, occupied the pulpit, and preached with much life and power. At five o'clock, a public tea was provided, to which about 100 sat down. Tea over, a public meeting followed. Chair occupied by the pastor, who after some remarks called on Mr. Coad to give one of his lectures on “Billy Bray.” Mr. Coad deeply interested the audience. A good influence for some time past has been enjoyed in the place, and a few souls have been hopefully converted to God. To His name be all the praise! The building is a very substantial one, and a great convenience to our congregation and Sunday-school.

	£	s.	d.
CASH ACCOUNTS.			
Cost of building	81	14	4
Total receipts	41	11	11½
Balance	40	2	4½
Old debt, with interest	7	17	6
Present debt	£47	19	10½

South Petherton, Jan. 22nd, 1880.

C. DENING.

KILKHAMPTON.

THE chapel efforts which have been made in this circuit during the present connexional year, have shown the zeal, the interest, and the attachment of the people to the Denomination, and to the cause of Christ. Probably a short account of one or two efforts may not be without interest. We will begin with *Bush*. Of late years this place has been considerably improved. The present outlook is of a very encouraging character. The chapel has been enlarged, a new school-room built, with a furnace house attached. The total debt, including £100 on the old chapel, amounted to £250, towards which nearly £100 was raised at the re-opening, towards the end of the summer. Another effort was made on the 26th of December, 1879. Mr. Frances, of Ivy Leaf Farm, placed his commodious barn at our disposal. Several articles left from the bazaar were offered for sale, and a good business was done. Mr. Tickell, of Holsworthy, came over to help us, to whom our best thanks were given. Mr. E. Spencer, of Draycott, also did us very good service at the evening meeting. Receipts from all sources, £17. The congregation here is good, our friends greatly interested, and the future decidedly hopeful.

At *Woolfardisworthy* also improvements have been made. Internally the chapel was in such a dilapidated condition, that the friends resolved that it should be at once renovated. While the repairs were going on in the chapel, the services were held in a dwelling house, which was often densely packed, and in which many blessings have been realized. The re-opening took place in November last. The chapel is now neat and attractive in appearance, and quite comfortable also. The seats are made of pitch pine, without doors, with kneeling and book boards. The rostrum is ornamented in front, and over it is an artistic cornice of plaster of Paris. The walls are stuccoed. The windows are partly of stained glass, there being also at each bottom corner a star of the same colour. The whole gives general satisfaction. Mr. Allin, of Sutcombe, was the architect, and Mr. May, of Woolsery, the contractor. The first service was conducted by Mr. Tickell. Then followed the bazaar and tea, which were patronised by large numbers of people. The evening meeting was crowded and enthusiastic. The total receipts amounted to a little more than £51. The total cost something over £100, so that the remaining debt is quite manageable. Our friends at this place deserve a hearty cheer for the praiseworthy efforts they have made. A school-room would have been erected, but a site could not be secured.

At *Edistone* we have likewise a debt to grapple with, which is rather burdensome to our friends. But the determination is to be perpetually doing, until it is brought down to very much smaller proportions. For this purpose a nicely decorated tree was hung up in the school-room on January 1st, 1880, from which the articles were soon taken and sold. Although the day was very wet and stormy, yet a large company came together, a good sign of the interest felt in the matter. The takings of the day, £8. A very good meeting followed.

At *Hartland* also a contract for a new school-room has been let, and operations have commenced. The whole to be finished by the middle of April. With our present staff of workers this place cannot fail to improve. Our friends at Woodford are contemplating the building of a new chapel. We have a nice site, a good burying-ground, but are in want of the "sinews of war." Perhaps some who have left that part of the neighbourhood will be inclined to help their brethren. It is felt that something must be done here sooner or later.

Two series of missionary meetings have been held, and the result, considering circumstances, very satisfactory. Having so many other departments to sustain, we are a little apprehensive as to the result of our missionary receipts for the present year. We have had several conversions, and arrangements are being made to begin revival services at some other places. May copious showers everywhere descend.

J. DATSON.

Brief Notices of Books.

John Lyon ; or, From the Depths. By RUTH ELLIOTT. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS is utterly unlike the ordinary run of stories. There are many passages that bear the impress of genius, and possess an almost magical power. The author's serious and noble purpose, which she has kept steadily in view, at once lifts her story to a lofty plane. It will convince many a reader that Temperance is at once a virtue and a duty.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Vol. VII. Old Testament. Elliot Stock. (Price 5s.)

IT is only last month we announced the publication of the 6th Volume of this painstaking and excellent work, and lo another speedily follows, which deserves as hearty a welcome as its predecessors.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Vol. X. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 7s. 6d.)

THIS, in many respects the best of all the minister's "helps" which the present day affords, holds on its way with undiminished vigour. Many of the papers are as fresh and bracing as the mountain breeze.

Winsome Words. The Help-one-Another Magazine for Boys and Girls. Edited by GRANDFATHER GOODHEART. Volume the First. Longley. (Price 1s. 6d.)

HERE we have another competitor for the suffrages of the young. It has a capital title, and while we do not think it the best of its class, many of its "words" are indeed "winsome."

The Preacher's Complete Homiletical Commentary.

MR. DICKINSON last month issued three Parts, viz. the *second* part of the Commentary on the Book of Ruth by Rev. W. Baxendale (Price 1s.), the *third* on Esther by the Rev. W. Borrowghs, B.A., (Price 1s.), and the *fourth* on the First Book of Samuel by the Rev. W. Harris (Price 6d.).

Rambles in Bible Lands. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Seventy Illustrations. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 4s.)

THIS book is pleasant reading enough for the most part, as anything from Dr. Newton's pen can hardly fail to be; our young friends will derive much instruction from it, but it falls much below the level of Dr. Thomson's well known work and others which have not attained so wide a renown as that has done.

The Winthrop Family ; a Story of New England Life Fifty Years ago. By CLARA A. WILLARD. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A VERY pleasant book. Its quiet fervour and sweet simplicity are a sufficient guarantee that some of the best phases of New England Life are here faithfully reproduced.

The Methodist Family. An Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol. X. Published at the Office, 61, Paternoster-row, E.C. (Price 2s.)

ONE tale, "*Gilbert Guestling ; or, the Story of a Methodist Hymn Book,*" by the Rev. JAMES YEAMES, runs through the volume, and the other contents are very varied, most of the articles being at once lively and instructive.

Narratives of Trans-Atlantic Life. By HENRY BLEBY. Wesleyan Mission House. (Price 2s. 6d.)

THE longest of the two tales in this volume, that on "The Vicissitudes of a Lowly Life," "though strictly a narrative of real occurrences" is one of the most romantic and thrilling, in some respects one of the most powerful, we have ever read.

Better than Gold; or, The Precious Blood of Christ. By H. D. BROWN. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 1s.)

MUCH precious truth under the headings, Precious to the Sinner, The Dying Thief, Atonement, The Boundary Line, What is Faith? Precious to the Saint, Precious to God, this little volume contains. It cannot be read without benefit, and ought to be widely circulated.

Correspondence.

"BILLY BRAY" MEMORIAL.

(To the Editor of the BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.)

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The Committee appointed by the last Conference to erect a Memorial over the grave of Billy Bray, in Baldhu churchyard, at their meeting in Truro yesterday, of the thirteen tenders received for the work, accepted that of Messrs. John Freeman & Sons, Penryn, one of the principal firms in the West of England, and whose tender was the lowest of the number. It will interest a large number of our friends to know that the Memorial is to consist of a chaste granite obelisk, about eleven feet high, of hammered work, with die polished on the four sides. The epitaph will be as follows, subject possibly to slight alterations:—"In Memory of William better known as 'Billy' Bray or 'The King's Son,' who died at Twelveheads, May 25th, 1868, aged seventy-three years. He was a local preacher with the Bible Christians nearly forty-four years. By his sanctified wit, Christian simplicity, fervid faith, and many self-denying labours, he commended himself to a wide circle of friends while living, and the published record since his death of his memorable sayings and doings has made his name familiar as a household word in our own and other lands."

It was also agreed by the Committee that circulars be printed and sent out to the pastors for wide distribution soliciting subscriptions toward the cost of the undertaking, which we hope to keep within the £50 to which by the Conference we were authorized to go. We trust that as innumerable readers have been interested in reading Billy Bray's life, and not a few have received good from its perusal, we shall find that the sum required will be met by their offerings. Billy's grave lies near the main entrance of the church, at a corner where two gravel walks meet, just the spot that we can imagine his friends would have chosen if they had thought that some day a suitable monument would be raised on it to the memory of the devout and holy man. Baldhu Church, like a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid, is visible for miles round; and from the burial ground where the ashes of Billy rest the visitor can see near and afar off the valleys that echoed to his words of ejaculatory praise, and the bleak hills scored with rough roads over which he travelled with light step and gladsome heart to declare to multitudes the tidings of salvation from the guilt and of freedom from the power of sin.

It is the opinion of many that Billy's grave will share with Gwennap Pit the interest of Christian people who visit Cornwall. Already strangers—tourists and others—are found coming to the place in the summer season, that they may see the locality that has become famous by reason of Billy Bray's renown. If our friends wish to aid in meeting the cost of the memorial, now is the time to hand their donations to the pastors of circuits, or forward them to the Editor direct.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. BATT.

Hicks Mill, February 10th, 1880.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR.

MR. EDITOR,—Europe is to-day cursed with the spirit of militarism; the great nations of the Continent stand armed to the teeth and waiting for some pretext to cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war. A feeling of insecurity and jealousy abounds, and Germany is about to increase her huge army by 150,000 men.

And among many of our people there is a wild desire to plunge into the "gunpowder and glory business." Of late we have had an intolerable amount of brag and bluster, and have been engaged in two ruinous and disgraceful wars. A bloody page of English history is being rapidly filled up by the present Government. Surely Christian people must feel profoundly humiliated as they think of our armies wantonly and wickedly carrying slaughter and ruin into South Africa and Afghanistan. Are not Zulus and Afghans children of the Eternal, even as we are? Do we not owe them justice, even as we demand it for ourselves? Is there aught of glory won by our proving the stronger in the bloody work of the battle-field?

But even if we were justified in entering into these wars, can we claim any justification before heaven for the deeds done by our soldiers and auxiliaries. The disgraceful man-hunt of Cetewayo; the atrocities committed in the Secocoeni expedition, in which we let loose ten thousand of the greatest barbarians in South Africa, who spared neither man, woman, nor child, but who cut off women's breasts, burned infants, and flayed children of five or six years; the hanging of the Afghans: the burning of villages, and the consequent driving forth of women and children amid the cold and snow of the wild winter—these are dark deeds which disgrace us.

Against these things ought not we to enter a solemn protest, and do whatever we can to sweep away the bastard Imperialism which flaunts itself before us? Shall we be true to the principles of our Christianity, and loyal to the Prince of Peace, unless we employ voice and vote against the Jingo-spirit of the day?

Faithfully yours,

J. LUKE.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE CZAR'S LIFE.

JUST as we were going to press we were startled and horrified by the report of the all but successful attempt upon his life, and the lives of the Imperial Family, by blowing up the Winter Palace. Such a crime must be reprobated by all right-thinking persons.



William Hoile



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:o:—

*ALL FOR CHRIST—CHRIST FOR ALL.**

IN this age, when the Church with all its resources and efficiency is frequently "in a tone that indicates despair," asking the question: "How to reach the masses?" here, in the volume before us, is an answer—a clear, simple, and unmistakeable life-work, which not only reached, but actually won the masses, and left upon certain of them the mark of a "newness of life." The life and labours of Mr. William Bailey are an evidence of what an effective weapon the Gospel is in the hands of a man who, knowing how to use it, exerts all his strength in using it to a purpose. It is a narrative of thrilling interest, abounding in racy and surprising incidents, and quaint and pithy sayings, and overflowing with a spirit of Christian heroism, and cannot be read without feelings of astonishment, admiration, and intensified zeal and enthusiasm in the Redeemer's service.

"WILLIAM METHERALL BAILEY, the son of John Bailey and Susanna Bailey (formerly Susanna Metherall), was born at Jacobstow, in the County of Cornwall, on the 21st day of May, 1795. . . . When about 23 years of age, and after having (with a companion, who became a Church missionary, subsequently the incumbent of a parish in Cornwall, and remained his dear friend) the offer of an education at one of the universities, with the view of entering the Church, which he declined, he entered

* *All for Christ—Christ for all.* Illustrated by the Life and Labours of William M. Bailey. By F. W. Bourne. Price 1s., cloth boards. 1s. 6d., gilt edges. Bible Christian Bookroom,

upon his great life-work as a Bible Christian minister, which he prosecuted for many years with unflagging energy and success. . . . Mr. Bailey ceased to itinerate in 1849, and settled down in the Isle of Wight, first at Newport, afterwards at Ryde, and last of all at Shanklin, where he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 2nd of March, 1873."

As an evangelist he may be said to have been one of nature's own, so eminently was he qualified with the requisite mental and physical endowments. In stature however he was "rather slightly built, and under the middle height. But what Mr. Lynch said of Zaccheus is also true of him, that what he wanted in size he made up for in sagacity. He had a good constitution, much bodily strength, and indomitable energy and courage, and was able to walk many miles, and endure great hardships, under which many men would have succumbed." With such a physique he was admirably equipped for the kind of service in which he was to engage. Like a Methodist preacher of a kindred spirit, he had "a back for any bed, a stomach for any food, a face for any weather, and strength for any work." With this capacity to "endure hardness" he had the still higher gift of "a ready wit, and a wonderful power of sympathy. He was able to think and feel and act with others," and, what was still better, "to make others think and feel and act with him." His features, although not striking, were not without interest. A brightness in the glance of his eye, and a smile of benevolence which often lighted up his face and made it strangely beautiful and attractive, must have added great force and intensity to many of his sayings. But the prevailing expression of his face was honesty. It was the aspect of one who, with great firmness and decision of character, tempered with kindly emotions, invariably and fearlessly did that which he believed to be right, trusting in God.

The only remarkable circumstance in his conversion was the fact itself, which, like everything that was begotten of it, was extraordinary for its *thoroughness*. It was when he was about sixteen years of age, and during an apprenticeship at a place where he *saw nothing but sin*—a service in which he attained a sad proficiency—that he went to a Methodist meeting with the intention of making a mock at persons whom he supposed to be the false prophets; but, under the arrow of conviction, he became so alarmed that, instead of uttering a scoff, he listened with trembling and awe-struck attention to a person who, if false, at least prophesied the truth concerning him; and then at the close of the service hurried home, praying all the way, with the determination at once to turn to God. It was soon evident that his practice was

equal to his decision. He had no sooner left off his sins than he was branded as a fanatic, pitied as a madman, and denounced as an enemy, or what perhaps was supposed to be worse, a Methodist fool. His master, whom he served with increased diligence, his brother, and even his father and mother all turned their faces against him. In the midst of it all, while the way of salvation was but imperfectly revealed, he was at times so happy that he could shout and sing aloud the praises of the Lord, making on one occasion, at least, the outgoings of the morning to rejoice with his songs of triumphant gladness. He was as happy as he could live, and could not contain his joy within himself.

His earliest evangelistic labours were eminently characteristic of the man, and revealed in charming simplicity some of the secret and most interesting springs of his life and conduct. Without waiting apparently for any higher authority than that which he had within his own heart, for he was much exercised in mind as to the church with which it was his duty to unite, he began by going out into the highways and hedges, and, under a stern sense of duty, calling sinners to repentance, and to the Gospel feast which he himself had tasted. Finding himself blessed in the service, and gaining confidence as he proceeded, he gathered together a number of old men and women, who would not be likely to laugh at him, or turn the Word of God to ridicule, and, using a printed form, he prayed with them. But as that manner of service did not affect them much he cried unto God for help, and soon discovered that prayer did not consist in beautiful language, but in the breathing of the soul after God; and by asking for such things as he himself needed he was able to lead them in prayer with so much feeling that many of them were deeply impressed, and one woman was so convinced of her sins that she began to seek the Lord, and became one of the first-fruits of his labours. Taking encouragement from success he became more zealous, and boldly announced his meetings. The house was soon filled with hearers, and the work grew in importance. In the meanwhile he had a lesson to learn. To use his own words:

"As soon as the Lord began to bless me, I began to look more to myself and less to God, and instead of depending on the Spirit, I began to depend on poor little self. After studying one subject for two or three weeks, I thought I had a fine sermon, and should be able to say something to the purpose. I was repeating my fine-spun sermon to myself all the way to the place where I was going to preach. Its features greatly pleased me. I thought, what a noble form it was! A large company assembled; I hardly gave myself time to pray, being all on fire to let the people see my little heap of dry bones. But in a moment all the life

and beauty vanished, the bones that I had taken such pains to bring together all fell to pieces, and I could never join them together again. My countenance fell and my spirit sank within me. If I had not had a sermon in my pocket the people would have had a dumb priest that day. I read a sermon it is true, but I was very much confused."

But if saved from Charybdis he was almost plunged upon Scylla.

"When I returned home, I found it had been given out for me to preach, and the people were assembled. I did not know what to do, but at last summoned up courage to give out a hymn and pray; and while I prayed the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, so that I could preach without using a form, and the Lord not only blessed me, but the people also. But, alas! I fell that same night through spiritual pride. A farmer, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, 'A wonderful sermon as ever was heard!' and Satan being a subtle enemy, and I but a poor weak creature, I fell into the snare, and the desire of praise burned in me like fire. I hardly slept that night, and could scarcely work the next day. I wanted to go around the village to hear something said about my fine sermon. If they spoke highly of me, I said nothing; but if they were silent I was pained and disappointed. . . . By giving way to spiritual pride I grieved the Good Spirit. . . . The Lord justly took from me all liberty and power of speaking in public; the power for a time was wholly taken from me, and oh! what a mercy it was I wasn't sent to hell. As I could not preach I read sermons to the people on the Lord's-day, as I thought if I were not saved some of them might be; and so I strove with them morning, noon, and night, and thus I went on in distress of soul until I heard that despised but faithful servant of Jesus, William O'Bryan."

If there were no other evidence than this exquisite piece of autobiography we might safely conclude that he had effectually delivered himself from the snare of the devil, but humility and dependence upon God—the essential qualification of all true success in the preaching of the Gospel—became one of his marked and distinguishing characteristics. The power to reprove self-confidence—one of the surest indications that he who possesses it has first of all reproved himself—became in after years, with his delicate wit, a very effective weapon, as some persons proved to their cost. After, as chairman of a meeting, having listened to a person who in his speech had uttered "great swelling words of vanity," he quietly rose and told the great man that he was glad to see stars of any magnitude in any place, but he had discovered that some of the lights that people fancied stars were sometimes only meteors that blazed for awhile, and then went out altogether; and the effect on him as an old man was that he "rejoiced with trembling," and that in his best hours it was necessary for him to remember the

exhortation, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And, referring to an allusion of the speaker's that he had at one time taken a first-class prize for an extraordinary sermon, as to taking prize medals for preaching, he said, that was all new to him, as he was preaching *for a crown*. Then looking him straight in the face he added, "God has allowed me to see many turned to Christ, but at the day of judgment I should be afraid to lay my hand on one and say, *You owe your conversion to me*, for I am afraid there would be a whole host of Marthas and Marys who would rush up and say, 'Wait a minute; we claim a hand in that soul's conversion, for we had been praying for two hours before you came to preach, and if we had not thus prayed you would not have had half the power and light you had.' And you see, sir, how little I should look then. Besides that, we are only the instruments that God uses; it is He who converts."

The temptation with which he was so early assailed was but short-lived, and disappeared immediately before the fuller manifestation of the truth, which he soon received. He had already begun to attend the meetings of the Bible Christians, having managed, by looking more to what the preachers said than to what they wore, to overcome some scruples as to the plainness of their attire; and on Mr. O'Bryan's visiting the neighbourhood he went to hear him, getting in behind the people, but not behind the devil, and as the preacher described the various ways in which God was pleased to bring men to himself, he exclaimed, "*Lord, save my soul in any way*," and immediately his darkness and unbelief were exchanged for such light and liberty that he was fairly carried out of himself, and ran about the house praising the Lord for very gladness. After the service Mr. O'Bryan said, "Billy will be able to preach now," a prediction which he soon found to be true, for, to use his own words, "I had got in my heart that which before I had got only in my head." One other grace was shortly afterwards added—he was made perfect in love, and in the consciousness of his own weakness, and the sufficiency of the Divine promises, and with a heart overflowing with life everlasting, he went forth to engage in a work from which henceforward neither weakness, nor hardships, nor persecutions could deter him for so much as a single moment.

As a preacher he had the seal of a truly apostolic succession. And yet, as Mr. Bourne says, "there were persons who ever and anon declared that Mr. Bailey had no authority to preach the Gospel. . . . The arrogance of some pretended successors of the apostles fills us with amazement, and their impotence to do the Lord's work inspires a feeling which alternates between pity and

contempt. They remind us, in their disdain of 'unauthorized teachers,' of a scene in the life of Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees came to Him, after He had wrought many of His mighty miracles, after He had healed the sick, and fed the hungry multitude, and cleansed the lepers, and cast out devils, and raised the dead, and said, 'Master, we would see a sign from heaven that Thou doest these things.' Why the miracles themselves were the sign from heaven! And it is not a whit less ludicrous for the episcopally ordained clergyman, yet hopelessly incompetent to do the Lord's work, to demand of such men as William Bailey their authority to preach the Gospel." So evident was the sign from heaven that attended his ministry, and so manifest was his authority to preach the Gospel, that he might have reverently adopted the language of the Apostle Paul as his own, and said, "Now thanks be to God which *always causeth us to triumph in Christ*, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us *in every place*."

His methods, it is true, were peculiar, and sometimes eccentric, but he knew how to command the attention and win the hearts of his hearers. It is questionable, perhaps, whether any man can be exceptionally useful without becoming at the same time eccentric. At any rate the folly of some men is wiser than the wisdom of others. They are eccentric simply because the common orbit of movement is so narrow. They may not, after all, be so much beyond, as the majority of men are within the boundaries of common sense. And if only for the sake of maintaining an equipoise we may be thankful that there are some men who have the courage to break through the trammels of conventional etiquette, and with startling methods trouble the listless flow and routine of an inert mannerism, and complacent resting in the mere discharge of duty. Mr. Bailey was just the man for such a service. He was "*a free lance*, and could never have been trained and drilled to act as conventional propriety would dictate." But free and unconventional as was his lance, it was as a host in itself, and might well have been the envy of more precise but less successful associates. His practice of addressing himself pointedly to certain of his hearers was one which could not safely be imitated by anyone who had not his tact and temper, but in his case it often resulted in some of the smartest and most appreciated of his sayings, and occasionally very powerful appeals. And, while it would not be prudent for others to adopt what to him was a peculiar gift, the object for which he so successfully employed it is one which every preacher must wish to attain by means of such gifts as he has received. For except conviction can be wrought on the minds of the hearers preaching is an idle waste of time, and a grievous misuse of that high voca-

tion. No such reflection however, whatever might be said of the means he employed, could be laid to Mr. Bailey's account. There was little or no circumlocution in his style of address. Whatever subject he might touch, straight to the mark he went. Nor would there be room to doubt what was meant, or who was intended. He says, "I called sin, sin; hell, hell; the devil, devil; damnation, damnation." And, in an equally unmistakeable manner, the sinner and the sin would be brought suddenly into contact where the arrow of conviction would be sent home with vehement and overpowering energy. In the midst of a sermon on "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" and after he had carefully laid the foundation of gospel grace, so that many a sinner, already trembling and broken-hearted at the contrasted pictures of wrath and mercy, was half inclined to cry for salvation, he suddenly brought the matter to an issue by the thundering question, "Will the sinners be able to stand?" And, following up his advantage with quiet and penetrating scrutiny, he went on to ask, "Will the liar be able to stand? The swearer? The Sabbath-breaker? The thief? The adulterer? The murderer?" And then fixing his eyes on one of the boldest and most determined of unbelievers he said, "Thomas — will you be able to stand?" And as the man fell on his face, crying for mercy, another, and another, and yet another was appealed to in the same way, and with the same result, till the whole place was a Bochim, and the weepers refused to be comforted until Christ had revealed Himself as their Saviour, when the reaction of feeling became so intense that the joy of the congregation was almost tumultuous as they sang the lines,

"Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide."

The zeal and heartiness with which he engaged in the work was, if possible, a more striking feature of his ministry than "the quickness of expression, the fertility of resource, the brilliance of imagination, and that sparkling wit which flashed in his discourses, and which made him so 'mighty in word.'" He had entered the ministry, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He had resolved on finishing his course with joy, and was not to be deterred by difficulties and obstacles. The most painful hardships and the bitterest persecutions were as nothing compared with the object of his ambition—the winning of souls for Christ. At a certain village, where the people were said to be already good Christians, his coming to preach the Gospel was heralded by a peal of church bells, and what was of a more serious nature, a shower of stones, one of which struck him so severely that the blood ran

over his face, as he warned his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. Finding that he could not preach them into silence, he fell on his knees and began to pray for them, and while thus engaged the man who had struck him drew near and begged his pardon. "I am no pope to grant you pardon," was the reply, "get away at once to Jesus Christ, and I'll ask Him to have mercy on thee, and to save thee from a hell of fire. The devil tempted thee to throw a stone to break my head. The Lord has in some measure broken thy heart, and I am willing to have the other side of my head broken if the Lord will break the heart of another person, and save his soul from hell." When relating this circumstance on a missionary platform some years afterwards, he suddenly turned to a brother who was with him on the platform, and said, "You would not mind having a broken head or two, would you?" and, before he had time to reply, went on to say, "If you would, you are not worth a straw, and you shall never come on the missionary platform with me again."

The Spirit of the Master had taken such possession of him that he was prepared joyfully to follow in His footsteps, wherever they might lead. The charm of preaching the Gospel was such that he would gladly live a thousand years to be engaged in such blessed work. "Sometimes he had no food, no bed, no money, but even then he was happy in the Lord." The poorest circuit or mission because it was a sphere of usefulness, had for him a positive charm. "When he and a beloved colleague were about to leave the Isle of Wight, he prayed that his dear son in the Gospel might be appointed to a circuit where there were troops of friends, but for himself he would be content with the hardest and worst station that could be found, for that would be much better than he deserved." Very magnanimous, too, was his answer when persons expressed their surprise how a man of his ability and usefulness could be content to remain with such a small, poor, and despised people, and be content with such a pittance for his services. "I have no wish," he would say, "to belong to a large and influential denomination merely because it is large and influential. . . . And as to my stipend, *that* is not small; why, sometimes we have *three hundred a year, three hundred a year!*" But his income in that case was computed by the number of souls that were saved, and not by the sovereigns that were received. Late in life, and in a letter which he addressed to the Conference, he said, "If I had my choice and the strength I once had I would rather continue to labour as I have done in the poorest circuit or mission, than be either a king or an angel. . . . My great grief is, that my health will not admit of my taking any station. For forty-nine years I was a

stranger to weakness or anything of the kind, but for the last seven I can say that, by the grace of God, I have been a martyr to the cause." He had spent his strength, his money, and all he had in preaching Christ, the sinner's Friend, and, while taking a review of it in his martyrdom of affliction, could say, "If I had the strength, nothing would delight me so much as to go over the ground again." The ardour with which he was consumed may well fill one with amazement. But it explains the secret of his extraordinary success. When his aptitude for every form of evangelistic work was so remarkable it is scarcely possible to single out any particular example, and claim for it the pre-eminence, but his practice of addressing some words of warning or counsel to almost every one whom he met, and the readiness of resource that he had at his command, most certainly distinguished him. We are the more anxious to draw attention to this conduct of his as, in all probability, it is one of the most useful forms of Christian service. Dr. A. J. Gordon, in his introduction to the life of Uncle John Vassar, a man who excelled in the same practice, says, "Admonished as we are to 'redeem the time,' to be 'instant in season and out of season,' we cannot overestimate the importance of economizing stray opportunities. And while volumes have been written on the art of making sermons, let me enforce the lesson of making sermonettes, on thrusting in the Gospel brieflet, where the occasion will not allow of the lengthened discourse. It is, we venture to say, the hardest chapter in Homiletics to learn. Preachers spend so much time in getting inured to Saul's armour, with its close-fitting joints of logic, with its burnished ornaments of rhetoric and illustration, that, if they do not come to disdain David's sling and stone, they have little time to practise with it. But the man of God that will be thoroughly furnished must learn the use of the humble sling of ejaculatory warning, and the smooth stone of scripture quotation. And if we imagine that these are only inferior weapons fitted for reaching the heart of the simple minded and ignorant, let us remember that there is nothing mightier in all God's armoury than a text of scripture, and that one of these may, like David's pebble, hit the head, when we expected it to strike no higher than the heart." Mr. Bailey possessed this gift, and cultivated it with utmost diligence. Consciences that were not only asleep, but encased in an armour of unbelief and worldly indifference, would suddenly be awakened by the unexpected entry of some short, sharp, crisp sentence of Gospel truth or warning, which had cleaved its way through the joints of the harness, and pricked the heart to its very quick. And once the inward ear had been reached, there would be certain to follow words of loving

counsel and entreaty. "The sun is shining, sir," said a man whom he overtook on the road. "Yes," was the reply, "two suns, one shining out, the other in," and immediately they were engaged in a conversation on other things than the outward and visible. Presently afterwards he overtook two soldiers, and stepping between them and taking each by the arm he said, "I am a soldier, too." "You a soldier! where's your uniform?" "I wear that inside," was the reply, and instantly the men were listening to a description of a higher service than that in which they were engaged. Meeting a tall, big man, one dark night, he walked straight up to him, and shouted, "I'm a robber. I've been on the road forty years!" And then, lowering his voice, and with great tenderness he added, "but I only want to rob the devil of your soul, and I should like to do that to-night." And immediately he was wrestling with the man for his salvation.

With such a method of persistent warfare it was impossible that he should escape occasional banter and ridicule, but he had always a ready means of defence. A fool was very likely to be answered according to his folly. A man thinking that his appearance afforded him an opportunity for sarcasm said, "Please, sir, are you a pig-jobber?" and was effectually silenced by the reply, "Please, sir, are you for sale?" It was not safe to measure swords with him in a contest of wit.

In this work by the wayside he was not content with such opportunities as crossed his path, but eagerly directed his steps in whatever direction they were to be found. "As the botanist starts to find a new or rare specimen, or as the astronomer closely scans the heavens to discover a new star, so Mr. Bailey resolutely set himself to search out families, hamlets, villages, destitute of Christ and His salvation. Ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles a day has he gone preaching to the people where little groups could be got to listen, and praying with families in their homes, or travellers by the wayside, or labourers in the fields and woods, until his strength was all spent." If opportunities of usefulness had been wanting he would have created them for himself, rather than have failed to do good. Impossibility was a word scarcely to be found in his vocabulary. It is not surprising that his life should have produced the impression that a few such men as he would, by God's blessing, change the whole face of society in an incredibly short time. We fully endorse Mr. Bourne's opinion that "If all ministers and workers for Christ drank more deeply into Mr. Bailey's spirit, and adopted more freely his methods, the most difficult problem of our times would be solved."

The author, in this second volume of the *Billy Bray* series, has

furnished us with another admirable work, for which our thanks are due. We hope that he will be prepared to add another and yet another to what is likely to prove a most interesting and useful series of books. The Life of Mr. Bailey should have a wide circulation wherever men and women are endeavouring to do the Master's will in seeking the salvation of the world. We commend it with the utmost confidence to our friends everywhere, in the belief that it will be the means, under God's blessing, of intensifying the zeal, and lighting up anew the Christian experience, of a great number of persons. R.

THE MEANING OF THE APPELLATION 'SAINTS' IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

THE writers of the New Testament call believers *saints* without thought of the degree of their Christian life or the worthiness of their conduct. This New Testament use may be explained by an Old Testament analogy. The priests were *holy*, whatever might be their conduct. Samson was a *holy man of God*, even in the embrace of Delilah. For God's claim that they should be His had placed them in a new position; and could not be set aside by, although it greatly aggravated the guilt of, their unfaithfulness. Just so, God claims for Himself all those whom He rescues from the penalty of their sins. And, whatever they may do, His claim puts them in a new and very solemn position. They may be, like the Corinthians (1 Cor. iii. 3), *babes in Christ* and *carnal*: like the Corinthians (c. 1, 2), they are still *sanctified in Christ Jesus*. The word *saint* is therefore very appropriate as a designation of the followers of Christ: for it declares what God requires them to be. To admit sin or selfishness into their hearts is sacrilege. Nay more. It also points out their privilege. By calling His people saints, God declares His will that we live a life of which He is the one and only aim. Therefore, since our own efforts have proved that such a life is utterly beyond our power, we may take back to God the name He gives us, and claim that it be realised by His power in our heart and life. To keep these all-important truths ever before the mind of believers, the Holy Spirit moved the early Christians to speak of themselves as *saints*—as *holy men*. This is the objective holiness of the Church of Christ.

* From a very instructive little book, entitled "*Holiness as understood by the Writers of the Bible*," by J. A. BEET. It is published by Hodder and Stoughton, price 9d. sewed, 1s. cloth.

MILTON : LATEST POEMS.

THE subject of *Paradise Regained*, as Professor Masson remarks, "is expressly and exclusively the Temptation of Christ by the Devil in the Wilderness." It is therefore in some measure a misnomer; and all the criticism that has been heaped upon it, and all the maudlin abuse of the poet on its account amount to simply this—

"The very head and front of his offending
Hath this extent, no more."

"Why did not Milton pursue the subject further? Why has he said nothing of the teachings, miracles, sufferings, and death of our Lord?" Possibly for several reasons that never entered our heads or the heads of his impertinent questioners. At all events a poet of Milton's order has usually a will of his own, and is pretty independent of other men's opinions. It will not be difficult however to find an answer at least as rational as the enquiry. Adam's apostasy is an action dramatically complete; and the genius of Milton has drawn around it the vast problems of Eternity, the mystery of the Only-Begotten Son, the rebellion and fall of Satan, the creation of the visible universe, the meditated revenge of Hell and its temporary success. But the restoration of deluded humanity and the ultimate triumph of goodness and love over the malignity and craft of the Tempter are the great work of all time, and will not be finally achieved till time itself is once more engulfed in Eternity. It began in Eden with the tears of penitent Adam, and will only be consummated when "God is all in all." It was around the Son of God that this conflict assumed its deadliest form; and His obedience was the virtual triumph of love, and the pledge of its final triumph hereafter. Milton has selected the first severe test of this obedience as the type and promise of them all.

"I who erewhile the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness."

Masson puts the matter in this way: "The virtual deliverance of the world from the power of Satan and his crew may be represented as achieved in Christ's life on earth, and Milton represents it as achieved in Christ's first encounter with Satan at the outset of His ministry: but the actual or physical expulsion of the evil spirits out of their usurped world into their own nether realm was left as a matter of prophecy or promise, and was certainly not regarded

by Milton as having been accomplished even at the time he wrote." In spite therefore of the nobility of the subject it is ill-adapted to Epic poetry, as it wants unity and dramatic completeness. It is with *Paradise Regained* as it is with *Faust*: both poems are unfinished, and, from the very nature of the subject in both cases, must for ever remain unfinished.

Another reason may be suggested why Milton chose to confine himself to the narrow circle already indicated. The sufferings and death of Jesus Christ seem to me an exceedingly improper subject for Epic poetry, or indeed poetry of any description, except, perhaps, devotional hymns. Many critics and editors, some of them divines of exalted station, have, I know, expressed a widely different opinion; and we are told a great deal about "the imagination roving in these realities, and losing itself in wonder," etc., etc. The plain answer to all this is that such roving of the imagination degrade the sacred theme they think to celebrate. To pry and prate where angels fear to gaze is gross irreverence. Even a florid essay or a tricky sermon on such a text bespeaks a disordered judgment and detestable taste. One has only to contrast the impotent eloquence of the imagination and fancy when employed on such a theme with the plain unvarnished story of St. Matthew (chap. 27) to feel the wide heaven of difference. Paintings, too, of these dread scenes are in another way objectionable. They direct the attention almost exclusively to the physical side of the Great Sufferer's agony, while the exceeding bitterness of soul,—the rebuke that broke His heart,—is forgotten. The man that asks the sensuous aids of poetry and painting and music to picture the scenes of Calvary has read the Gospels all awry, or has forgotten what he read.

Milton has followed the Biblical narrative with scrupulous exactness. The poem consists almost entirely of soliloquy and dialogue, the want of action rendering it less interesting to many readers than *Paradise Lost*. With respect to the order of the temptations, the poet has followed the narrative of St. Luke, representing the insidious challenge to presumption and spiritual pride as the last desperate wile of the baffled Tempter. Jesus and Satan are almost the only characters. The Blessed Virgin and the Eternal Father speak, but not directly to either of the chief actors. Belial, however, makes a short speech and shows himself as vile as when he addressed the solemn council in Pandemonium. The character of Mary as sketched by her Son, and revealed in her own reverie (Lib. II. 66—104.) is exquisitely natural and lovely, another proof of Milton's just appreciation of female excellence. Of the character of Jesus I do not speak.

The Satan of *Paradise Regained* is by no means the mighty Archangel that in *Paradise Lost* confronted the hosts of Michael and shook the throne of Heaven. Professor Masson says, "The thousands of years he (Satan) has spent in his self-elected function as the devil of our earth have told upon his nature, and even upon his mien and bearing. He is a meaner, shrewder spirit, both morally and physically less impressive." This is ingenious; but we are not compelled to adopt any such theory to explain the difference. The character is in both cases admirably adapted to the exigencies of the poem; and Milton was certainly under no necessity of adhering to his original conception of the great Adversary, when it no longer suited his purpose. Whatever excuse may be urged in Cervantes' defence, it is a manifest defect in *Don Quixote* that in Part I. the hero is little better than a crack-brained country squire of La Mancha, and in Part II, is a gentleman adorned with virtues more than knightly, brave, courteous, refined, scholarly, prudent, and noble-minded, but suffering from a mysterious monomania. But *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* are in no sense parts of one artistic whole, but are separate and independent poems. On this principle, without expressing any opinion on what is called the "Homeric controversy," it may be safely assumed that no argument against the common authorship of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, founded on the different conceptions of Zeus in the two poems, is of any weight, unless it can be shown that the different aspects of the Olympic polity presented in the two works arises from a corresponding difference in the state of human society when they were written.

The descriptive parts of *Paradise Regained* are most excellent, as, for example, the inimitable sketch of Athens. There is one passage (Lib. III. 71—87), by no means one of the most successful as mere poetry, which it would be well for us and the world if the myriads of our fellow-countrymen would "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." The lesson it teaches will have to be learnt, and happy will it be for England if she learns it before she is scourged to it with a whip of scorpions.

It was formerly the fashion to rank *Paradise Regained* much below *Paradise Lost*. The authority of Coleridge has gone far to change this opinion. As far as I am able to judge it is within its own limits at least equal to the earlier poem; and to quarrel with this limitation is simply to regret that Milton did not choose another subject. *Paradise Regained* does not by any means stand in the same relation to *Paradise Lost* as *Enoch Arden* does to the *Idylls of the King*.

The one great fault of the poem is indicated in the following

words of a gentleman whose marvellous grasp and versatility of intellect are only equalled by the moral grandeur of his character and his amazing energy: "I must frankly own that, for one, I can never read, without pain, the disparaging account of the Greek mind and its achievements, which, in the Fourth Book of the *Paradise Regained*, so great a man as Milton has too boldly put into the mouth of our Blessed Lord. We there find our sympathies divided in an indescribable and most unhappy manner, between the person of the Allwise, and the language and ideas, on the whole not less just, which are given to Satan. In particular, I lament the claim, really no better than a childish one, made on the part of the Jews, to be considered as the fountain head of the Greek arts and letters, and the assumption for them of higher attainments in political science. This is a sacrifice of truth, reason, and history to prejudice, by which, as by all such proceedings, religion is sure to be in the end the loser." (W. E. Gladstone: *Homer and the Homeric Age*, Vol. II). This mischievous mistake has been a hundred times repeated in language more reckless than Milton's. It is most unfortunate that a claim so preposterous is very frequently put forward with noisy ostentation, in essays and lectures on the Holy Scriptures. The Bible has claims upon us so deep and sacred that mere literary merit however firmly established could add no strength to them; and it only endangers these legitimate claims to advance pretensions that are neither just nor true.

"*Samson Agonistes* is the latest of Milton's poems; we see in it, perhaps more distinctly than in *Paradise Regained*, the ebb of a mighty tide. An air of uncommon grandeur prevails throughout; but the language is less poetical than in *Paradise Lost*; the vigour of thought remains, but it wants much of its ancient eloquence." (Hallam: *Literature of Europe*, Vol. IV). I quote these words, not because I agree with them, but because they express in a few lines the substance of many long pages written on the poem. Most readers will agree, I think, that *as mere poetry* this drama is the least successful of Milton's greater works. But for my own part I find no evidence whatever of failing strength,—the ebb of the mighty tide,—which is usually perceptible by failing vigour of thought; and this, as Mr. Hallam admits, is nowhere found. Macaulay traces the comparative failure of the poem (as such) to the benumbing influence of the classic drama, and to the poet's fondness for Euripides. That there is great truth in the former suggestion cannot be denied. The genius of Milton was intensely subjective and he was therefore as unlikely to succeed in dramatic poetry as Byron or Wordsworth. *Samson Agonistes* is the most intensely subjective of all his works, and therefore *dramatic* success

was impossible. It will be difficult however to discover any trace of the influence of Euripides in the poem; for if we do not find in it the magnificent poetry of Æschylus and Sophocles, still less do we find the meretricious rhetoric, the sophisms, and paradoxes, that disfigure the so-called philosophy of their younger rival. After all, Macaulay's explanation breaks down at the critical point. Why did not the genius of Milton burst through the restraints of the drama, as Samson himself burst through the strong barriers of Gaza? How is it, especially, that in the choruses, where Euripides himself sometimes does right by accident, the author of *Comus* and *Lycidas* has hardly once caught the genuine Lyric inspiration? I have said above that I do not believe the true explanation of all this is that suggested by Hallam and repeated with greater emphasis by Mr. Pattison. The latter gentleman has in another passage stated in beautiful, though I do not think quite accurate, language, the circumstance that for a long time past I have considered a sufficient explanation of the comparative failure of *Samson Agonistes* as a work of art: "The triumphant royalist reaction of 1660, when the old serpent bruised the heel of freedom by totally crushing Puritanism(?), is singular in this, that the agonised cry of the beaten party has been preserved in a contemporary monument, the intensest utterance of the most intense of English poets—the *Samson Agonistes*." (Milton: English Men of Letters).

Here we have the clue to the whole mystery. Mr. Pattison follows Aristotle in making the power of metaphor, that is of indirect expression, the characteristic of genius. If we read *a* characteristic of genius, instead of *the*, the axiom will be obviously less useful, but far more true. Our author adds, "It is evident that this intense action of the presentative faculty is no longer at the disposal of the writer of *Samson*." And so, he argues, "there is a flagging of the forces, a drying-up of the rich sources from which had once flowed the golden stream of suggestive phrase." That we do not find this "golden stream" every reader will readily admit; that it was no longer at the poet's disposal is a very unwarrantable inference. At all events we have found a sufficient reason why he might have preferred a severer style, even if the stream of poetic imagery were flowing as freely as in 1637. The language of intense earnestness is seldom ornate and suggestive. I have little doubt that if "*Othello*," and "*Timon*," and "*Coriolanus*" had been Shakespeare's latest plays, we should have been told that, in spite of their dramatic excellencies, the language was less poetical than in "*As you like it*," "*Measure for Measure*," and other earlier works, and consequently there was an evident "ebb of the mighty tide," a drying-up of the sources of suggestive

phrase. Fortunately, however, the "Tempest" came after them all; and here we find poetic beauties scattered with as lavish a hand as in "Midsummer-Night's Dream." But the objective earnestness of Shakespeare in the dramas just named is after all very different from the intense subjectivity of Samson Agonistes. In Paradise Lost Milton had set himself to write a poem worthy of himself, of England, and of the Christian faith; in Samson he had a message from God to his fellow-countrymen and their children, and little he recked whether, in the telling, it turned out a song or a sermon.

Mr. Pattison calls the poem "the agonised cry" of vanquished Puritanism. It may be more correctly called the dying defiance of the mighty champion of Puritanism; who, in the day of disastrous defeat, with the shadows of death fast gathering around him, his bodily vision already veiled in "total eclipse," could, by faith's unclouded eye, penetrate the dark vista of the future, and anticipate the day when the gospel he had so deeply loved and served so well,—the gospel of freedom and moral purity,—shall bruise the foul head of the insulting foe. On the whole I find much more of triumph than of agony in Samson. The poet feels indeed that *his* work is done, that in the hour of rebuke and blasphemy, when his strong help seems needed most, he must doff his armour, and leave the conflict to others; but his faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause for which he has fought does not waver a moment: in defeat and death he catches the far-off shout of Victory!

We are so accustomed to speak and think of Milton as a poet, that we sometimes forget, I fear, how deeply we are indebted to his patriotism. Yet he devoted his life and his splendid talents to an earnest and triumphant vindication of the most sacred rights of humanity. His prose works abound with the most eloquent outbursts in defence of civil and religious liberty that were ever penned. This essential part of Milton's life-work has seldom, I think, been treated with greater injustice than by Mr. Pattison. To fasten on a few coarse expressions, which are not peculiar to this author, but are also found in nearly all the polemical writings of that age, and which are certainly neither more numerous nor more virulent than the personalities of Erasmus, or Luther, or Calvin, and not nearly so spiteful and shameless as the language of the leading royalist writers, whether divines or laymen, and to represent these as being the very warp and abb of the fabric, appears to me more like ecclesiastical prejudice than fair criticism. What would Mr. Pattison, what would Professor Jowett, say of a man who represented the "De Corona" as nothing better than vulgar abuse of an old schoolmaster, Æschines' father, whose only

crime was his poverty? As, however, a paper will be devoted to the prose works, we need pursue the subject no further just now. The reason for my referring to it at all is this: Mr. Pattison makes the publication of these works a prostitution of genius, and compares it to Samson's sin with Delilah. I need hardly say that I look on the matter in a totally different light.

There is at least as great a contrast as resemblance between Samson and Milton. The Samson of the Hebrew story is a grovelling sensualist: Milton was one of the purest men that ever breathed the free air of heaven. Samson lost his liberty and his eyes through effeminacy and disobedience: Milton spent the last hours of daylight in vindicating his country, which had been shamefully slandered and maligned. We shall do the poet a gross injustice if we push the parallel too far. This is in no way inconsistent with what is said above of the subjectivity of Samson *Agonistes*. Milton might have said of the hero of his drama, as Wordsworth said on another occasion, but half of it is Samson, and half myself.

The royalist reaction of 1660 was the temporary triumph of lust and all ungodliness. Belial himself sat enthroned in the hearts of men, and king and priest delighted to have it so. The tone of "Society" during the next twenty years (1660—1680), as reflected in the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley, and revealed in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, was so deliberately villainous, so shamelessly and gratuitously vile, that to find a parallel we must go back to the days of Elagabalus. Milton had been striving all his life long to provoke his countrymen to a love of purity and moral excellence. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," is the noble text of his noblest writings. And this is what had come of it! Here we have the *agony* of Samson *Agonistes*. But amid the frantic riot of the worshippers of Bacchus and Astarté a still small voice whispered "peace" to the blind solitary poet, and spoke to him of the promised day when "Holiness" shall be written on the bells of the horses; and Faith became to him "the substance of things hoped for." Here we have the *triumph* of Samson. Comus is more beautiful, *Paradise Lost* is more sublime; but, to my mind, no poem of the English language is hallowed by such holy associations as *Samson Agonistes*.

THOS. RUDDLE.

LORENZO DOW.

(Continued from page 113.)

VERTAKEN by night on one occasion, he unceremoniously entered a house, and craved permission to stay all night. The woman reluctantly consented, and barred the door against further visitors. Soon her husband returned, when a man who was in the house when Lorenzo entered, hid himself in a large box under a mass of flax hatchelings. The husband, who had been drinking, was introduced to Dow, who, he outrageously insisted, must raise the devil; not that he believed in a devil, but if there was one, he wanted to see him. The preacher saw his opportunity, and said, "If you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of the way, or he may take you with him. When he comes it will be in a flame of fire, and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of brimstone matches, and muttering some unintelligible words, Dow then set fire to the flax under which the friend was hid, and cried out, "Come forth, thou evil one, and begone for ever." Out jumped the fellow, enveloped in flame, and, with an unearthly yell, disappeared through the open door. To his dying day the sobered spouse maintained that Lorenzo Dow could raise the devil. He had seen him do it; he had seen and smelled Satan himself.

Eccentricity cropped out in his venturesome predictions. When on the Dutchess and Columbia Circuit, he occasionally pointed to persons in the congregation, and said, "That young man will be in his grave before I visit this place again." Some of the parties lived nearly, if not quite, as long as himself; but he took pains to fulfil his own predictions by never revisiting the places where the living subjects of them resided. He was safe enough in prophesying that evils were coming on the land. There is such an unfailing cloud of ills in company with each successive year that the prophet runs no risk in such vaticinations. But when he ventured to prophecy that Miss Mary R. Garrettson, just deceased in her eighty-sixth year, would not live to see fifteen; when he informed Mr. Garrettson of the near demise of his wife, who lived to the age of ninety-six; and even hinted to a young lady that she might be called to fill Mrs. Garrettson's place, he only succeeded in making most egregious failures. In Jewish lands and in patriarchal times his prophetic career would have come to an untimely end under a shower of cobble-stones.

In the interpretation of prophecy he was ordinarily successful, as such things run. Of course, he had his theories as to the meaning of all that is mystical in Ezekiel, Daniel, and Revelation, and his

theories are neither better nor worse than those of most expositors. In his opinion "the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia" (Isaiah xviii.), is the continent of America. "The Russian empire embraces the Gog and Magog of Scripture," and as to the Tarshish merchants and young lions, spoken of in Ezekiel xxxviii. 13, he apparently agrees with the Jews, who, he says, "suppose Tarshish merchants to refer to England, and the young lions to the United States, who in that day will act in unison for their deliverance by a superintending Providence."

Not a little of what is startling and repulsive in Lorenzo Dow is to be ascribed to the condition of popular culture in his day. The times were more simple, plain, and credulous than now. His journals are full of tales about his dreams, and unpleasantly minute accounts of his multitudinous sicknesses. How he lived through those direful afflictions, and how Peggy, his heroic "rib," survived the wearisome and exhausting experiences through which he led her, must ever remain among the unsolved mysteries.

Scattered here and there throughout his writings are epigrammatic sentences of rare moral value, such as the following: "I ought to do right if other people do wrong, and the best way that ever I found to kill an enemy was to love him to death." "No man is a deist who dare not take an oath to relinquish all favours from God through Christ." "It is a foolish thing to take the devil's tools to do the Lord's work with." "A lazy Christain is as great a solecism as an honest thief, a sober drunkard, a chaste harlot, or a holy devil."

Methodism has had curious and peculiar instruments in abundance; but none more curious and peculiar than this son of "the land of steady habits." In his native New England, in the frosts and snows of Canada, in the fervid sunshine of Georgia, in the towns and villages of Great Britain and Ireland, and amid the wilds of the Mississippi Valley he would proclaim the great salvation within the limits of a brief period, and always in stirring sensational style. Nor were his labours without remarkable results, especially in his early ministry. In 1798 six hundred were taken into society on two of his circuits within the short space of ten months.

In 1799, in pursuance of deep conviction of duty, he deserted his circuit in Vermont, embarked in a leaky canoe, with a bush for a sail, passed down the Mussisquoi River to Lake Champlain and to Canada. Thence he sailed on an evangelistic mission to Ireland. His health was infirm. "To tarry is death," said he; "to go I do but die." Go he did, and landed at Larne, in the north of Ireland, on November 27. His mission proved remarkably successful. He experienced all the vicissitudes of evangelistic toil. Some received

him kindly ; but more were cold and distant, and advised him to return to America. In Belfast he was sent to prison for preaching in the streets, and he improved the opportunity of speaking to the prisoners. At Dublin he met Bishop Coke, who had just returned from America, and who requested him to go as a missionary to Halifax or Quebec, offering to bear his expenses for six years. Dow tearfully declined, whereupon "the doctor grasped me in his arms, gave me a hug, and went his way." At this time he was not quite twenty-three years of age.

In April, 1801, he returned home, was continued on trial at the ensuing Conference, and stationed, at Garrettson's request, on the Dutchess and Columbia Circuit, with David Brown and William Thatcher as colleagues. The change from the fervour and enthusiasm of Hibernia to the immobility of an old Dutch community was too much for him. He came to Rhinebeck, and announced himself by thrusting his head and shoulders through the open window of a shoemaker's shop, and asking if there was anybody round there who cared anything about religion. "Yes, I do," said Brother M'Carty, who lived to the age of ninety, and often repeated the story. Conversation followed. "Who are the preachers stationed on this circuit"? queried M'Carty. Dow mentioned their names. "What! crazy Dow! He will break up the circuit," said the plain-spoken brother, who had not seen the "eccentric cosmopolite" before. Dow did not reveal himself, refused to tell his name, complained that the meetings were cold and lifeless, and felt as if he were delivering his message "to the wrong people."

Again he left his work without leave, and betook himself to itinerancy at large, for which he expected "to be as a leper shut out of the camp." At the next Conference his name was left off the Minutes, but Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat proved to be kinder than he anticipated. The latter particularly treated him with love and tenderness. The preachers were more severe, and "hatcheled" him, but "without bitterness." Jesse Lee, whom he met in Virginia, used him with great consideration. Coke and Asbury subsequently stated, in 1803, that he had done the Methodist Society no harm. Bishop Asbury even gave him an opportunity to preach before a Conference in session.

In 1803 he was recommended as a preacher of the Gospel "to the world of mankind" by the governor, secretary, and twenty-eight members of the legislature of Georgia. The great seal of the State was affixed to the document. The Governor of Virginia afterwards gave him a written recommendation, certified by the seal of the State. "Mr. Madison, the third man in the nation," gave him an American protection under the seal of the United States, and the

Governor, with other officials of the State of Connecticut, furnished him with a certified statement of his parentage, character, &c., &c. The United States passport, in the usual form, describes him as being about "five feet ten inches in height, rather light-complexioned, and much marked with the small-pox, having small, light eyes, dark brown hair and eye-brows, small features and short visage, a scrofulous mark on his neck under the chin on the right side."

Armed with these credentials, attested by Nicholas Snethen and James Quackenbush, he again set sail for the Old World, November 10, 1805, accompanied by his wife—poor, patient, long-suffering, much-enduring, saintly Peggy! She deserves far more than a passing tribute to her exalted Christian womanhood.

The English preachers did not rejoice at his advent. Thomas Taylor thought he was "not settled in his head." Atmore shut the door upon him, and Jabez Bunting would not be seen by him. Whether he called on those dignitaries with two hats on his head and an undyed wool coat hanging down to his heels, or in more conventional costume, his journals do not record. "Adam Clarke," he wrote, "treated me as a gentleman." He was, however, too stern an advocate of order, too unbending an opponent of noise, to suit his visitor. Dr. Coke shook him off with some difficulty—for what, except general reasons, does not appear—and thereby incurred Dow's lasting displeasure.

Perhaps letters written by Nicholas Snethen to Joseph Benson, the commentator, and Matthias Joyce, the book-steward in Dublin, on November 16, only six days after Dow's departure, had something to do with the coolness of his reception. They were written in an unfriendly spirit, and they overshot the mark of the writer. Lorenzo, nevertheless, was injured by them. "His manners," quoth Snethen to Joyce, "have been clownish in the extreme, his habit and appearance more filthy than a savage Indian, his public discourses a mere rhapsody, the substance often an insult upon the Gospel." He is an "ape," a "shameless intruder," a "most daring impostor."

In Ireland he found many friends and many adversaries. In Dublin he took tea with Lord and Lady Belvedere, and in other places often lacked a comfortable meal. In sixty-seven days he "travelled about seventeen hundred English miles, and held about two hundred meetings, in most of which the quickening power of God was to be felt, and some were set at liberty before we parted." For two nights and one day during this tour "the Threshers" pursued him as a noted heretic. Orders were also sent from the Dublin authorities to arrest him; but he escaped the hands of both parties.

After his second return from Great Britain and Ireland, he travelled extensively and incessantly. In labours more abundant, in sickness, in debt, in destitution, and under clouds of detraction, he persisted in his erratic fashion in declaring the whole counsel of God. General Taylor, with other friends, helped to relieve his wants, while enemies plotted to compass his financial ruin. He records, "a world of contradictions, falsifications, and imbecile with outward inconvenience, as heat, cold, hunger, thirst, with pain and sickness in the vicissitudes of life, have been analects of my journey; but God has been my protector and consolation."

The press often descanted upon him in Snethen's style. In the eyes of some writers his appearance was mean, his delivery ungraceful in the extreme, and his discourses rodomontade without argument or eloquence. Others beheld in him an eccentric, but gifted preacher, liberal in doctrine, and no more mad than the eloquent Paul when he stood before Festus. Probably he differed much at different times. In 1830 he complained of an impostor who had assumed his name and travelled on his credit. "Hence," said he, "I had to bear some of the follies of his conduct; and twice narrowly escaped the hickory (on the principles of Lynch's law) as being considered the counterfeit Lorenzo."

In 1833 he visited many of the churches in the New York Conference, Rhinebeck among the number; spent seven weeks in the tour, and attended about twenty meetings a week. One who heard him then says that his voice was fine, his manner fervent, but not noisy, and his illustrations uncouth, but remarkably striking. Some specimens of humanity he compared to mounds of manure, covered with snow. Labour ceased only with life. He died suddenly at Washington City, February 2, 1834.

Reviewing his life, we cannot help noticing many special interpositions of Divine providence in his behalf. He saw the good hand of his God upon him for good in all these incidents. Wishing to cross the Hudson at Kingston, but lacking the money to pay his ferryage, he spies a shilling in the sand. It just pays his ferryage. At Wethersfield, Connecticut, a woman leaves in his hand a dollar, which is the only money he receives for some time. At various times his escapes from robbers, murderers, beasts of prey, and ruthless Indians were hair-breadth and numerous. In Ireland the power of the police was tasked to the uttermost to save him from martyrdom. "Stones, brickbats, slush, mud, sticks, and dead cats, and whatsoever came to hand, at times seemed to fly like hail, while the yells of the people seemed to cut and jar the air, as if the imps of the lower regions had broke loose and come up."

Some men who resembled him and were mistaken for him were

murdered in cold blood. Neither Romanists, nor Episcopalians, nor Calvinists, nor any people except those who had discernment enough to perceive true Christian heroism under that forbidding exterior, bore him any particular love. He was a "speckled bird" from beginning to end of his religious life.

Of his Divine call to preach the Gospel he seems never to have had a doubt. He felt that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed to him, and that woe was unto him if he were not faithful in the exercise of his functions. Popular sins found no mercy at his hands. His voice was lifted up like a trumpet against the abominations of the land, and in warnings of impending dangers. Encouragement from the church he had next to none, either at home or abroad. Both the English and the Irish Conferences disavowed him as a Methodist preacher, and disclaimed all sanction of his peculiar measures. In Virginia "Mr. Dow's *clownish manners*, his *heterodox* and *schismatic* proceedings" were denounced in the *Richmond Compiler* by the Rev. Henry Hardy.

Had the English preachers known how to utilise this anomalous genius, Wesleyan Methodism might have been much stronger in Great Britain and Ireland than it is to-day. On his first visit to those countries he spoke at Mow Hill, on the origin, progress, and consequence of camp-meetings in America. The people seconded his desire to hold one, or rather a field meeting, which is all that an English camp-meeting has ever been. Many attended, and much good was done. The preachers stationed in that vicinity opposed the innovation, and the Conference subsequently condemned it. Two or three local preachers were expelled from the Connexion because of their persistent determination to sustain it. They entered at once upon evangelistic labour, and were amazingly successful. Disciples increased, the name of *Primitive Methodists* was assumed, and to-day the body stands next to the Wesleyan Methodists in numbers and popular influence—perhaps not even second in respect to evangelistic effectiveness.

Sincere in his professions of disinterested philanthropy, he refused to receive more than would provide him with a hand-to-mouth subsistence. Yet he rarely suffered for the want of any good thing. Punctual in the performance of all promises, whether to preach or pay, he created almost universal confidence in his probity and ability. Brave, but discreet, he incurred the hostility of rowdies in Virginia by reproving them for striking the blacks. In wonted *chivalrous* style, they mobbed and raged at him; but he defied them, dared them to do their worst, and subdued them by invoking the interference of the secular authorities. Ireland and England, sea and land, all witnessed his passive but positive

courage in bearing and braving evil. Liberal to a fault, he gave large sums from the pecuniary profits arising from the sale of his writings to build churches and for sundry other beneficent purposes.

His Yankee blood and training were evinced in the keenness of his observations and in the shrewdness of his philosophising. The wonderful remains of aboriginal civilisation, so abundant in the South and West, deeply interested him. The marked contrast between the dilatory habits of the people on the left bank of the Ohio and the prompt procedure of those who live on the right bank he justly ascribed to slavery. In England he noticed the efficiency of thirty woman preachers—one-third of the whole number then belonging to the Primitive Methodists—and inferred the propriety of employing such labourers everywhere. Romanist priests, bound by oath to the service of the Pope, he held, could not bear true allegiance to the United States. Of the Quakers, Shakers, Hebrews, and many other classes, he speaks in terms indicative of piercing insight and judicial appreciation. While travelling at large he saw enough of those strange physical phenomena known as “the jerks” to convince him that God had sent them “partly in judgment for the people’s unbelief, and yet as a mercy to convict people of Divine reality.”

As a philosopher, his speculations are deserving of considerable respect. He read extensively, studied closely, thought independently, and expressed his mature opinions with incisive force. His “*Analects upon Natural, Moral and Social Philosophy*” are full of sound judgment, and bristle with Republican sentiments. “His ‘*Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem*’ details the results of his inquiries into matters physical, physiologic, metaphysical, and theologic. Not unfrequently he ventures on a new definition of an old process, for example, ‘regeneration is the opposite of degeneration.’”

In what school of philosophers he should be classed it would be difficult to decide. The Intuitionists may claim him with fair show of reason. “Knowledge,” he says, “being the effect of ‘self-evidence,’ is, therefore, a *sensible or moral certainty*, which, of course, cannot admit of doubt; a man can TESTIFY no further than he knows.” A believer in Christ “has the inward Divine witness to the *sixth sense* of the ‘*soul*’; and the testimony corresponds with the demands of his ‘*seventh or common sense*,’ whereby he is able to give a rational account of it to others.”

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

IS it a mere chimera of the brain, the offspring of tradition, or does it rest on the solid basis of eternal fact? Are the hopes and desires which thrill us in respect of a life in the future sad delusions, or come they from that inner consciousness of truth derived from our Almighty Father? Must we relegate all the sublime imagery which in Holy Writ prefigures the immortality of man, to the land of dreams and fables, accepting in lieu thereof the dictum of Science, which asserts there is no evidence of such a possibility extant? Are we to sink all our aspirations in a supreme contempt for spiritual ideas and feelings, devoting all our powers to the acquisition of what one writer calls "that art, by which a man of fine cultivation may make the most of this life; learning to take death as a calm happy subsidence into oblivion"? Such are some of the pertinent questions which are suggested by a perusal of the writings of modern materialists—men who scout the notion of placing faith in the intangible things of soul and spirit. Let us briefly try to answer substantially these queries, upon a topic as tremendous in importance, as it is boundless in scope and depth!

Some of the latest achievements of Science are truly full of wonder, and compel the admiration of all thoughtful readers. We cannot remember the rapid strides which have been made in this knowledge of eternal nature—her laws, and methods of development—without being impressed by the indomitable perseverance and success that has been displayed. Yet we must not be led away from one great central truth, and it is *this* truth upon which we base all our arguments against materialism; the keystone upon which we rest the whole force of our opposition to its fallacious pretensions. We are fully prepared to grant that Science can deal freely and with competence in all pertaining to *matter*, but with *spirit* she has no such power of comprehension. Her plummet lines will not touch its fathomless depths; her bold gaze cannot pierce its solemn mysteries. She may, and does, weigh the planets, measure and determine their size and orbits, dissecting their composition by analogy; she may wrench the secrets of the forces of light and heat from the grasp of Nature; but when all is allowed, there stands yet one Temple upon which her ruthless hands can never be laid; one sphere to which she dare not penetrate—that invisible sphere which surrounds us, and is the true, immutable, imperishable universe of God! This is the Holy of holies, and Science cannot reveal the secrets it contains.

We are not about to rest our belief in the immortality of the soul

upon mere legendary evidence, or the teachings of mythology; still, in considering such a subject, we must not ignore the fact that men in all ages have clung to this idea in one form or another. The savage races who lived ere civilization dawned, and their descendants of a later age, all present evidence of a dim notion of a future state—a state that was to be higher, nobler, purer than that in which they found themselves placed. Let us not lose sight of this, for it goes towards establishing a strange, unaccountable foreshadowing which has ever possessed the hearts and affections of the race from the commencement of history till now. Modern Science takes upon itself to abandon all “sentiment,” as it is contemptuously termed, and requests *proof* that when our bodies have decayed in the grave, *we* are to exist in another form. It very triumphantly tells us chemical evidence demonstrates that our bodies are ultimately blown hither and thither, now amalgamated with the earth, now absorbed into the substance of vegetables, and then again assimilated within the frames of a rising generation; and asks us with scorn, whether, after all these changes, we can believe that our corporal selves shall rise again at the bidding of Him who created them? We can only reply in the words of One who knew the mysteries of life and death—“with *God* all things are possible;” for, truly, here is no greater miracle than many another performed daily before us, unheeded, and yet full of significance!

Let us illustrate this by a well-known physiological fact. The medical faculty assure us that after a certain period the whole of the human body is renewed; so that every fibre is changed from what it was, and we are, though outwardly and to all appearance the same, yet composed of totally different substance to that which formerly built up our living forms. Do we, however, lose all consciousness of our former stages of life, just because we are constantly undergoing this singular renovation? On the contrary, we retain the memory of early days, of pleasant and painful experiences, just as if nothing had happened. The *soul*, then, it must be, that remains unaffected, that shadowy, undefinable something, designated “*us*,” the vital reality which can and does act upon the perishable medium, while, nevertheless, independent of its various metamorphoses. Is not this marvellous? That we should be daily and hourly passing away and being renewed, and yet that *within* us there is still this unchangeable thing, surviving all the vicissitudes of the house it inhabits, and eluding all attempts to bring it before the scrutiny of Science? What are the mysteries of a resurrection but a repetition in some occult way of God's miraculous agencies for reforming that which seems destroyed; infusing life

into beings who had, apparently, lost hold upon it for all eternity ?

Materialistic philosophers often put this question in relation to a belief in immortality. How is it, presuming your assumption to be correct, that the soul and body are not one and the same organism ; how is it, that when the body is disordered the whole being becomes alike the sufferer by the derangement ? But this is a problem easy of solution. The soul acts by means of the body, and, therefore, cannot express itself in vigour or health if the state of the latter be such as to militate against such qualities. The spirit is much affected by the condition of the body, yet it retains in reality all its normal power, it is but the *vehicle* that dims its brightness, or lowers its tone. These are truths so well known that we need hardly expand them. The Bible has a beautiful phrase, which with a happy distinctness sets forth the relation between the temporal and the spiritual, where it speaks of our bodies as "temples of the Holy Spirit." Yes, reader, temples are we of the living God, and though the perishing temple crumble into ruins, yet the worshipper within shall seek another in that grand Hereafter, where the hand of Death hath no power !

What, in brief, do the arguments of modern sceptics amount to ? Can merely human power presume to measure the possibilities lying within the grasp of a Being so great, so powerful, so wise as the Maker of the universe ? Is it to be concluded that because philosophers such as Darwin, Tyndall, or Huxley, have arrived at the conclusion that the system of things around us is upheld, and has been conducted to its present stage by means of certain well-regulated laws, and undeviating principles of development, *therefore* there can be no mystery evading our search ; no subtlety that the telescope or the microscope cannot find ? Granted that the God who placed mankind upon the earth in a primeval Eden ; who reared this strange and beautiful globe out of a chaotic mass of fiery matter, works usually by regular method rather than miracle ; yet when all is conceded, can the keenest evolutionist trace forms of life back to their ultimate source and touch the point ? Verily no ! Behind the protoplasm and the germ there is a something which the genius of a Darwin or a Huxley has no means of reaching, and that something is the sublime *spiritual* agency which conceived the plan of the present system of the universe ; the same which in humble measure is working in thousands of human souls around us ! God had but to utter the decree and life—with all its mysteries—came upon the scene, pulsing and throbbing from the very hand of Omnipotence itself ! We challenge all the savans of science to produce any reliable evidence against the immortality of man ; we calmly await all the assaults of those who

have so little idea of the great underlying meanings of creation that they deny an unseen force, distinct and totally separate from the *matter*, which can be examined and partially understood.

Of all the superficial twaddle which forms a basis for the scientific atheism of the day, that which seeks to justify the love of truth, justice, morality, without any reference to Divine commands, is the most absurd. Does any reasonable man who has experienced aught of the wickedness of this weary world—and felt its fatal attractions—suppose for a moment that men would seek out that which is quite opposed to fallen natures unless Christianity had first held forth the beacon light of immortality, pointing out that the narrow path of virtue and self-denial was the only road to a blessed and future state? The reasoning about “universal good of the race, the beneficence of moral courses, the individual struggling for the mass,” and other foolish theories, are just so many futile attempts to show that there would exist all of good which we now see apart from the spiritual agencies at work, and are not worth listening to! Where can we lay our hand on anything whatever to bear out such an hypothesis? And if it be a truth, how comes it that wherever Christianity has not been infusing its glorious philosophy into civilization, there has been a decline and ultimate collapse of outward and national prosperity? How is it that “refinement and elegant cultivation of the beauties of existence” have never yet been able of themselves to keep nations from sinking into barbarous brutality and sensuous decay? No, reader, there is no other incentive to rectitude of purpose, to duty, to the acquirement of Christian graces; no impelling motive why men should live good lives rather than evil, if we remove that hope of immortality which forms the safeguard of all that is noblest and best within us, and prompts us to subjugate the present for the future, the passing *now* for the glorious *then*, beyond! Every human being has in his heart this hope deeply seated, and nothing but the sophistry of the sceptic, or the persistent stifling of the “still small voice” of conscience will ever drive it out into darkness or despair! It may take different forms, and with those to whom the Bible is a sealed book may be dim and indistinct, but the great catholic truth can be found even in the rudest and most ignorant of our species—bursting forth with plaintive power as some dear one is laid, still and cold, in the dark earth, and the living left behind passionately longs to meet again the departed soul when life is done!

Meantime let us remember that man's immortality rests upon the words uttered by our Saviour himself. This, of course, will have little weight with those who consider that the Redeemer of our

race was but human and fallible; but to such as recognise the Divinity which surrounded His holy figure it is of infinite importance. It has been remarked that the Old Testament does not openly or fully disclose this thought of undying humanity; we are left to gather it rather by inference than plainly expressed terms. Still, if it does not broadly assert the doctrine, it does it by implication; and assuredly it does not anywhere utter a word against it! But in the New Testament we see a flood of light thrown on the vital truth, and seem to be within the full radiance of the celestial city. Everywhere we find grand allusions to the temporary nature of our sojourn on earth, and each section of this part of the Bible is instinct with sublime reference to our future glorification, when fire and tempest have been passed through. The most magnificent imagery that could be employed is directed to the object of faintly delineating the delights and attributes of immortality. Our Lord Himself holds out this as the chief end of all earthly trials and probations; the greatest motive for self-abnegation; clothing His wondrous harangues with light streaming from the other world!

Dear reader! think you that the gentle Jesus, He who loved mankind so deeply, passing through the bitter ordeal of self-sacrifice to rescue us from perdition, think you that He would teach us to trust in a state having no existence? Surely not; surely that generous heart would not so tamper with our fondest aspirations! What? are we asked to believe that somewhere out in the twilight of the Universe there dwells a mighty Power, who has sown these longing desires like seeds of immortal hope within us, only to lure us on to the portals of Death—where thousands have testified that they saw bright visions of unearthly glory—and then close the dark grave of oblivion for ever over our trusting hearts! Are we asked to believe that the God who made this perishing world so beautiful for us, has nothing *more* beautiful by far when the din of battle is over, and the falling temple sets free its fervent worshipper? We cannot so degrade the goodness and mercy of an all-benevolent Being as to suppose Him capable of deception such as would brand one of ourselves with eternal opprobrium. By all that is holy and true, by all the whispered joys which tell of that immortal future reserved for the victors over sin and death, let us endeavour to set this doctrine forth on the very forefront of our Christian faith. No other hope can help us over the seething ocean of Time into a safer harbour beyond; none other can so teach us to live here as not to fear to face our Maker hereafter. Our immortality is certain, for it is bound up with the Author of all life, and His word is true; His promise immutable—incapable of any of the vicissitude or change which we see around us. As Wordsworth nobly says,—

"We cannot doubt that they whom we deplore
Are glorified ; or if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope below this consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts ;
Hope below this consists not with belief
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but its own pure will."

E. J. S. C.

READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

(Continued from page 120.)

COMPREHENSIVE SUBJECT.

"JONAH," THE PENITENT SUPPLIANT.

WE purpose not to take each verse seriatim in this chapter, but to gather up from the whole its practical suggestions. Chap. II.
1 to 10 verse.

It suggests first, *the moral significance of adverse circumstances.* (1) Significance of circumstances. "Man is the creature of circumstances," it is said ; true, or not true, this we know, that some men owe much to circumstances. And, equally true is it, that circumstances make or un-make, mould or mar us for future usefulness and distinction, according to the *spirit* in which they are received and utilized. Rebellion means ruin ! Submission says PRAY ! "*Then Jonah prayed.*" WHEN ? "*Then*" — imprisoned in the "fish" and engulfed in the sea ! He recognised the Author of his adversity, and deemed it righteous, hence, his heart went out in *prayer*. Had it been contrariwise he would have cursed God and died. Adverse circumstances are morally advantageous when rightly understood, patiently borne, and rightly used. (ILLUSTRATIONS.—Joseph in prison ; Daniel in the den ; Jonah in the fish's belly, &c.)

Adversity ever has a spiritual significance, be careful how you interpret it. Whether it be *judicial* or *disciplinary* we cannot do better than acknowledge with reverence the hand which strikes, and supplicate His mercy. Circumstances will then be steps up the divine-side of life, and helps to light, liberty, salvation ! Be cautious of the "THENS" in life, for they are pivots on which you may turn Godward or Hellward, as you please !

Secondly, it suggests, THE IMPORTANT PART PRAYER (2) Prayer.
PLAYS IN THE ADVERSITIES OF LIFE. When the soul is

overweighted with a great sorrow, prayer is its only relief : (witness the suppliant of Gethsemane). When the to-morrow has an enemy to be fronted, prayer is the sure method of pacification : (witness Jacob at Peniel wrestling until morning). When life is in imminent peril, prayer is the effectual means of deliverance (witness Jonah). Yes, it is the "*indispensable*" in the adverse circumstances, the trying and troublous experiences of our moral and physical being. If we could not *pray* life would be an intolerable burden, the future a suicidal certainty! Sirs, man *must pray*! or be doomed to perpetual self-torment.

"*Then Jonah prayed * * * out of the fish's belly.*" It was a *necessity*. He was borne on the wings of strong moral impulses. It was the *best* thing he could do under the circumstances. Prayer, I assert, is at all times a wise and remunerative exercise, but *especially* so in seasons of extreme difficulty and trial.

Whatever may be the peculiarity or severity of thy life-adversities, Brother, into which Providence may lead thee, PRAY! and deliverance is not far off. Scepticism can't pray, it has no *heart* to prompt nor *God* to hear. Therefore, derisively it asks, "*What profit is there in praying?*" as if it were simply a matter of driving bargains with the Most High! And if we condescended to furnish a reply, it would still *sneer*, for it lacks the appreciative faculty—UNDERSTANDING! which is born of inspiration.

In trouble the child goes to his father: and in adversities the Christian seeks his God. Help can come from nowhere else.

(8) Nearness
of God.

Thirdly, it suggests, THAT THE HEARER OR RECEIVER OF PRAYER IS ALWAYS WITHIN REACH AND APPROACHABLE. "Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly." Time, circumstances, condition, place, are no hinderances in themselves to our drawing near to God. From every point in the compass of life He is accessible. From the lowest depths and the loftiest heights in human history there is a ready way to the Infinite Father. He is within whisper reach of all devout souls. So sensitive is His ear that an unworded wish vibrates like music on His heart, and moves to responsive action His benevolent hand. Wherever we may be He is a *present God*. He is not more approachable from the Temple, Sanctuary, or Abbey, than from the "*Fish's belly*," or the "*Upper Room*," or the "*River Side*," or "*John Mark's house*." Sincerity is

more than the Sanctuary ; pure motives than consecrated edifices. Every spot is " holy ground " where a burdened heart out-pours its need and wins the help of God. No, prayer is never out of place, never ill-timed, never unseasonable. The *heart* is *everything* in prayer : let that be right, and the *Hearer* of prayer will be *everything* to the suppliant.

Jonah's was a (a) *personal* recognition of God : " He prayed unto the Lord *his* God." Prayer will return empty handed if God be not known and felt as "*our* God." Jonah was (b) *earnest* in supplication : "*I cried*," not merely sighed, wept, whispered, or spoke softly, but "*CRIED !*" Earnestness becomes agony, and agony ripens into victory. Importunity is never unsuccessful : " Wrestling " prevails, &c.

Fourthly, it suggests, THAT OUR PRAYERS TO A GREAT EXTENT ARE MOULDED BY OUR EXPERIENCE. (4) Prayer and experience.

A man in affliction or adversity, or the victim of painful exercise of mind, or powerful temptation, prays differently to a man in health, prosperity, mind-composure, and soul-triumph. As the countenance indexes the mind, the eye the health, so *prayer* is a pretty sure indicator of the soul's attitude Godward, its condition in grace, its experience in the faith-life. Vocal prayer is the moral "*Thermometer*" of the individual Christian and the collective church. Hear a man *pray*, and you may tell *how* he is, *where* he is, and *what* he is ! Likewise a Church. Prayer gives you an insight into character : it publishes the hidden phases, the inner experiences of a man's life. Jonah's prayer, according to the rehearsal he gives of it here, was wholly shaped by the peculiar experience he was then undergoing. That experience found fitting expression in the inspired phraseology of the Psalms, for there is little that is original in the prayer.

MARK ITS DESCRIPTIVENESS :—It is descriptive (1) of *where he was* : in (a) affliction, in the (b) depths, in (c) danger (verses 2 and 3). It is descriptive (2) of *what he was*—(a) reflective (verses 3, 5 and 6), (b) despondent (verse 4), (c) yet, believing (verse 4), (d) faint (verse 7), (e) grateful (verses 6 and 9). The prayer is an epitome of soul-experience, history, biography : It reveals to us Jonah in the true light and tenor of his life as a man of prayer. In his disobedience we see the exceptional aspect of his character ; we see him as most of us are found sometime or other in our career—the overcome victim of

the weakness of human nature. But here he appears as a man of God, well versed in Scripture, and at home in prayer.

(5) Power of prayer.

Lastly, it teaches THE PREVALENCY OF PRAYER.—“And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land” (verse 10) Prayer answered in complete salvation. Jonah spake in supplication to God, and God spake in authority to the “fish.” Look at the *Speaker* and the *spoken-to!* and learn the infinite efficacy and mightiness of faithful prayer.

The (a) SPEAKER—“JEHOVAH,” whose voice marshalled creation with its wilderness of worlds from blank nothingness into being, and whose tread on the billows of space makes the “everlasting hills” to quiver at their roots! The (b) SPOKEN-TO: a “FISH!” an irrational inhabitant of the sea-world. We discern here: (1) *Amazing condescension!* and all because of prayer. (2) *Great deviation from the ordinary divine habitude:* yet, in perfect accord with His dividing the sea for Israel, quenching the violence of fire for the exiles of Babylon, and holding in lamb-like harmlessness the ferocious and hungry lions from turning Daniel into a sumptuous meal! (3) *Prompt and perfect deliverance in being vomited on the shore.* Why not disgorged in mid-ocean where swallowed? Because God governs instinct as well as reason, and instructs a “fish” (when necessary) as well as a “prophet.” With what *infinite ease* was this salvation wrought: the Lord “*SPEAK!*” in response to the voiceless speakings of Jonah’s heart without doubt. Prayer is *omnipotent*, for it prevails with, it conquers God! There is *no* dilemma in Christian experience prayer cannot deliver from, &c.

Theology of the chapter.

MARK THE TYPOLOGY OF THIS CHAPTER:—(1) We have here a type of the *true Penitent*: (a) self-abased; (b) prayerful; (c) believing; (witness its New Testament counterpart in the publican). (2) A type of the “*Greater than Jonah:*” (a) his entombment; (b) its precise duration; (c) his return to life; (see Matthew xii. 40, 41, also xvi. 4.) (3) A type of the *General Resurrection*: (a) When God shall speak and the graves shall disinter their contents. Divine preservation and forth-bringing, &c. (b) When death shall be swallowed up of life. The fish which was the instrument of punishment and death, is made the vehicle of blessing in saving life. So the grave, dug by sin as its due penalty is converted by Christ into a pathway to eternal life: The CURSE is transformed into a BLESSING!

(To be continued)

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. MERCY HUMPHREYS.

THE mysteries of life; pain, trial, bereavement and sorrow of various kinds, especially when they are the lot of the eminently pious, are, at times, so overwhelming that our poor finite minds lose themselves in their contemplation; but, blessed be God! "where reason fails with all its powers, there faith prevails and love adores." How frequently have we all observed that the good have been early taken away, while the wicked, whose influence is most pernicious, live on to old age. "What I do thou knowest not now: but thou shalt know hereafter." Such were some of the thoughts which perplexed the subject of this brief memoir. Whenever she was led to doubt our Heavenly Father's pity and love, it was at witnessing the mysterious suffering of others, especially of the young and helpless, at the hands, perhaps, of brutal or drunken parents. Her maternal and deeply sympathetic nature was often strongly affected by such instances; but during her last illness she was led to bless God for suffering, as a merciful provision for weaning the soul from earth and its ties. The grace made manifest in her was most wonderful. Naturally the most anxious of mothers, she was, notwithstanding, able to commit her children to the safe keeping of Him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and casting all her care upon Him, she found the "rest of God" from all her anxieties, and enjoyed the peace which passeth understanding. This was so particularly remarkable that it was the subject of frequent comment by those who knew her intimately, and visited her during her illness. How largely she was indebted to the hallowed influences of a happy and loving home is beyond computation. Her parents, especially her mother, were eminently thoughtful and wise in the training of their children: while they were strict in their discipline, they were so judicious that their children always knew that their highest good was sought, and, on arriving at manhood and womanhood themselves, they most freely and lovingly acknowledged their indebtedness to the wise discipline; and are now as parents following in their footsteps. Mrs. Humphreys thought her mother the very personification of all that was good and lovely: it was always perfectly satisfactory to her if she knew that she was doing as her mother would have done under similar circumstances. Surely the greatest of all the great and numerous needs of our dear country is, that every mother should be loving and Christian: with such an inestimable blessing our England would return to more than her former peace and prosperity. So loving and united a family as that to which our dear departed one belonged we seldom meet with. Most practically did they bear each other's griefs and participate in each other's joys.

When very young, she, with her parents, attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and was a scholar in the Sunday School. The earnest and timely exhortations of her beloved teacher, Miss Williams, and the tender entreaties of her truly godly minister, the Rev. J. Peart, supplemented by the quiet, searching home talks of her dear sister, Miss Weller, were blessed by God to the salvation of her soul. How often when we have heard her speak of them with the highest appreciation and sincerest affection have we felt the strongest desire to be thus honoured of God and enshrined in the memories of those we labour for. Oh, that our efforts were as earnest and continuous as our desires are frequent and fervent! Some

little time after her conversion she became a teacher in our Sunday School at Bedford-street, and soon gained the esteem of her fellow-teachers and the love of her scholars; but she did not remain long in the work, for soon winning the affection of one who desired to be her companion for life, the two became one in the truest sense. And now the evidence of the sorrowing husband is, that hers was a most beautiful character; with increasing knowledge, the stronger his admiration became, the deeper his respect. Perhaps, the most prominent features of her character were an immovable conscientiousness; an unwavering affection for her family and proved friends; a strong conviction that real piety is proved by the home-life; a deep anxiety for her unsaved relatives; a great consideration for the feelings of others; and a fervent desire to promote peace. So strictly just was she that she could not bear the thought of doing anything that would not stand the strictest scrutiny; if there was a doubt about any business transaction, or the price of any article, it was invariably left to her; for those with whom she dealt knew that she would rather suffer herself than that there should be any doubt about the matter. She carefully shunned the least appearance of evil, not because she wished to appear well before the world, but from an elevated sense of justice. She did not easily form friendships, but when she had tested and proved the sincerity and genuineness of a friend she cleaved to such an one with fond attachment to the very end. She had a greater admiration for the good than the great; thus it was that although she esteemed all ministers highly for their works' sake, yet most, those whose services evidently came from the heart. The injunction of the Apostle Paul: "Shew piety at home," she believed to be the true test of real piety: that it must necessarily make its possessor a better member of the household. The deep concern for the salvation of her relatives was evidenced by her cheerful expressions of the blessedness of true religion, and her letters to them full of tender winning entreaties to come to the Saviour.

When she was first stricken down by mortal sickness and told by the doctor there was no hope of her recovery she was for a time much dispirited; but the Lord soon lifted her out of that depressed condition, for she soon was able to rest in the precious declaration: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin. These words were so powerfully applied to her that she rejoiced that all her sins were thus cleansed away; and from that time till her death she lived in the blessed realization of that most glorious fact; she never more had the slightest doubt of her acceptance in the "Beloved." She had not the natural fear of death and the grave which so frequently harasses even God's people. She loved not the world, nor the things of the world: her only regret in dying was that of leaving her dear ones. She frequently said during the last few weeks of her life here, that if she had then to make her peace with God the thought would have driven her mad. Her conversation was most beautiful, and must remain in the memories of those who were privileged to hear it; and we fervently hope and pray it may bear fruit in the salvation of some who visited her, who have not yet given their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. Her wishes as to how different earthly matters should be arranged after her departure she expressed with wonderful calmness and serenity. She literally longed to depart and be with Jesus. She said, on hearing of the decease of several she had known, "They all seem to be getting home before me," and "Oh, do pray for me, that I may have patience to wait the Lord's time." She said to her husband, "When I am gone, and you can sufficiently command your feelings, tell the children of the Sunday-school not to put off the day of salvation to a sick bed, for if they do they may not have the desire, or, if they have the desire, may be totally unfitted to seek the blessing:

tell them also," she said, "how mean and insignificant many concerns of this life, which occupy so much of our thoughts and time, appear when viewed from a death bed." About three hours before her death, as her husband, sister, and cousin, were watching, she aroused and said, "I have been up to the gate of Heaven, and I thought they were going to open it and let me in, but they did not, and I am sent down to see you once more." She then asked for a few verses of Scripture: that day's chapter about "The Bow in the Cloud," and "A little talk with Jesus," to be read to her: also for "a few words of prayer." This request granted she lay for some time very quiet; then she requested to be turned on to her right side; and after three or four gasps the spirit winged its way to realms of endless day.

Thus, at the age of 31, departed one of the gentlest and most beautiful spirits, leaving a sorrowing husband and two children to mourn "but not as those who have no hope," their irreparable loss.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in Heaven's jewell'd crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganise
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away:
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life
They leave us not to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and shame.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!"

MRS. EMMA AMELIA GERMAN

WAS born at Tail Mill, in the parish of Crewkerne, on August 12th, 1839. She was blest with the example and instructions of a pious father, who sought to guide her feet into the way of peace. When very young she was sent to the Congregational Sunday-school, where the seed of truth was sown in her tender heart. The joint labours of parent and teacher had their desired effect, for, in the year 1859, she gave her heart to Christ, and declared that she would serve Him as long as she lived. About this time the family removed to Hinton, where she became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Two years after she went to Swansea, and, being acquainted with some persons who attended the Primitive Methodist Chapel, she went with them, and joined that section of the Christian Church.

On May 19th, 1863, she became the wife of Mr. Lewis German, who also resided at Swansea, and was a member of the same Church. In 1865, business matters brought them to Neath, where no Primitive cause existed; hence they were induced, by Bro. W. Medland, to join our Society: our sister remained a consistent member to the day of her death: and her husband remains with us to-day—a pattern of piety and usefulness. Physically, Mrs. German was not strong. Affliction was often her lot, but she bore the burden patiently, exclaiming: “I must not complain, for my Saviour bore much more for me.” In her home she was kind and thoughtful: providing, even anticipating the wants of her family. She was careful to entertain the ministers of the Gospel, many of whom have shared the comforts of her home.

Her life was an embodiment of virtue, and her Christianity bore the stamp of constancy. She was ill for some time before she died, but it was not thought that the sickness was “unto death.” When I visited her one day she said, “I am trusting in Jesus, He is very precious to my soul, in Him I have all I want.” Some days before her death she said to her husband, “I am going to leave you.” When he asked “Are you afraid to die?” she firmly answered “No, what have I to be afraid of? The only grief I feel is to leave you and the dear children.” A day or two after she spoke these words she seemed better, but contrary to our expectations the fatal day came on the 24th day of June, 1879; a blood vessel broke, and her soul winged its flight to the land of the “pure and the holy.”

A very large number of people followed her body to the grave. The earthly had returned to the earth, but her soul was

“Basking in the sunlight
Of the glory of her God.”

A sermon to her memory was preached in Neath Chapel, by the writer, who took for his text Rev. xiv. 13.

Bro. J. Luke writes:—“During my residence at Neath I became thoroughly acquainted with Mrs. German, and the intelligence of her death came to me as a painful surprise. As a member of our Society she was deeply interested in matters pertaining to the welfare of the Church, and was ever ready to render substantial help to the cause of Christ.

“In thinking of our departed sister one cannot fail to remember her kindness or heart and her liberality. She very happily harmonised with her good husband in liberally assisting the various departments of Church finance, and under her influence her children became successful juvenile missionary collectors. The spiritual prosperity of the Church also—which is the really true prosperity—was a thing dear to her heart. To the preachers she was one of the kindest of friends, and many can testify that it was to her a pleasure to do anything to make comfortable and happy the servants of God. Her death is a severe bereavement for

her devoted husband and family, but the will of the Lord is always right and best, and we cannot repine when the pilgrim journey is quickly ended, for we know that the less of earth means the more of heaven.

"While the death of a true and kind friend, such as our sister, makes the eyes fill with tears, yet no bitterness mingles with our sorrow, for our hope is the hope of the gospel, and

'Parted friends shall meet again
When the storms of life are o'er.' "

E. V. S.

PROSPERITY.

BODMIN CIRCUIT.—A brief account of the Lord's work in this circuit may be both interesting and encouraging to the readers of the Magazine, especially to those of them who are engaged in Christian work. The Lord has visited our Zion in a very special manner. We commenced special services the first week in the new year. During four weeks we laboured hard, and with but little visible result. We were almost led to inquire, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Still we pleaded with God to save, and with the people "to be reconciled to God." And the Lord has answered our prayers and rewarded our labours even beyond our expectation.

At *Bugle*—where we laboured for nearly five weeks with but little visible good—more than 100 have professed conversion. On Friday, Feb. 27th, I had the pleasure of addressing the converts, and admitting 100 of them into church fellowship. Some of our friends at Bugle have laboured *right well*, and the Lord has blessed them.

At *Trezease* (where no special services had been held), on Sunday, Feb. 8th, after a sermon by Br. Cock, nine came forth as penitents. The people there, too, have laboured nobly. On Sunday afternoon, March 14th, I met the converts, gave them a short address, and admitted 46 into the church.

At *Mount Pleasant* the good work commenced on Sunday, Feb. 22nd, and is still progressing; may it continue until the *whole neighbourhood* is converted to Christ.

Special services have also been held at Bridges, Lanivet, Bodmin, and Nanstallon, and at each of these places the Lord has given us souls. In no place have we laboured without some visible good. Blessed reward! Our highest ambition is to be "a soul winner."

Our most excellent pastor, we are sorry to say, has not been able to take any special work, through illness, but he is much better, and able to take his *regular* appointments again.

As a Christian people we want more *love, earnestness, and zeal* for the glory of God and the salvation of the world. If we *all*—ministers and people—laboured as we ought, we should never report a decrease in church members. Our *great want* is a *higher spiritual life*. I believe too that we are rising. Lord, help us!

J. DALE.

KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.—"The darkest time is just before day," is a saying very old and very true, —true in the *spiritual* as well as the *natural*. At the opening of Upton new chapel the prospect, religiously, was very dark. But means have been employed, and under the Divine blessing a very cheering number of conversions have been realized. The work for some time was gradual, but recently it has moved on with greater rapidity and power. The conversions have been many and striking. Some of the most unlikely characters are made happy.

Several touching incidents might be given. Three married couples are plucked as "brands out of the fire." Several wretched drunkards are rescued from intemperance to sobriety and Christianity. Three keepers can individually say, "The Lord is my keeper." One convert had been a butler; one the son of a publican; one the daughter of a policeman; one an old lady seventy-one years of age. Several had made some preparations for confirmation by the *human* bishop, but the revival glory came and led them to the "Shepherd and Bishop of souls." All the singers in our efficient choir have found the "Pearl of great price." The writer spent Sabbath and Monday, March 7th and 8th, at Upton, and from what was seen and heard and felt, the question became a suitable one, "What hath God wrought?" On the Monday night more than thirty were admitted on trial. Our friends have very wisely commenced at Upton a Sabbath-school. Tried only two Sabbaths. Attendance on the first, eighteen; on the second, twenty. May it go on and prosper.

To this prosperity several instruments and instrumentalities have contributed. On the 28th of May, 1879, was held the first teetotal meeting. Mr. Coad was well received. The number pledged now is nearly 100. On June 4th, 1879, our Band of Hope was formed. That Band now numbers sixty-eight. Br. R. Priscott (now in Bristol) while he lived at Venn, held religious services at a place called *Harford*; a good impression was produced. Some of the people have been to Upton and found the Lord.

My colleagues, Brs. Webber and Priscott, spent one week holding special religious services at Upton, and their labours were not in vain. At length our esteemed and long-tried friend, Mr. Marsh, secured the services of Miss Parsons for a fortnight. On the arrival of Miss Parsons the fields were white to the harvest, and during the time of her visit her success in reaping was most encouraging. Other instrumentalities were employed, and, under the Divine blessing, the means used have been effective. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." J. HICKS.

SOMERTON CIRCUIT.—Perhaps a few lines respecting our work here may be acceptable. Since I last wrote we have been working hard, and I am glad to say we have had and are still having "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I have been conducting revival services at *Lovington* for four weeks, and thirty-three or four have professed conversion; and when the size of the place is considered, and the class of people, it is indeed a noble work. The chapel is crowded in every part.

Though almost worn out, I commenced special services at *Stone* last Sunday, and the Lord manifested His saving power. Four found peace through believing in Christ on Monday; last night two more.

Br. Andrews has also had a gracious shower at *South Barrow*; fourteen or fifteen, when I last heard, had been saved. We have therefore every reason to thank God and take courage.

March 10th.

R. S. ALFORD.

HICKS MILL CIRCUIT.—In a note dated March 9th, Br. Hill says: "The number of persons converted at *Penryn* and adjacent places within the last few months is considerable. I suppose that more than 100 have professed conversion at Penryn alone, about fifty at *Mawnan* (a place near Falmouth, opened a few months since) have professed conversion and been admitted; thirty at *Flushing*, and from twenty to thirty at *Falmouth*. This week a few persons have professed conversion at *Perranwell*. I believe Mr. Batt intends to send some particulars. Our increase of *full members* this quarter at *Penryn* is upwards of sixty. These

were received as approved members by the elders' meeting just past, having been previously *on trial*. Others remain *on trial*."

Br. Bendle writes the 16th: "I am thankful to say we are still realizing prosperity. At *Week St. Mary* and *Poundstock* souls are being converted."

Br. Tickell also writes: "You will rejoice to hear that we are still realising prosperity. Conversions every night in two of our chapels. The cry is 'Still they come.'"

At SANDOWN, in the Isle of Wight, there has been an extensive work; we believe between seventy and eighty conversions. Many of the friends have entered into the work with great heartiness.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged			- £1,272 gs. 3d.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Mr. W. Barrons, V.D.,			REDRUTH—		
I.O.G.T. - - -	0	2 6	J. H. Kelly, 2nd instal. -	1	3 6
Negro Mission, I.O.G.T. -	0	2 6	HATHERLEIGH—		
PORTSMOUTH—			A Friend, Sampford Court-		
Mrs. J. Ash, 3rd instal. -	1	1 0	ney - - - - -	0	10 0
PENZANCE—			A Friend, Winkleigh -	0	2 6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Gilbert -	1	0 0	Mrs. Paddon, do. - -	0	5 0
KILKHAMPTON—			WEARE—		
Small sums - - - - -	0	9 0	Bleadney, Children's Cards	0	15 1
Mr. J. S. Cottle, Youlstone,			Draycott, Master Jefferies'		
1st instal. - - - - -	0	10 0	Card - - - - -	1	0 0
Mr. W. Ellis, Hartland -	0	5 0	TORRINGTON—		
Mr. Jewell, Berries - -	0	5 0	Criss - - - - -	1	0 0
NORTHEW—			Het - - - - -	1	0 0
Mr. Hortop, 1st. instal. -	0	2 6			

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We are sorry that the monthly list of subscriptions is so small. We daily pray that our friends as a whole may be constrained to lay this great work to heart. Gladly should we receive the promises due.

In answer to many inquiries we beg to inform our friends that all parcels for the *Bazaar* should be sent on or before the 1st day of July, 1880. It would save trouble and expense if they were sent direct to the agent. We are encouraged at times to hear friends say that when the undertaking becomes well known that large and liberal donations will be forthcoming. And no doubt it does take time and expense to set a work of the kind fully before the public. No really great work has been otherwise brought to light, and it is hoped that the facts of a "free scholarship given to orphan boys," that men are "prepared for home and foreign fields of mission work," that soon men must be "prepared for purely heathen missions," and that a "first-rate middle class education is given, with board and attendance, to boys and young men, for the very moderate charges of from £18 to £28 per year," will ultimately induce many persons to see the great good we are doing, and that they will give large sums and leave large legacies to the College fund.

Many hundreds of young gentlemen have been converted to Christ at the College, and have also adopted teetotal principles there, and as converted men and teetotalers they have gone into all parts of the world as so many missionaries to expound God's truth and to preach temperance. The College is a much greater power for good than friends generally are aware of.

We are, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer.*

W. HIGMAN, *Agent.*

BEDMINSTER NEW CHAPEL.

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—I now send you a third report of my effort. You will see I am come just half way. Do you think 500 friends could be found in our beloved Denomination that would give me 3d. per week for one year : that would be £25 per month, and £325 for the year. If so, I should feel *extremely grateful*, as I should then have something less than £200 more to get, to complete the Thousand Guineas. Or, do you think I should succeed better by asking 250 friends to give me 6d. per week each, or 125 a 1s., or 1,500 a penny. But, if the dear friends do not feel inclined to help me, do you think they would respond to Mr. W. Luke's appeal in this way ; if they would, the financial difficulties of our connexion would soon cease to exist. If the twenty thousand members *at home would all unite* in a weekly subscription of only *one penny*, in one year £4,333 6s. 8d. would be raised, and if continued for 10 years no less a sum than £43,333 6s. 8d. would be realised. And, in how many instances might these figures be multiplied by 3, or 6, and even 12, especially if a little serious thought was exercised. That a little *serious thought* is all that is necessary, I feel confident of. When I read that Lord Derby had said that every 3d. spent in intoxicating drink was one square yard of land wasted, and 5d. out of every 6d. went to the Government, I thought how many chapels might have stood on the land, and what large heaps of building materials might have been got together to have helped to rear them (especially if done in the praiseworthy way that our friends at Arreton did theirs) only by the threepences and sixpences that I have spent in that *delusive medicine*—body and soul destroying medium—Alcohol.

“O hateful error, melancholy's child,
How dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ?”

And, while much of the keenness is removed by knowing that it was prescribed by the doctor, the regret still lingers, fearing any should have copied my example ; and now, while I am *completely* delivered from the deadly foe (having been convinced, by reading a paper written by Dr. N. Kerr, and read by him at a Conference at Lincoln in 1878, and published at one penny, that it is a great enemy to the human system, both in sickness and in health) that they may be suffering from over-doses, or continuing it too long, and, oh, awful thought ! who will, perhaps, never leave it off. These thoughts have been greatly intensified by reading in the life of William Bailey just three little words : “ruined by thee.” Thinking of the power of Christian example I may justly say that some are kept from entering into the blessings of total abstinence by the example of the Christian. Yes, I have heard more than one, not Christians, say, “the Rev. Mr. So-and-so takes it, and Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so take it, good Christian people, and I am sure if they take it it is no harm for me to take it,” and so the power of the Christian example hinders them—ruins them. Br. J. Luke asks, “Why does not the nation arise in its strength and destroy this destroying demon—drink ?” True ; and where should this demolishing process begin ? Most surely in the Church. It will be but little use for the nation to try to overthrow the liquor traffic while the Church sanctions it in any degree. Br. Luke speaks too of the paltry offerings laid upon the altar of Christ compared with those laid upon the altar of Bacchus. The difference in one department (Missionary) is one half-penny for Christ and 20s. for the liquor traffic. When will this *sad, sad* state of things cease to exist and be turned right about. Not until the true Church of the living God arise to a man, and, in addition to their beautiful garments of religion, add another, viz. : *Total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks*. I am

glad to know that more than two-thirds of our own Denomination are Total Abstiners. Would to God they all were. Yours very truly,

S. M. TERRETT.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount already announced	428	4	6	A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. J. D. Link (London) ..	5	0	0	Mr. Belsten	0	10	0
An old Friend	2	2	0	Mr. J. P. Oliver, 1st	0	10	6
Mrs. Mills	1	1	0	Ditto do. 2nd	0	10	6
Mr. Denness.....2nd Don.	1	0	0	Mr. Travers	0	10	6
A Friend	2	0	0	Mr. Wear	0	2	6
Mr. Geary	1	1	0	Mr. J. Dymond	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Clarke	1	1	0	Jersey Friends	0	9	0
Mr. E. Moxley.....2nd Don.	1	1	0	Part proceeds of Bazaar....	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas Pearse.....	1	1	0	An old Friend	2	0	0
A Friend, Sittingbourne ..	0	4	0	Miss Standing	1	1	0
Mr. Samson Higman	0	5	0	Mrs. R. P. Tabb	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Waller.....	0	10	0	A Friend	50	0	0
					£527	0	6

Missionary Meetings.

NEWPORT AND RYDE CIRCUIT.—The first series, locally known as the "Gunville round," was held in the week commencing Sunday, Nov. 23rd, 1879. On the Sunday sermons were preached at Gunville by Mr. Jabez Drew, (deputation); at Littletown by Br. Lark, at Chale by Br. Rowe, and at Chillerton by myself. All the services, as far as I have gathered, were exceedingly good. Immense excitement prevailed at Gunville on Monday. In that quiet little village, the Missionary meeting is *the event of the year*. Long before the meeting commenced, the chapel was crowded to its utmost limits, and a large number of people could not obtain admission. Mr. J. Rice was unanimously voted to his accustomed position as chairman, and very happily discharged his duties. Addresses of varied and interesting character were delivered by Bros. J. Drew, W. B. Lark, T. Rowe, J. L. Manning, J. Gale, E. Morey, W. Brown, and the writer. The interest of the meeting, unflinchingly sustained throughout, reached its culminating point in the presentation of the financial statement. Sir Stafford Northcote's budget will not be received to-day at St. Stephen's with such *universal* satisfaction, as was the *Missionary Budget* from the lips of Br. Lark. Tremendous cheering greeted the announcement that the noble sum of £55 15s. 7d. had been raised, thus eclipsing the previous year's efforts by £3 3s. 6d. Br. Rice stated that the total amount raised only a few years ago was £4. This is progress of the right sort, Mr. Editor, and still "*Excelsior*" is our cry. I must not omit to say that of the above sum, the children collected nearly £30.

The meetings at Chale, Chillerton, and Littletown were in every sense successful. The financial result of the three, £27 1s., being an advance on last year of £2 1s., altogether the amount raised during the week was £82 16s. 7d. Hearty votes of thanks were accorded to Br. Drew for his able addresses, to Bro. Rice who was with us three nights, acting twice in the capacity of chairman, to Br. Morey who was with us four, and Br. Gale, three nights. Each of these brethren delivered speeches of no ordinary merit and power.

THE SECOND SERIES.

Sermons were preached on Sunday, Jan. 25th, at East Cowes, by Br. J. C. Honey, (deputation), at Arreton by Bro. T. Rowe, and at Porchfield by myself. Each meeting possessed features of peculiar interest. Bro. Honey brought out, from his treasury of connexional knowledge, things new and old, and the people listened to him with pleasure and profit, while the circuit ministers and the local brethren did their best to sustain the cause that lies so near our hearts. The handsome total of £40 was realized at the three places, an advance of more than £3 on last year's receipts. We have also held our Missionary Anniversary at Ryde and Rookley. Mr. Jehu Martin preached the sermons at each place. Mr. Trengove was with us at the former and Mr. Bourne at the latter meeting. Too much cannot be said in praise of the speeches of our dear brethren. The receipts at Ryde are in advance, and I hope when the returns are complete at Rookley, that the sum total will be in the right direction. I am also deeply thankful to state that the Lord is graciously visiting us with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. At Ryde about 20 conversions have taken place, most of them being the senior scholars of our Sabbath-school. At Chale about 20 have been converted, while at Arreton, East Cowes, and Littletown the cry for mercy has been heard, and several brought to the Saviour. Our hearts are full of gratitude. Glory be to God.

March 11th.

ARTHUR HANCOCK.

FOREST HILL Missionary Anniversary was held on Sunday and Monday, February 29th and March 1st. On the Sunday two earnest and excellent sermons were preached by Br. J. Jeffery, of Crondall. The attendance was good and the influence gracious. The public meeting on the Monday was preceded by a public tea, which was well attended, and, as far as we could judge, much enjoyed. The public meeting was ably presided over by Mr. Heywood, and interesting and stirring addresses were delivered to a good and appreciative audience, by the Revs. J. Jeffery, S. T. Tomatoa Williams, son of the distinguished missionary and martyr of the South Sea Islands, W. Lee, and W. Oates. The Rev. Dr. Cooke was not able to be with us through illness. Our deputation rendered us good service, and the meeting was one of the best ever held here. The financial result, about 30s. ahead of last year's tea and collections. This is encouraging, as we have to raise an increased amount for circuit purposes. I might here state that our last quarterly receipts were some few pounds in advance of any on record since the formation of the circuit, that is, from the *regular* sources of income; but even this amount was not equal to the disbursements. However, it should be placed on record that there are many friends on this station who devise liberal things. Few more such would make this an encouraging field of Christian service.

W. LEE.

MILLOM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A few lines from the North may not be uninteresting to many of your readers. The annual special effort in behalf of Millom chapel was held on Sunday, December 28th, 1879; three sermons were preached by Br. W. F. Charlton, from Barrow. On New Year's afternoon, after singing and prayer and a short address from the writer, the bazaar was declared opened. The stalls presented a very pretty appearance, showing that many willing hearts and hands had been engaged. The room was soon crowded with visitors, and all apparently engaged to make the effort a success. A public tea was provided at

4.30. The sale was kept up until between ten and eleven o'clock, when it was adjourned to 6 o'clock the following Saturday evening. The proceeds were:—

	£	s.	d.
By Bazaar	31	1	0
„ Admission and Tea	8	19	10
„ Subscriptions	6	2	6
„ Collections	2	1	7
Total	48	4	11
Disbursements	1	13	9
Net Profit	46	11	2

This amount is greatly in excess of what we had anticipated, and great praise is due to the friends for their united and hearty co-operation.

HAVERIGG.—Our friends here commenced the New Year with special prayer—for a special blessing upon the church and congregation. It was not long before there were indications of good; several of the scholars belonging to the Sunday-school gave evidence of deep concern about their souls. On the third Sunday in January the annual special effort in behalf of this chapel was held; the Rev. J. Buglass, Primitive Methodist, preached in the afternoon, and J. Cottle in the evening. The service continued until midnight, and there were fifteen or sixteen penitents. The next day a public tea was provided at 4.30. The evening was spent principally in singing and prayer, interspersed with one or two short addresses; the Divine influence was rich, and ten or eleven were again seeking the Lord. The net profit of this effort was £8 16s. 6d., several pounds in advance of last year's. The friends have decided to hold a bazaar in behalf of their chapel some time in August next. Prayer is still made for the continuance of the work. Many have professed to find salvation, and about forty have been admitted on trial for membership. The work is still progressing, and the friends seem untiring in their zeal; they have worked hard and successfully.

Eskdale, which has been under a cloud through the depression of trade, is beginning to take heart again. May our Heavenly Father visit each place with showers of blessing!

J. COTTLE.

NORTHLEW CIRCUIT.

EWORTHY.—The anniversary sermons were preached on Thursday and Sunday, October 23rd and 26th, 1879. As some of the friends last year thought a debt of £65 10s. was too much for a small society and not a large congregation to grapple with it, they decided on a Bazaar, in connection with their next anniversary, and set to work vigorously. On the Thursday afternoon a sermon was preached by Br. J. Stephens. Many of the articles collected were also disposed of. The tea was largely patronised. The provisions were mostly given. At a public meeting in the evening (Mr. Elson in the chair) Mr. E. Mountjoy presented the report. Excellent addresses by the brethren, J. Datson, T. B. Field (Baptist), and J. Stephens. A vote of thanks to the chairman, speakers, choir, ladies, &c., was carried unanimously. The stalls were presided over by Mrs. R. Down, and the Misses Gerry and Hamlyn. The financial result is about £40, a noble effort for a few friends. The debt on the chapel will now be reduced to £27 10s. To God be all the praise. On the following Sunday the services were continued, when two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. Field, (Baptist).

HIGHAMPTON.—Our friends here have in the past year done a good work in connection with their chapel. A new schoolroom, long needed, with a stable and furnace house, has been built, a new roof has also been put on the chapel, and many other improvements effected, including a portable partition, so that the chapel and schoolroom can be made into one spacious room when required. The schoolroom was opened and the chapel reopened on Sunday and Monday, October 26th and 27th, 1879. The sermons on the Sunday were preached by Mr. Warren from the College, and the Rev. W. Lee from Forest Hill, who fortunately happened to be in the neighbourhood. On Monday, at 3 p.m. the Rev. J. Hender gave an excellent discourse on "Sowing in tears, reaping in joy." Next came the tea of which about 200 persons partook. The provisions were given by Mr. and Mrs. Guscott, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Hole, Mr. and Mrs. Balsdon, Mr. and Mrs. Grater, &c., &c. The chair at the public meeting was taken by Mr. R. Penhale, whose speech was interesting and instructive. Mr. Johns presented the Report, and while the brethren Warren, Maynard (Baptist), Lee, and Hender were speaking, all felt it good to be there. We had also some excellent singing. The services both on Sunday and Monday were highly appreciated, and some emphatically remarked that it was a time which would be long remembered. Mr. W. Grater presented the Bible. The entire cost of the new building, alterations, &c. is about £150, of which over £40 in cash and labour has been obtained. The present debt is a little over £100, which will be gradually reduced if our friends continue to do in the future as in the past.

BRIDESTOWE.—This chapel has been re-seated and other needful improvements made. The reopening services on Sunday and Monday, August 24th and 25th, 1879. Sermons on the Sunday by Br. W. H. Tickell of Holsworthy. Monday afternoon a service of song was excellently rendered by friends from Tavistock. A good number present at the tea, and an interesting public meeting after, addressed by the brethren W. H. Tickell, M. Hoare, and the writer. Collections, profits of tea, &c., amounted to about £10. Last New Year's Day the anniversary of the chapel was celebrated. Mr. W. Balkwill, a student from the College, delivered a timely address in the afternoon when the chapel was well filled. 150 persons took tea. The chapel in the evening was densely crowded, and an interesting public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. R. Brook, and addressed by Messrs. E. Hortop, M. Hoare, W. Balkwill, and J. Coles. The singing was very good, and our new choir was deservedly included in the vote of thanks. The outlay is about £80, towards which sum there has been raised by Christmas Tree, Anniversaries, &c., £65, leaving a balance of £15 due to the Treasurer. Our position in this place is much better than it was a few years ago, and would be better still if we could secure the chapel to the Connexion. The services are invariably well attended. We have a society of 40 members, with some on trial, and 66 children in the Sabbath school. For all this we thank God and take courage.

J. COLES.

NOTES FROM NEWPORT, MONMOUTH.

WEEKLY OFFERINGS.

THE envelope system introduced last year by Mr. Oliver, answers well, both at Newport and Cwmbran. Most of the friends have taken to it heartily, and the result is extremely gratifying. Before its adoption there were heavy deficiencies, but now they are things of the past. Collections every Sunday we find to work

well. We hope the time will come when the above plan will be adopted in every chapel throughout the Connexion.

CHAPEL EFFORTS.

In October we had a lecture from Miss Farningham. A large and respectable congregation heard with delight the eloquent lady on one of her favourite subjects, "The Women of to-day." After meeting expenses, we had a profit of £10 17s.

An entertainment on behalf of Cwmbran chapel was held in Wesley Hall, Cwmbran, October 22nd. The Newport choir, with Mrs. Edgcombe, rendered valuable aid, and were well received by the public of the neighbourhood. The results were encouraging.

At Newport chapel anniversary excellent sermons were preached morning and evening by the Rev. C. Bridgman, of Aberavon; and in the afternoon by the pastor. On Monday a successful tea meeting was held, all the provisions being given by the friends of the chapel. The evening meeting, which was well attended, was presided over by Mr. H. R. Evans, mayor. Interesting addresses were given by the Revs. G. Ford (United Methodist), J. Rodwell (Wesleyan), C. Shergold (Primitive Methodist), C. Bridgman, W. F. James, and R. Edgcombe. The profits from the anniversary are about £11.

In September we held a fortnight of special services, but they were not attended as we could have desired, still we were rejoiced to find that a few sought and found Christ. We are also glad to report that some have lately joined us.

R. E.

Our Miscellany.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THIS event, which has been so ardently desired by all true Liberals, has come suddenly at last. All the needful preparations had been made for a hardworking Session when the decree goes forth that the Parliament is to be dissolved.

The affairs of the nation have been conducted in so strange a fashion, there has been so much mystery and, we are afraid, so much deliberate deception, that in our view the issue to be decided is much more serious and important than the respective claims of the Liberal and Tory leaders, and parties, and the different policies they represent. Christian electors especially have to consider the strong claims that truth, and righteousness, and peace have upon them. A policy of bluster and brag, however imprudent, is a small matter in comparison with that policy of injustice which has prevailed, we fear, both in South Africa and Afghanistan. For a Christian nation to enter upon such doubtful enterprises is a cruel satire and a bitter reproach. We are the professed followers of the Prince of Peace, and are bound to oppose any Government, whether Whig or Tory, that fosters the war-spirit, and that does its best to create jealousies and rivalries by seeking *ascendancy* in the great council of civilized nations. Intemperance, too, is a direful enemy in our midst, and as the Publican vote is to be cast for the Government, the duty of every lover of sobriety is plain and unmistakeable. Finance also is a most important point, and the Tories, since the days of Sir Robert Peel, have won an unenviable notoriety in this respect.

As patriots, as Christians, rather than as Nonconformists, and quite irrespective of party, the imperative duty of every lover of his country at the polling-booth appears to us to be, to give a vote the effect of which shall be to put an end to the career of a Government which has done more mischief than any other in our time.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S TRIBUTE TO Mr. GLADSTONE.

A LECTURE on the character and public life of Mr. Gladstone was delivered last evening at the Chelsea Congregationa Church, Markham-square by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Sir Charles Dilke, who presided, took occasion, in introducing the lecturer, to make a few remarks upon the subject of his discourse. There could be no doubt, he said, that Mr. Gladstone alone among public men in modern times came up to the highest standard of the great patriots of antiquity, and all men would admit that there was no such interesting person living in the world at the present day. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Gladstone had shone before his countrymen in more varied ways than any other man of his own time had shone before any country. His political career was what was most present in people's minds, but his literary career also had been one of remarkable distinction. Those who knew him personally were aware that there were few, if any, persons gifted with such remarkable social qualities, and particularly with such remarkable powers of conversation. That which charmed, however, more than his oratory or his opinion, was the character, the intense strength of feeling which he displayed throughout his life. With regard to Mr. Gladstone's action as a politician in this country, even his enemies probably were prepared to allow that he invested finance with a charm which it had never in any other hands possessed.—*Daily News, March 16th.*

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

THE SOCIETY for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has issued an address to the Electors of the United Kingdom, which is signed on behalf of the Society by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Westminster, several of the Bishops and Peers, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Bennett, President of the Royal College of Physicians, thirty-seven Members of Parliament, Herbert Spencer, James Martineau, C. H. Spurgeon, the Secretaries of the great Missionary Societies, &c., &c. The address points out that the opium traffic is not a party matter, both Conservatives and Liberals being equally responsible for it; that the trade is carried on directly by the Indian Government, and ministers notoriously to the vices of the Chinese, the Chinese Government having repeatedly declared that opium is most injurious, and that the trade in it is a most serious provocative of ill-feeling against our Country. China, in spite of repeated protests, is still obliged by the Treaty to admit the drug, although we have allowed the Japanese to exclude it. "The opium trade injures our own commerce. China sends us tea and silk, and takes but a small quantity of our calicoes and hardware. In return for the ten millions' worth of innocent and refreshing tea which comes to this country, India sends to China ten millions' worth of a deleterious drug, which impoverishes those who use it, and excites hatred of Great Britain. We submit that it is worth your while to make friends of three or four hundred millions of possible purchasers of your manufactures." "This traffic is constantly thrown in the teeth of Christian Missionaries. The Chinese say to them, 'You sell poison to the people, and yet you come to teach us virtue!' A Chinese heathen Anti-Opium Society in Kwang-Tung province, has printed and published an address, in which they ask us, 'The New Testament says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Is it possible that the instruction of the Saviour has never yet reached the ear of your honoured country?' We are thus face to face with the appalling fact that this Christian nation is guilty in the sight of God of a great national sin. Electors! This opium trade is carried on by authority derived from you. Upon *you* the responsibility rests until you have solemnly charged your representatives in Parliament that they at once take steps to terminate our national support of this unrighteous trade.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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MILTON : PROSE WORKS.

BY far the most valuable of Milton's prose works are political pamphlets. Three or four of the most powerful, it is true, deal exclusively with ecclesiastical affairs ; but these are no less political than *Eikonoklastes* or the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. Religion and politics, always dangerously allied wherever there is an Established Church, were at that time so entangled within and without—so interwarped and interwoven—as to be well nigh indistinguishable. The cause of Charles I. and despotism was the cause of Laud and Episcopacy ; and he who opposed the one fell foul of the other. These pamphlets were composed at intervals during the eighteen years 1641-59 ; the most momentous epoch in English or European history for nearly two centuries and a half, 1546-1789 ; that is from the death of Luther to the French Revolution. It was a busy, earnest time ; quite unlike our recent political nightmare.

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to name any other works in the English language that have been pursued with such a pertinacity of hatred as those we are now discussing. Everything that ecclesiastical and political bitterness could suggest, or hysterical English achieve, in the way of defamation and caricature has been done with a will ; but one indignity—the last and worst—they have hitherto escaped : they are not yet quite forgotten. Recently, too, several excellent writers have examined them in a more generous spirit ; but as yet no author of Mr. Carlyle's power and reputation has done them justice to the wide world of readers.

M

The many literary Vandals who, instead of reading the poet, have done their little worst to defile his memory with the dirt of their own evil imaginings, may be passed by without further answer or notice; but besides these there are two classes of legitimate critics who on very different grounds have condemned the prose works. The one is fairly represented by Dr. Johnson, the other by the Rev. Mark Pattison. Dr. Johnson had himself written a number of political pamphlets, certainly not remarkable for moderation of tone nor consecutive logic,—pamphlets which, like Mr. Arnott's currie-powder, owed far more to the onion and the garlic than to the rice,—he could not, therefore, with any show of decency, assail Milton for taking part in political controversy. But he furiously combats his opinions as those of a rebel, traitor, and regicide. So deep was the lexicographer's regard for truth that we dare not suspect him of deliberate mis-statement or wilful false colouring. At the same time his creed was so narrow, and his prejudices so violent, that he is less trustworthy on any question of religion or politics than many men of lesser worth. Everything was distorted and discoloured by the atmosphere of prejudice through which he looked at it. When Johnson set himself to examine the political conduct and prose writings of Milton he did so in the same spirit in which a sturdy Calvinistic divine approaches the story of Esau, —with a resolution already formed, though all unconscious to himself, to find the man injurious and reprobate.

Mr. Pattison is a critic of a far higher order. His examination of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* would have done credit to Coleridge himself; and no previous writer had sketched the grandeur of the poet's mental and moral character so boldly and well. We ought, therefore, to listen to such an authority with respect, and differ from him with misgiving. Mr. Pattison, then, condemns the whole business of the prose works from beginning to end as an utter prostitution of genius, mere hackwork of the most worthless kind; and even declares that Milton in lashing the scurrilous Morus and lying Dumoulin, fell more grievously than Bacon had fallen! It is a thankless task to have to catalogue the littleness and crime of a man like Bacon; it is like parading the follies of one's father; yet in the teeth of a judgment like this, what is one to do? Francis Bacon, after enjoying the unexampled munificence and steadfast friendship of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, treated that unfortunate nobleman with black ingratitude; to win the favour of King James he literally crawled before the worthless minions of that weak and dissipated monarch; when seated on the woolsack he poisoned justice at the fountain-head by repeatedly accepting bribes; and in the day of retribution, a

retribution merciful even to a fault when measured by the enormity of his offence, he whined like a whipped school-boy. And is Milton to be likened to Bacon?

Nowadays we find in a section of the London newspaper press and in several of our popular Magazines a zealous and systematic propagandism of a doctrine which seems to me not only pernicious to the commonweal, but utterly subversive of the first principles of morality. We are told again and again, told in every form of language, from epigram to innuendo, from godless jibe to maudlin drawl, that while in all the other engagements and relations of life our conduct is to be regulated by the inflexible standard of moral rectitude, our political actions should be subject to no higher law than that of public or private expediency—in plain English, unmitigated selfishness. It is said of the late Mr. J. T. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, that in supporting public men he always remembered that he might one day have to oppose them; and in opposing them he never forgot they might one day be his friends. And this is lauded to the skies as the perfection of political wisdom! It might indeed be so if we could get rid of the disagreeable notions of moral responsibility and Divine governance, and the consequences these may involve hereafter; if, in the great “roundabout” every man were at liberty to scramble for himself, and nobody minded beyond.

There is a Right and a Wrong in Politics; a Right and a Wrong in national affairs as in all human affairs beside; a Right and a Wrong eternally antagonistic and irreconcilable: and he who endeavours to trim his prudent way on the borderlands of both is neither a good citizen nor a wise man. I would put it stronger than this. He who in his political actions, whether these are the main business of his life or the occasional recording of a vote, disregards the demands of Righteousness and God, and acts from purely selfish motives, is a traitor to the best interests of himself and his country. And this is true of large bodies of men as of individuals; true of the pitiful sot that barter his manhood for a dram; true of the profession or guild that sacrifices all higher considerations to the conservation of its own “vested interests.” The man who regards his political course as a serious question of Right and Wrong will always be, to a certain extent, independent of political parties; because Right is not invariably found on the side of either. Walpole’s system of universal bribery was as ruinous to public morality as the “gagging system” of the “infamous Castlereagh.” There ought to be little difficulty in the matter. Jesus Christ came into the world to bring peace and goodwill to the sons of men; and we may be certain that the statesmen whose measures are most in

accordance with His errand of mercy, are those who best deserve our suffrage, let them be known by whatever political badge they may.

Now I do not believe it will be possible to find in universal history a single man who, in his public conduct, acted from a deeper sense of moral responsibility than Milton. Mistakes he undoubtedly made—he was but mortal man, and neither pope nor cardinal,—but in intense sincerity he stands almost alone among the great writers of modern times. Luther, Calvin, and Bunyan (Grace Abounding) are nearest like him. He is the Ezekiel of these latter days, fiery, sublime, impetuous, sometimes coarse, but always vehement in his zeal for liberty, truth, and holiness. Dr. Johnson was constrained in spite of himself to admit the sincerity of Milton's piety. Mr. Pattison does infinitely more; he insists upon it again and again in the most emphatic language. If I had been living in London or near a good library, I would have read every book in any way connected with the Miltonic controversies; but in the country this could only be done at a heavy cost, as several of them I find are scarce and dear. I have, however, examined Bishop Hall's "Remonstrance," and whatever may be said of its patristic learning, of which I know absolutely nothing, it certainly contrasts with all that Milton has written in one most painful particular: there is about it an air of unreality that to my mind is insufferable. Bishop Joseph Hall would have done better to write nothing but satires and Latin imitations of Rabelais, (*Mundus Alter et Idem*).

It will be impossible in the space at my disposal even to enumerate the whole of Milton's treatises. I will name those that appear to me of highest merit, and then make a few remarks on their style, their contents, and their especial value at this crisis of our national history. "Of Reformation in England," published as stated above, in 1641, is a searching examination of the circumstances that checked the progress of the reformed doctrines in this country. "Of Prelatical Episcopacy," 1641, is a reply to Archbishop Usher's "Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy," and Bishop Hall's "Humble Remonstrance." Milton argues, and argues I think conclusively, that whatever may be said of the *term* Bishop (Greek; *Episkopos*, properly rendered "*Overseer*"), the *office* as it obtains in the Romish and Anglican churches, is a purely human institution. "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty," 1641, is another formidable indictment against Episcopacy. "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus," 1641, is a crushing but too bitter reply to Bishop Hall, whose arguments are dashed to pieces "like a potter's vessel." "Apology for Smectymnuus," 1642, is a most

eloquent and triumphant reply to the slanders and abuse of a son of Bishop Hall. "Areopagitica," 1644, addressed to the Presbyterians, is one of the very earliest and certainly the most powerful appeal ever made in behalf of the liberty of the press. "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," 1644, contains perhaps the very finest passages in the English language, and is the most remarkable example of Milton's dialectic powers; but its unfortunate subject renders it unpleasant reading, at least as far as I am concerned. "Eikonoklastes," 1649, is a scathing reply to Gauden's "Eikon Basiliké," a book fraudulently represented as the work of King Charles I., and intended to provoke a Royalist rebellion. "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," 1651, is a crushing reply to the *Defensio Regia* of Claude de Saumaise (Salmasius), a wretched pedantic treatise, utterly worthless except as showing the inherent badness of the cause it defends; and the "Defensio Secunda," 1654, a reply to attacks on the former defence. A good English version of the Latin works is always printed in complete editions of the poet; but all such renderings are necessarily wanting in the sledgehammer strength of the originals.

It must be admitted that the literary merit of all these treatises is very unequal. Passages of marvellous power alternate with petty discussions that weary the idle readers of to-day. Of the exquisite ease and grace of such writers as Addison and Goldsmith there is not a trace. The elaborate rhetoric of Burke and the balanced antitheses of Macaulay are not found. The wit is more trenchant than pleasing. Humour is altogether wanting. The very logic is sometimes hurried away in the tornado of religious enthusiasm. But of the *summum bonum* of modern book-makers, the horror and abomination of Mr. Carlyle, fine writing with nothing in it, there is an utter absence. Milton's tongue never belies or outruns his thought. It is this intense sincerity ever present, ever felt, that gives life and reality to his dreariest discussions, and makes them infinitely more lovable than much fine writing in Monthlies and Quarterlies, and much fair speaking at Westminster and elsewhere. And are we to sacrifice this rugged truthfulness to the squeamish taste of a shuffling and sceptical gentility? Who does not prefer the sputterings of Cromwell, to the smooth hypocrisy of the *Eikon Basiliké*? Is not the surly growl of Diogenes better than all the rhetoric of the sophists? Are the schoolmasters to be permitted to plane and spokeshave the *De Corona*, and *De Falsa Legatione* to adapt them to their own prim notions of propriety? What mortal could endure a Juvenal tricked into "elegant" French verse? or a "new and greatly-improved" edition of Ezekiel for boarding school ladies?

The above account of Milton's style is entirely inapplicable to the passages in which he speaks of himself. These are always exquisitely natural and beautiful, approaching the style of a good modern prose writer far more closely than anything in Hooker or even in Bacon. The poet tells the story of his own life, or of his intentions and purposes, with a quiet dignity that is as far from conceit and "egoism" "as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole." I do not think it will be exaggeration or mistake to declare that these personal references of Milton are at once the most lovely and most precious scraps of autobiography in the literature of the wide world.

But to return: we do not attempt to justify the coarse personal-ities found in a few of Milton's pamphlets, and notably in his controversy with Claude de Saumaise and More. There are many passages in these treatises that we could wish for Milton's sake, but infinitely more for our own and posterity's sake, had never been written. Men, alas! are too prone to copy the foibles of their heroes and to copy little else. The irritability of Milton will be imitated by ten thousand smaller men; but who will imitate his purity of character, his inflexible integrity, his unselfishness, his burning zeal for all that is holy and true and of good report?

Let us judge Milton not generously but justly. We do not envy the head nor the heart of the man who always pictures St. Peter in parley with the maiden of the high priest, or temporizing at Antioch. And can we read through the prose works of Milton and, forgetting their thousand beauties, beauties unrivalled in literature, remember only half-a-dozen coarse epithets, applied pretty generally to those who richly merited them? In common fairness we ought to remember two things; the times in which he lived, and the treatment he received at the hands of his opponents.

On the whole there is too much made of the ever shifting opinions and prejudices of men, or rather of the upper classes of mankind, as if they were our ultimate law, and Right and God were empty names. Iniquity, however black, is stuccoed o'er if "fashion but approve." "Society" thus assumes the God, and the priest too often is the first to kneel. Thus do historians justify or excuse the brutal savagery of boasted chivalry, the unblushing licentiousness of the Courts of Charles II and Louis XIV., and the spite, greed, and pitiful meanness of the ministers of Queen Anne. The theory is based on falsehood; the practice is fruitful in injustice. How does this question affect the reputation of Milton? Let us see. He lived and wrote in the heat of the fiercest struggle that has ever inflamed the passions and embittered the prejudices of Englishmen. The part he played was a prominent and decisive

one. His cause after a temporary triumph received in 1660 a crushing defeat. His name was now anathematized by the Court and by the Church, and his greatest prose work was publicly burnt by the hangman. Historians, poets, satirists, and playwrights took their cue from the government. After the Revolution of 1689 a change came over the spirit of the times, but a bad name, though undeserved, dies hard; and to-day one of the purest, noblest, most lovable men that ever adorned our race passes with many as a coarse and cruel fanatic. William Laud, the primate, ventured publicly to thank the God of infinite love and compassion for granting him the victory over his enemies, when the Court of High Commission condemned Leighton, Prynne, and Bastwick for "trifles light as air" to have their noses split, their ears cut off, and their cheeks branded with a hot iron. And this heathenish ferocity is constantly excused by grossly overstating the bitterness of party spirit in that age. But the Puritan Milton, whose deepest offence was flinging a few hard names in the face of a few unprincipled opponents, has experienced far different treatment.

Such has been Milton's fortune with posterity. It would be impossible to exaggerate the bitterness with which he was constantly assailed when he was alive; and for my own part I certainly do not wonder that he did not mince his words to please fastidious ears. "It will not do," on the whole, as Mr. John Thorne was wont to say, "to fight the devil with his own weapons." But the injunction to turn the left cheek to him that smites the right is the hardest ever laid on poor frail humanity. The following is the account which Mr. Pattison gives of the "*Animadversions on the Remonstrant*": "Nothing can excuse or reconcile us to the indecent scurrility with which he (Dr. Hall) is assailed in Milton's pages, which reflect more discredit on him who wrote them, than on him against whom they were written." It might be inferred from this that Milton assails Hall in the language of violent personal abuse. It is not so. He gives us his opinion pretty freely on the general conduct of the bishops of his day, an opinion by the way shared in by nearly every thoughtful reader of history to-day, but the grave offence is of a very different nature; he ruthlessly pommels to atoms and scatters to the whirlwind the flimsy sophisms and paste-board assumptions of the prelate. In his account of the conduct of Dr. Hall's son, Mr. Pattison has not exposed the virulence of the attack that called forth the "Apology for Smectymnuus." This amiable young gentleman, the son of a high dignitary of the Established Church, after retailing a score of scandalous stories about Milton, and calling the poet "a miscreant," proceeds to call upon "all good Christians," (mark the expression!) to stone him

forthwith! And the pamphlet which contains this infamous suggestion was revised, as Milton assures us, by the "Right Reverend Father in God" himself! Who can wonder after this that the "Apology" is severe and plain-spoken? It is somewhat startling to hear Mr. Pattison speaking of Milton in 1641 as "young and unknown." He was 33, had written *Comus* and *Lycidas*, not a bad day's work, as life's days pass among us, and was the friend of Diodati and Galileo. Not one of Milton's tractates has come in for a richer harvest of abuse than *Eikonoklastes*. Let us glance at the origin of this celebrated pamphlet. Dr. Gauden wrote a book which he named "*Eikon Basiliké*, a Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty (Charles I.) in his Solitudes and Sufferings." This was published anonymously, but a report was industriously circulated that it was the production of the king himself. It is an unreadable jumble of maudlin piety, despotic pride, invincible stupidity, and quiet mis-statements; but admirably calculated by its very faults to pass current as the work of Charles Stuart. The book had an immense sale—forty editions were soon printed; and fears were entertained that it might achieve the end the writer contemplated, by provoking another Royalist insurrection. Under these circumstances the Council of State ordered Milton to prepare a reply. He did so; and no one can wonder that Royalists winced under "the nervous rhetoric of the 'Iconoclast'" (Macaulay). It is satisfactory to be enabled to add that after the "happy" Restoration, Dr. Gauden claimed the authorship of the *Eikon*, and after a little praiseworthy importunity obtained the wages of his honourable and disinterested loyalty—the Bishopric of Exeter. We leave them to posterity with no misgiving—John Gauden and John Milton, *Eikon Basiliké* and *Eikonoklastes*.

It is stated above that the "*Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*" was burnt by the common hangman. So insane was the fury of the royalists and church party that copies of Milton's pamphlets were bought wholesale, and sometimes at exorbitant prices, to be destroyed. The very booksellers were disgusted at this petty malice. The pamphlets exist notwithstanding; and the enthusiasm of Macaulay and the just appreciation of the Rev. Stopford Brooke give good promise of long years of busy life. Mr. Pattison himself makes one admission that goes far to atone for his severe handling of the prose works: "Many of Milton's pamphlets are certainly party-pleadings, choleric, one-sided, personal. But through them all runs the one redeeming character—that they are all written on the side of liberty. He defended religious liberty against the prelates, civil liberty against the crown, the liberty of the press against the executive, liberty of conscience against the Presby-

terians, and domestic liberty against the tyranny of the canon law. Milton's pamphlets might have been stamped with the motto which Selden inscribed (in Greek) in all his books, 'liberty before everything' (page 69).

Enamoured of their own much-vaunted constitution, Englishmen were idly dreaming that the battle of civil liberty had been fought and won. The experience of the last six years ought to be sufficient to awaken the dullest to the fact, too well understood before by every careful student, that an ambitious minister with a mechanical majority in the Commons may involve the country in bloody and discreditable wars, or harass it with foreign alliances and complications in defiance of the people; nay more, may by means of "Supplementary Budgets" and similar devices, even set himself above the control of Parliament itself. And have we achieved religious liberty when by far the larger and more earnest section of God's worshippers are merely "tolerated" by the State? Is it religious liberty when one half of the population, besides voluntarily supporting that form of worship which their consciences approve, are compelled, moreover, to contribute to the support of a form which they disapprove? It is not "toleration" that is sought. We deny utterly the right of the State to dictate to any man in reference to his solemn relation to his Maker. Till the day of Toleration is past, and religious liberty in its only legitimate meaning, that is perfect religious equality, is the birthright of every Englishman, the battle will rage fiercer and fiercer every year. We shall think twice, if we are wise, before we burn our Miltons; before we give up even Milton's prose works.

I bid adieu to the subject with feelings of genuine regret. For months past I have lived in daily intercourse with one of the best men that ever consecrated marvellous talents to the service of God and the best interests of mankind. If I have succeeded in doing no one else good, let me humbly hope that the exercise will not be lost on myself. We will finish our examination of Milton with a few noble words of his own:

. . . . "Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continued practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shall open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms

of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shall put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth." (Reformation in England).

THOS. RUDDLE.

I beg to call the attention of readers of the above articles on Milton to the following extracts from Mr. Froude's recently-published "Bunyan" (English Men of Letters, (pages 117 and 118). "Satan (viz Milton's Satan) could not be made interesting without touches of a nobler nature, without ceasing to be the Satan of the Christian religion When the unlimited and incomprehensible Being whose attributes are infinite, of whom, from the inadequacy of our ideas we can only speak in negatives, is brought on the stage to talk like an ordinary man, we feel that Milton has mistaken the necessary limits of his art We prefer to hear it (the theme of *Paradise Regained*) in plain prose, with a minimum of ornament, and with the utmost precision of statement." The writer had intended to pen a few articles on "Bunyan," and had prepared materials some years ago for some such work; but after the publication of this admirable volume, the noblest contribution to a noble series, such an attempt would be at once silly and impertinent.

DO GOOD TO THE PERSON NEAREST YOU.

"**H**E first findeth his own brother Simon." I do not sympathise with the cowardly and dishonest objection sometimes made to heathen missions, on the plea that charity should begin at home, that there are large unreclaimed masses living at our own doors: for such as make this objection there is a very sufficient answer, 'Well, what are you doing for the souls of these home heathens?' You will never find them shewing concern for any soul on earth, not even for the soul nearest them, their own. Those who are zealous for the spiritual good of their neighbours are the very last to grudge anything that may be done for Africa, or Polynesia, or Italy. But on the other hand I am utterly unable to see how any man can be sincere in working or giving for the conversion of foreign heathens, who has not an equal or a greater care for the souls of his relatives, and of those about his door. Christianity does not override our natural affections; it strengthens and exalts them. A living Christian will rejoice in whatever promotes the Kingdom of his Master in any part of the earth, but he will certainly find his highest joy in the advancement of the work of grace among those of his own circle. As the sun cannot enlighten us without enlightening all the intervening space, so Christian love, the outgoing of Christian faith, will first affect those whom kindred or association has brought near to us."—*Symington's The Apostles of our Lord.*

LORENZO DOW.

(Continued from page 169.)

HIS doctrinal views and religious experiences are distinctively Wesleyan. Early in his public ministry, under the instructions of the dying Calvin Wooster, he sought and found the blessing of perfect love, or entire sanctification. His orthodoxy on this point is unassailable. The distributive justice of God to individuals and communities was a frequent theme with him. The curse of God, he thought, had rested upon Savannah since the hour that the people treated John Wesley so badly, and also confiscated the property of George Whitefield. He felt as if part of himself were gone when he received the tidings of his child's death, but submitted in the spirit of Abraham to the Lord's doing. Though compassed about with many infirmities, he patiently strove to exemplify his own maxims—"The GLORY of God our object; the WILL of God our law; His SPIRIT our guide; and the Bible our rule, that Heaven may be our END."

Against Atheism, Deism, Universalism, and Calvinism he constantly directed his sermons, and spared no convincing argument, no witty sally, no biting sarcasm, to confute and bring them into contempt. The central doctrine of Calvinism—that of unconditional foreordination—he looked upon as the parent of all heterodoxy. "The Bible saith, *Christ* gave Himself for ALL. (1 Tim. ii. 4, 6; 1 John ii. 2.) A double L does not spell *part*, nor *some*, nor *few*; but it means all." Adherents of the Westminster Confession he styled "A double L—part men;" and in the "Chain of Reason and Reflections," which contains his doctrinal system, justly described their preaching as somewhat like this:

You can, and you can't;
 You shall, and you shan't;
 You will, and you won't;
 You'll be damned if you do,
 And be damned if you don't;

"thus contradicting themselves that people must do, and yet they cannot do, and God must do all, and at the same time invites them to come to Christ."

In the interpretation of the Bible he strictly observed Bishop Newton's law, and put a literal construction on its language, unless the context made such an interpretation absurd. His theological nomenclature is as original and independent as himself. None but Dow would designate the Almighty as the "Causeless Causator."

He was a born controversialist. He loved argument and delighted in logical encounters. He was a theological knight-

errant, who seldom mistook a windmill for a mailed adversary. In his fiery zeal for truth and righteousness he was not seldom chargeable with credulity, inaccuracy and unfairness. While in England he believed the popular rumours of concealed Romanism in all the members of George III.'s family except the Duke of Cambridge, and built many amusing prophecies on that assumption.

"To the manner born," he asserted, in "Omnifarious Law Exemplified," that "one of the Blue Laws of Connecticut was neither to give meat, drink, nor lodgings to a Quaker, or to tell him the road, or carry him over a ferry;" and, Dr. Trumbull and later writers to the contrary notwithstanding, that that very law had been executed in some of the counties of his native State. Of the Shakers he was quite ready to believe the common report that their communistic life was badly stained by sins of the flesh. Of the British Government he was distrustful and afraid on principle. He perceived the deleterious influence of "British gold" in the chaotic condition of domestic politics, and surmised that British machinations had assembled the Hartford Convention, and set afloat the South Carolinian doctrine of nullification. No good could possibly come out of the British Nazareth.

He was intensely patriotic; admonished, warned and entreated his countrymen to be calm and dispassionate in their social and partisan views. "Be, very deliberately, true Americans!" Not less fervid was his love of popular liberty and hatred of monopolies. National established churches he abhorred. Against the religious establishments of Massachusetts and Connecticut he launched unsparing invectives, and called upon the people of those States to "view a *half-breed* or *quarter-roon* in the land, a grand-daughter of the old W——." President John Adams he accused of monarchical leanings. "Hence," said John, 1789, "to have a stable Government the chief magistrate must be established for life, if not hereditary; and also the Senate for life," &c., "to prevent the rich people from being oppressed by the poor;" and clerical expectation in the East was high.

The slightest pressure of church order galled him severely. He winced, kicked out of the traces, broke loose from all restraints, and careered around the continent and over the British Isles at his own wild will. He was an exception to all rules. The charitable construction is that he was a chosen instrument of the Almighty to accomplish much good in an irregular way. Episcopal succession and episcopal authority were equally the objects of his dislike. Secret animosity to Dr. Coke and Jesse Lee underlies his statement that "Jesse Lee said Coke *stole* one of *his* votes, and put it on the other side, and thereby elected Whatcoat."

Presiding elders were no greater favourites with him than bishops. "To degenerate a noble, generous mind," said he, "make a presiding elder of him," a sentiment that has found a more modern echo. Methodism, as organised in 1820, he declared was so altered from the primitive Wesleyan pattern, that it was like "the Irishman's jack-knife, which was twenty-nine years old; had it from his *father*; it had worn out five new blades and three new handles, and still was the same *good old knife*." "The Methodist mode of Church government," said he, "is the most arbitrary and despotic in America except the Shakers."

He was a reformer, too, and advocated, not a quadrennial precisely, but a limited episcopacy, an elective presiding eldership, a conferential stationing committee, and lay representation. Episcopacy to him was a "Dagon or Diana."

His outspokenness led him into trouble more than once, and particularly in relation to the deceased Rev. William Hammet, the South Carolinian seceder from the Methodist Episcopal Church, whom he charged with "crooked work," and about whom he repeated the rumours that his (Hammet's) motives were impure, and that "he died drunk." For giving currency to these statements in his published journals, he was, at one of his later visits to Charleston (May, 1821), tried and condemned for an offence against the peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina. He avers that he was tried under the old feudal law, whose maxim is, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." An immense pother was made about it at the time, and the outcome was ridiculous. He was solemnly sentenced to be imprisoned in the common jail for twenty-four hours, fined a dollar, and mulcted in the costs of the prosecution. Lorenzo paid the fine, the costs were relinquished by the officers of the court, and he was released from jail by a pardon from the governor on the afternoon of the same day.

A second time he was tried and condemned. This was before the Superior Court of Connecticut, held at Norwich, January, 1829. He had been sued for damages by a firm of mill owners, who complained that he prevented the flow of a regular supply of water to their mills by building a dam six feet high at the outlet of Miner's Pond, which was on land owned by Lorenzo Dow. He went into something resembling intellectual and moral hysterics over the adverse decision. Rev. Hector Brownson, who knew him intimately, said that he removed the obstructive dam, as ordered by the court; but in such fashion that the tremendous outrush of water did ten times more damage to the mills below his property than any previous stoppage had done.

Again he asserted the right to do as he pleased with his own,

said that he had only let off the water to blow out the sluice-way more to his mind, to secure a plank that was sprung, and to estimate, by actual survey, the damage done to adjacent owners, whose land he had overflowed with water. Again he was taught that the enjoyment of personal right is limited by the points of infringement on the rights of others. Financial ruin followed in the wake of this whimsical exploit, which was performed in the fall of 1830 or spring of 1831. His next direct controversy was with the great enemy death, to whose power he succumbed, as before related, at the national capital.

The literary productions of Lorenzo Dow are quite voluminous, and in some instances have passed through more than thirty editions. Occasionally he attempted poetic composition; but his *Pegasus* was a limping, rough-shod, broken-winded hack. He is still remembered on the Old Dutchess and Columbia Circuit, New York Conference, by his wretched doggerel on the "Presbyterian Deacon's Cat," which

Went out to seek her prey;
She ran around the house,
And ketched a mouse
Upon the Sabbath Day.
The deacon being much offended,
The crime was so profane,
He laid down his book,
The cat he took,
And bound her with a chain.
You filthy jade, ain't you ashamed?
Don't you deserve to die,
To carry down to hell
My holy wife and I?

The deacon, it would seem, had incurred Lorenzo's indignation by the extreme rigour of his Sabbath observances, and by his forgetfulness of "the weightier matters of the law," for which he was condemned to impalement on a stake none the less torturing because of its knotted crookedness.

The style of his prose writing is a curious mixture of the crabbedness and force of Carlyle with the simplicity, directness, and homeliness of Bunyan. In more than one particular does he remind one of the "prince of dreamers." He published pamphlets in Ireland, and disseminated his "Rules for Holy Living" in that country and at home. His "Reflections on Matrimony" are exceedingly Scriptural, wise, and epigrammatic. Descanting on "Petticoat Law," he maintains that woman is capable of being better and worse than man; that "the character of a man is in the power of the woman; secondly, his property is in the power of the woman; thirdly, the liberty of a man is in the power of the woman; fourthly, his life is in the power of the woman." He

spoke and wrote from experience, as well as from study. He had been as unique a suitor as preacher. Proposing conditionally to Peggy Miller, who subsequently became his wife, he told her that he was going South, that if she was willing to give him up for twelve months out of the thirteen, and that if he met with no one he liked better than she, why then something more might be said on the subject of marriage after his return.

They were married September 3, 1804. For fifteen years she shared his toils, privations, sorrows, and blessings, and yielded up her spirit while resting in her husband's arms, January 6, 1820.

Peggy had proved to be such an excellent wife, that he married a second time before the year was out. Whether the second venture was equal to his liking is doubtful. Mrs. Dow (the second), it is said, very wisely insisted on retaining control of her own property and on managing her own domestic concerns. In her temporary absence the eccentric husband had the legend, "Women Rule Here" painted over the front door. She is said to have been an excellent, sensible, and godly woman.

It was in deference to a wide-spread and urgent demand that all his thoughts and writings were "concentrated in a body." When the collection was "brought to a focus and published in two volumes, for the benefit of society," then the eccentric preacher felt that the principal part of his work was done. "But," he added, "what time I have to spend below I wish to devote to Zion's welfare, and stem the torrent of opposition and temptation, until the journey of life shall close, and my weary soul may gain the happy land."

Every public man's life is recorded in two volumes. The first contains the statements of himself, friends, enemies, and critics as to his motives and actions, and as to the mark he has made upon society. The second is that found among the books of God's remembrance, wherein is unerringly inscribed the truth—the photographic reflection of the subjective and objective man. The two are often strangely discrepant. Only the latter is wholly trustworthy. We doubt not that in the case of Lorenzo Dow the divine record is of a fallible, errant, but loving and devoted disciple, who was accepted in the Beloved, and who was welcomed on his demise to the kingdom and glory of his Lord.—*National Repository*.

READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

(Continued from page 178.)

COMPREHENSIVE SUBJECT.

“JONAH,” THE PREACHER OF JUDGMENT.

Chap. III.
1 to 10 verse.



WE speculate not on the interval which elapsed between the deliverance and the re-commission, and Jonah's whereabouts and occupation when it came: nothing were easier than so to do; but practical hints rather than speculative flights are our chief purpose and aim. The narrative or history as we advance broadens out into wealthier acreage of interest and pleasure. A change comes upon our contemplations' because a change has come upon the *man*. Jonah the *runaway prophet* is now before us as Jonah the **SUCCESSFUL PREACHER**. “And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh,” &c. (Verses 1 and 2.) We have here, **JONAH RECEIVING AFRESH HOLY ORDERS**:—God repeats Himself. He can know nothing of failure. His purposes may be contravened by disobedience, but not finally frustrated. Jonah in his weak hours may run from duty, and so cross the path of Jehovah's plans; nevertheless, He will meet the offender in correction at a farther turn in the journey, and bid him *effectually* a “*Second*” time to execute His designs. Delay is not defeat. God can afford to wait, for He has Eternity to work in. Waiting shall ripen into triumph.

Renewed
Commis-
sion.

Sin a hind-
rance.

Note (a) *That sin in God's servants is a great hinderer*. It prolongs wickedness that should be rebuked; prevents reformation that waits the starting request; and impedes divine purposes that are ready to blossom into fulfilment.

Faithless-
ness does
not neces-
sitate fail-
ure.

Note again (b) *That faithlessness in the servant does not necessitate failure to the Master*. If Jonah went go at the first bidding, he will at the “*second*.” Chastisement shall lead to consecration, and *that* to successful service. God sees the end from the beginning. He can never “*fail*”

Moral delin-
quency.

nor be “*discouraged*.” Note once more (c) *That moral delinquency repented of is no impassable barrier to former Favour, Privilege, Honour*. God does not take advantage of our weakness to cut us off for ever: He is Patient, Pitiful, Forgiving, and will restore His penitent servants to forfeited blessings and dignities. Jonah the rebel-prophet becomes the honoured Preacher of righteousness.

Note lastly (d) *That the Preacher's true function is to declare what God commands him*: "preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." The *message* as well as the *commission* must bear the impress of divinity. Every sermon should have the genuine ring of "*Thus saith the LORD!*" Divine Thoughts, Purposes, Desires, Truths, and not human notions, creeds, sentiments, opinions, fancies, must ever fill the mind, inspire the tongue, constrain the utterance, and fire the eloquence and enthusiasm of every Ambassador of the Cross. We are to "PREACH," not "play;" perform, not pervert: we are to *Preach what God bids us*, and not parade our learning, cleverness, research, vanity! To every man's conscience commending ourselves, saying to all and to each, "I have a message from the Lord unto you!"

The preacher's true function.

"So Jonah arose, and went unto Nineveh," etc. (verses 3 and 4). Here we have JONAH OBEDIENT TO THE HOLY ORDERS. Doing what he should have done at first, without occasioning God to repeat His behest, which would have saved him his bitter experience, and have facilitated Nineveh's repentance. He (1) "*Arose*:" he did that the first time, but with a *different* spirit. Then he "arose" sullen, sour, defiant; with a determination to transgress. Now, he "arose" good-tempered, cheerful, submissive, bent on unqualified obedience. Obedience is true or false according to the TEMPER in which we act. We may "arise" in harmony with the command, when it would be to our gain, perhaps, to sit still. Sullen meditateness might ultimately overcome the temporary fit of rebellious feeling, and end in joyous surrender; whereas hasty action almost invariably brings hurried and hurtful disaster. To arise at Heaven's bidding to profit, we must arise to obey the *whole* of the imperial mandate. Half measures will be ruinous!

Jonah's obedience.

He "*Arose and (2) Went*." Before it was to flee: he took the by-path to Joppa instead of the highway to Nineveh. Now, he turned his face and planted his feet in the right direction. The start being correct, the terminus was reached true to the orders given. "He went to Nineveh."

As Jehovah's commission appertains to both *Action* and its *Sphere*, so our obedience must be true to each. We are not to go simply where we please, but where God pleases:

N

not where we would choose but where He chooses. Hence, He not only calls to service, but points out distinctly the locality. He gives a definite "Go!" likewise a definite "WHERE!" We must be faithful in the "*Going*" as well as in the "*Arising*." The moral motion must be right as well as the motive pure. If we don't take the road to "Nineveh," wherever we go it will be displeasing. "The path of duty is the path of safety," ay, and the path of honour and reward too.

According to
the Word
of the
Lord.

He "*went* . . . (3) *according to the Word of the LORD.*" In the first instance he went according to his own selfish inclinations, and so went wrong; just what old self does for every man that panders to its follies and wishes! Now, he sinks self in the Infinite: loses his will in the Divine: and marches in absolute accordance with the Holy Orders received. "*The Word of the Lord*" is the chart by which he steers his course, the directory to which he takes earnest heed as he travels, the map by which he learns his duty-route and finds his destination. He who would go *right*, must go according to the dictation of Supreme Authority. The infallible guide of all moral progressiveness and evangelistic procedure is "the Word of God."

Method of
Preaching.

"*Jonah . . . went*" AND (4) "*CRIED yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.*" This expresses the METHOD and MATTER of his preaching. His method was (a) *Earnest*: (b) *Courageous*: (c) *Impressive*: he did not mumble nor mutter, but "*Cried!*" We have too many indistinct sounds, uncertain utterances, hesitant and unimpressible "deliverances" from the pulpits of our land to-day! Polish alas! prevents pungency: and culture is too tight-laced and mealy-mouthed to "*Cry!*" etc.

We must not, however, press this point *extravagantly*; for while there are "sons of thunder" in the divine economy of the ministry, there are also "sons of consolation." The two are essential parts in the great whole: indispensable to the completeness of the machinery. While it is the province of *some* to storm the citadel of iniquity and destroy "the works of the devil," it is equally the province of *others* to "edify the saints," "feed the flock," and "build the body of Christ." The great thing is for every preacher to possess the *Ability to "Cry"* whenever occasion for it arises, or the season for it presents itself. Sin must be "*cried*" down, and not *toned* down!

Jonah's matter was (a) *Adapted* to the comprehension of rich and poor, scholarly and simple. It was (b) *Solemn*, being a message of death and destruction. It was (c) *Humiliating*: Nineveh to be overthrown; such a massive, majestic, magnificent, and mightily fortified city! It was (d) *Definite*: in relation to *Doom*,—"overthrown:" to *Time*,—"Forty days." It was (e) *Merciful*: for all God's threats are preceded or followed by chances of reform; conditions of possible and available escape. He never executes *Judgment* until He has offered *Mercy*.

We learn from the above,—First, That Jonah's obedience Lessons. was *prompt*: *minute*: *unqualified*: *satisfactory*. Secondly,—That the essential elements in a Preacher are—*Earnestness*: *Fearlessness*: and *Effectiveness*. Thirdly,—That Preaching to be useful must be characterised, more or less, by the *adaptation*, *solemnity*, *definiteness*, etc., of the street preacher of Nineveh. Fourthly,—*That the performance of GREAT DUTIES will be helped by "GREAT GRACE."*

"So the people of Nineveh believed God," &c. (Verses 5—9.)

Here we have THE PRACTICAL FRUITS OF JONAH'S Fruits. PREACHING:—Repentance and Reformation. He who failed in Israel succeeded in Nineveh. The "Jewish" soil so religiously cultivated was unproductive of fruit; while the "Gentile" soil so corrupted by heathenism and evil, a very wilderness of iniquity, suddenly bursts into a "garden of the Lord!" A minister may succeed in one place and not in another. Be careful how you pronounce judgment and distribute blame! Success, perhaps, depends more on the mental and moral condition of the *Hearers* than on the *Preacher*. Jesus Christ—the Great Model Preacher—failed in one locality because of the badness of the soil; not a badness akin to Nineveh, but the badness of *Prejudice* and *Unbelief* (MATT. xiii. 58.) Notorious sinners are more susceptible of religious impressions than mere moralists. Repetition of great truths often breeds a fatal familiarity. There is such a thing as being "gospel-hardened," sermon-proof—so that the most fervid appeals are heard with a stoical indifference. "SOIL," I say, has much to do with SUCCESS or FAILURE! Such practical results accruing from *One Sermon* by Jonah among idolatrous heathens, were a *terrible rebuke* to his countrymen among whom he had laboured for years, but in vain;

as well as an invincible proof that he was a true prophet of the Lord. The repentance of the Ninevites was (a) *Well-timed*: immediately, almost without any delay, &c. (b) *Well-grounded*: "Believed God." Faith indispensable, &c. (c) *Well-evidenced*: by Self-denial (Fasting): Self-abasement (Sackcloth and Ashes): Earnest prayer (verse 8): Personal Reform: (prayer without practice a mockery) (d) *Universal*: from the greatest to the least, the king to the peasant, &c. (e) *With a Hopefulness of reconciliation*: "Who can tell if God will turn &c." (verse 9).

LESSONS.

Learn First,—The importance of a Faithful Ministry. The press has done much for the moral amelioration of Society, the Pulpit and Platform more, &c.

Learn Secondly,—That great results often spring from the feeblest probabilities and instrumentality. One preacher and one sermon against the surging tides of an immense city's population and sin! yet, turning ALL hearts to God!!

Learn Thirdly,—That all true Reformation begins in faith, and continues in practice.

Learn Fourthly,—Gentile indebtedness to the Jewish nation. In this case the city's salvation by a preaching Jew; while we are indebted to them for the Saviour of the world, &c.

Genuine
Repent-
ance.

"And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil ways; and God repented of the evil that He had said He would do," &c. verse 10). *This suggests,—THAT GENUINE REPENTANCE AVERTS THE PUNITIVE PURPOSES OF GOD.* Be careful in interpreting this. The eternal purpose of God is to punish Sin; in that He has never changed. On the other hand, the eternal purpose of God is to reward Virtue; in this He has never altered. The "Unchangeable" cannot change. To suppose such a thing is to suppose an absurdity and an impossibility. All the change is on the *Creature's side*. Repentance reverses the sinner's position before, and relationship to God, which change brings him from under the fixed purpose of justice to punish, under the equally fixed purpose of mercy to forgive and bless. Divine Anger never blossoms into Divine Complacency. As every "attribute" is distinct in the divine Nature, so every "emotion" is separate and distinct in the divine Heart. Hence, repentance averting the punitive purposes of Jehovah, must not be understood as effecting a *change* in Him, but as transferring the penitent from the *Anger-side* to the *Approval-side* of God, and so bringing him from being under the Unalterable

decree to execute judgment on unrepented iniquity, to being under the Smile of his Eternal purpose to bless and do him good. God threatens accelerated ruin in some instances, in order to hasten reformation!

Learn First,—THAT GOD TENDERLY WATCHES FOR LESSONS. GENUINE INDICATIONS OF MORAL REFORM. *Secondly*,—THAT BEHOLDING THEM HE JOYFULLY REFRAINS FROM EXECUTING HIS THREATENINGS. *Thirdly*,—THAT REPENTANCE IS A WONDERFUL POWER IN THE DOMAIN OF MORAL GOVERNMENT. "Repent . . . and the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." (ACTS iii. 19.) "Repent . . . and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (ACTS ii. 38.)

(To be continued.)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY J. CREWES.

BEFORE I left England several readers of the *Bible Christian Magazine* said, "Be sure to write and tell us what you think of New Zealand." Well, from what I have seen I judge that it is a grand country, with immense resources, and a glorious future before it. The delegates sent out by the farmers of Lincolnshire to go through the colony and report about it, expressed the opinion a few evenings ago, "*That New Zealand is a fine place for farmers with moderate capital.*" However, I do not know enough on the Land question to give advice to farmers. This I will give as an impression, however, from what I have seen and heard: 1st.—In New Zealand there is land as good as in any part of the world, and some as poor as can be found anywhere, and some also of an average quality; and 2nd.—That in the neighbourhood of Christchurch good land sells at a good price, and lets at a rather high rental. Christchurch is a growing city. I don't know how to describe it. Some persons have been surprised to find such a city in such a young colony; others, with myself, have been rather disappointed. It is almost as flat as a table, but has one or two ranges of hills very near it. A clear river, with drooping willows on its margin, creeps and winds through the city. The banks in some places are very pretty, but they are nowhere as beautiful as the banks of the river Yarrow, at Melbourne. There are a few fine public buildings,—the Public Library, the Museum, and the Post Office

are the most attractive. We have also some good shops, or stores, very like some of the fine shops in the large towns of England. On Saturday evening the business streets are thronged just as the principal business streets in large towns at home are. A cathedral is in course of erection, and several important houses are being built in the suburbs of the city. Most of the houses are built of wood, and though some of them are of very elegant design, and situated in charming grounds, they seem as they really are—temporary.

I believe that Christchurch and its suburbs will become a very fine city, but at present rough patches mar the beauty of its appearance. A great deal of work will be done in this city within the next few years, and in course of time it will become a very beautiful place.

Another impression I have is this: that generally steady, industrious men who have been some time in the colony have done a great deal better for themselves and their families than they could have done at home, and I think that sagacious men, with a few hundreds of pounds in their pockets, might find opportunities for considerably augmenting their possessions, but they must be wide awake. There have, however, been a great many bankruptcies within the last twelve months. Writers and lecturers of a highly excitable and hopeful temperament, and a poetical fancy, have given descriptions of the country which are not so apparent to men of cooler temperaments. I will therefore give a few facts which have come under my own observation. New Zealand at present is under great depression. It is true that we have been reaping a glorious harvest, perhaps the best ever reaped in the colony, and that this may in time greatly improve the finances, &c., but it is equally true that there were a great many men without employment in the most busy part of the harvest. Persons who think of coming to this neighbourhood should be prepared for dulness of trade and uncertainty of employment. They should also consider that lodgings cost 1s. a person per night, and meals 1s. each, and that respectable board and lodging could not be obtained for less than 18s. per week. Houses—small houses in the city are let at 12s. per week each. I think there are houses in the suburbs let for less, but they are occupied, or they have been whenever I have tried to get one for a friend. Employment lately has been very uncertain. Two young men—carpenters—came from England with me. They obtained no employment during some weeks, and even then one of them went to work harvesting, and the other, who got employment in his own line of business, has been out again for more than a week. Another young man has not done a day's work

since I landed. Another friend—a bricklayer, I think—who landed soon after I did, has worked only about half his time, and not always at his own trade. I have seen several others who have not had much more than half employment lately. How long the present state of things will continue I cannot predict. I simply mention that as the harvest has not given sufficient employment, it is not probable that the approaching winter will greatly improve the labour market. To friends who propose to make this colony their adopted home, I would say:—"Friends, if you will come to Christchurch, come, and we will welcome you to the best of our ability, but if you are poor, don't sell your last article of furniture, and spend your last penny to pay for your passage until you have thought over what we have written." Men who have money can afford to wait for opportunities of investment, but to men who have no money, waiting for opportunities is not an enjoyable occupation.

J. C.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

HENRY LINTOTT.

THIS is a name well-known and highly venerated, not only by those who compose our congregations in the Crondall Circuit, but also by the inhabitants generally of the locality. When, in 1830, the Gospel was first preached in the neighbourhood by our people, Mr. Lintott resided at Blacknest, a hamlet in the north of Hampshire. Here he had lived from childhood, and for many years worked in the Crown forests. In common with many others, he lived in great spiritual ignorance until the place was visited by our Home missionaries. He was one of the first savingly affected by the preached Word, and the sequel of his history has proved that his conversion was an event of unusual importance to the church; for he became a successful seeker of the lost, a judicious guide of the Christian pilgrim, and at length a Father in Israel. Possessing great force of character, as well as keen discernment, having undaunted courage and great physical strength, when his energies were directed by Divine grace he was just the man to arouse the careless, and to boldly face derision and persecution. His educational advantages were very few, but what he learned from the preached Word, the study of the Scriptures, and from experience was highly prized, and used to great advantage. God was about to accomplish a great work, and although the agents selected were not such as

the worldly wise approved, they were known to Infinite wisdom as possessing peculiar fitness for the work, and by Divine grace they were further prepared for the accomplishment of the designs of Infinite love,

“We thank thee, Lord, when thou dost need,
The man aye ripens for the deed.”

Henry Lintott was called to take an active part in the establishing of the Bible Christian cause in the Farnham Mission.* Very soon after his conversion he began to preach, and his earnest exhortations, always conveyed in quaint and homely language, induced many to seek salvation. At this time the labours of the circuit minister, and those associated with him, awakened considerable interest, for many persons obtained a knowledge of the forgiveness of sins. It was hardly to be expected that such a work could be carried forward without opposition. For although the history of the church supplies abundant evidence of the futility of opposition to the advancement of the cause of Christ and righteousness, the extension of the kingdom of the Lord, and especially the accomplishment of any great work of saving grace, is usually met by fierce opposition from the enemies of the Cross.

Soon after his name appeared on the Mission plan, Br. Lintott had to suffer severe persecution. But in this, as in many other cases, the Almighty caused the wrath of man to praise Him; even the hatred of the ungodly to subserve the interests of His kingdom. In common with one or two others, who were his fellow-labourers, our friend was informed that he must either give up preaching or leave the situation he had filled for many years, and also the house in which he had peacefully dwelt. One of the fellow-labourers referred to, so far yielded as to have his *name* removed from the plan, and a “reference” substituted. This mode of proceeding was not congenial to Mr. Lintott. Decided in his opinions, and having the courage of his convictions, he could not thus do things by halves. He had consecrated himself unto the Lord, and must fulfil all His will. Therefore although it might be hard to leave long accustomed home and labour, he would seek employment elsewhere to be able freely to perform in the neighbourhood the service to which God had clearly called him, and for which there was very pressing need. As he was willing to work, and as far as possible to adapt himself to any kind of employment, he hoped to soon obtain the desired engagement. This hope, the fruit of a guileless heart and unsuspecting mind, was not immediately realized. Application to almost every employer in the parish, and subsequently in

* Now divided into the Liphook and the Crondall Circuits.

adjacent parishes, was unavailing, *because "Lintott was a Methodist."* Having a wife and young family dependent on him, the trial of his faith and courage was severe. What would become of them if his labour should be taken from him, and was it right for him to expose them to such privation? Might he not rather consent to a compromise? After much wrestling in prayer, the decision was emphatically pronounced, "*I'll stick to me' tack.*" The conquest was almost assured, although there was a long-continued struggle before the victory was manifestly with the servant of the Lord. By faith Abram when he was called to go out into a land that he should afterward possess, obeyed; and it was faith in the same Divine faithfulness which inspired the heart of Henry Lintott as he left his employment and habitation with no human prospect of subsistence, and went to reside at Batt's Corner.

This not very prepossessing name belongs to a village in which was formed the first Bible Christian Society in the neighbourhood, and it is now interesting on account of Br. Lintott's association with it, and as the scene of many spiritual triumphs. From whence it derived its name we know not. The latter part may have been suggested by its geographical position as the extreme corners of three parishes, and of the counties of Surrey and Hants; and it may be that this corner connected with a large tract of waste land and some forest, became a favourite resort of the bat. The character of the inhabitants was in keeping with the uncultivated nature of the soil—it was a spiritual "wilderness." *The spot where our new chapel now stands* was regarded as peculiarly the devil's ground, for there prize-fighting, wrestling, and bull-baiting were witnessed. Although much of the soil was in an uncultivated state, the prospect from the eminence where the sports were observed must have been enchanting to an enlightened mind, and have served to intensify the feeling of sorrow at the surrounding moral destitution.

Having taken up his residence at Batt's Corner, our friend's difficulties were far from being at an end. Still unable to obtain any kind of employment, want threatened him and his family. In this time of extremity Divine strength and direction were often sought. "The difficulties had been encountered in pursuing the path of duty and Christian usefulness; he had 'come out' with a determination to serve the Lord, and would not the Lord provide?" So reasoned our friend in the hour of providential darkness. Notwithstanding his continued waiting on God, and anxiety to know and fulfil the Heavenly Father's will, it was a time of great perplexity. How could these apparently adverse circumstances

work for his good? The history of the saints affords ample proof of the truthfulness of the lines—

“Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
Which caused thy needless fear.”

Yet so impatient are we for results, that often it is hard to “wait His time.” We read one brief page of experience’s record, and become dissatisfied with the Divine dealings with us, unmindful of the fact that the more extended record may explain the plan of our Father in Heaven. This idea is beautifully illustrated by our friend’s experience.

- On a dull autumn morning, having partaken of a scanty meal and bowed at the family altar, Mr. Lintott left his cottage, carrying at his back a small bag, for to gain a few shillings by selling tea appeared to be the only means of earning bread for his children. It was with somewhat disappointed expectations, yet with continued trust in God, that he returned home after walking the whole day, for scarcely any success had attended his efforts. For some years he had a hard struggle to maintain his family, but they were mercifully preserved from want of the common necessities of life. During this time our brother found great happiness in being actively employed for the Lord, and became revered as a man of God. The persecution to which he was subjected, instead of preventing his usefulness, greatly augmented his influence, and was thus a means of blessing to the church.

To Mr. Lintott belongs the honour of having been the first Bible Christian who preached the gospel in Crondall. On a bright Sabbath afternoon there was heard the uncommon sound of praise in the open air. A few persons, some of whom had recently found the Saviour, had come from an adjacent village to help sing. In the midst of the crowd which soon assembled, was a strong built man about the average height, wearing a “white smock,” and heavy “tip nailed boots,” with his hair brushed straight over the forehead. His spirit was evidently stirred by the singing of the hymns, for with one foot placed forward his body was swaying to the tune. After prayer a pocket Bible was produced and the text named. The exhortation delivered was earnest and telling. The arrow of conviction pierced the heart of some who afterwards helped to establish and sustain a Bible Christian church in the village. The next time our friend visited Crondall he received a *wholly unexpected honour*. Just before he commenced the service the bells of the parish church rang out merry peals, each note being much more loud and distinct than the sound given forth on

ordinary occasions. The honour thus paid the messenger of "glad tidings" was not the less appropriate for being wholly unintended. The clergyman had ordered the bells to be rung lustily in order to drown the preacher's voice.

Great good resulted from Mr. Lintott's labours in Crondall and several adjacent villages throughout the extensive circuit, and even beyond its limits, he exerted considerable influence, and was highly esteemed for his works' sake.

When we formed an acquaintance with Mr. Lintott, who was then a venerable servant of God, the Lord had so blessed him temporally, that he resided in his own house, and possessed sufficient property to yield him a maintenance in his declining years. Our first impressions of him were favourable, and he gained not only our high esteem, but also our love when we knew him intimately. During the first service we conducted at Batt's Corner we were impressed by his appearance. In the countenance, on which a smile had perpetuated itself, there were indications of penetrating discernment and of calm and holy trust. The hearty shake of the hand which he gave us on this occasion was a true indication of the cordiality and kindness we were to receive from him until, nearly four years later, we bade each other adieu as he crossed the flood. His attachment to the Denomination of his choice being unusually strong, was regarded by some persons as a slight indication of narrowness ; but we had rather ascribe it to his marked decision of character, fervency of spirit, and long association with a people with whom he had suffered so much.

When, in 1876, it was decided to erect a more convenient chapel at Batts' Corner, our friend readily gave the site, and exerted himself to raise funds for its erection. The day for laying the Memorial Stone was regarded with peculiar interest in the neighbourhood, but to "Father Lintott" it was a time of great rejoicing. To his great gratification, the Memorial Stone was laid by Miss Chalcraft, and the sermon was preached by the President of the Conference. A large number of persons took tea in the garden in front of Mr. Lintott's house, and he presided at the evening meeting. While addressing the meeting the pastor of the circuit made reference to the persecution the chairman had suffered for conscience' sake, and to the way in which the Lord had delivered him. Satisfaction was also expressed because the sanctuary would be erected on a spot of land given by one who had suffered great hardships on account of his determined adherence to the cause of Christ, and to the Bible Christian connexion. "That chapel," said the speaker, "now in course of erection on land given by our

venerable friend will be a monument to the truthfulness of the Divine declaration.

'Them that honour me I will honour.'"

Considering the influential position in the church which Mr. Lintott occupied it was perhaps for the benefit of the cause that he was not suddenly removed. His visits to the house of prayer he sincerely loved became less and less frequent. Suffering from repeated attacks of bronchitis for nearly two years, he gradually descended to the brink of the river. Being accustomed to an active life and fond of labour, to be inactive, to be confined to the house, and at length propped up in his chair, dependent upon the kindness of others, was perhaps one of the severest trials through which he could be called to pass. But through mercy it was not of long continuance. By conspicuous bravery and active devotion to the Captain of our salvation, he had won the distinction of a true veteran of the cross, now he was enabled by Divine grace to exemplify the spirit of resignation in suffering. On two or three occasions, as we were about to leave his house for the chapel, he expressed himself something like this:—"I cannot go, but I shall *pray* for you; and I hope you'll remember me." His promise was highly valued, and we have good reason to think it was faithfully fulfilled.

During the former part of the last week he spent on earth he was the subject of spiritual darkness, which occasioned him intense anxiety. But eventually, while the light of holy assurance filled his spirit and illuminated his countenance, he said, "It is all right; I've got the answer now; it is all right." He died May 9th, 1879, in the 80th year of his age. On receiving the intelligence of his decease, we almost unconsciously repeated, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The death of Mr. Lintott was regarded with great interest in the circuit, and much respect was shown to his memory. His body was borne on the shoulders of the local preachers of the Circuit, to Frensham Church-yard, where it was interred near the grave of Mrs. Lintott, who died in the Lord some years previously. The service at which a sermon was preached by the writer, with special reference to the devoted Christian life of the departed, was exceedingly impressive. Batt's Corner chapel was crowded with a sympathetic audience, and outside there was a still larger number anxious to join in the service.

Mr. Lintott unostentatiously pursued the path of life, but he exhibited many noble and manly qualities. He endured persecution and suffered privation for Christ's sake, but he rose

superior to opposition, and trod with unfaltering step the path of usefulness. He knew no really adverse circumstances, they were only *apparently* adverse. The darkness was as advantageous as the light, the sorrow as helpful as the joy. By faith and obedience he became heir to the favour and protection of the most High. His sun has set, but has left behind it traces of light and of beauty.

"He being dead yet speaketh,"—

speaketh to admonish us not to forsake the holy path of duty, and to proclaim the faithfulness of the Lord who causeth all things to work together for good to them that love Him.

"I stand and admire thine outstretched arm,
I walk through the fire and suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
The world and the devil fall under my feet."

WILLIAM HILL.

JOHN BENNETT

WAS born at St. Cleer, Cornwall, September 7th, 1811, and died at Gunnislake, Calstock, in the same county, October 26th, 1879. His body was interred in the parish church-yard, Calstock. A funeral sermon was preached in the Bible Christian Chapel, Gunnislake, on Sunday evening, November 2nd, 1879, to a crowded congregation, by the writer. Mr. Bennett was a member of the Society for the long period of 44 years.

Previous to his conversion he was the subject of deep convictions, and was frequently compelled to fall on his knees by the roadside and in the field to plead with God in prayer.

One evening shortly after his marriage, being in his house alone, so powerful were his emotions that, through the Spirit's influence, he fell on his knees and cried so loudly for mercy as to attract the attention of his neighbours, but heeding them not, he pleaded for pardon until God spoke peace to his soul; and he never lost his confidence up to the latest moment of his life. When Satan tempted him that he was not converted, he said, "I could always defeat him by referring to that important struggle in my house."

He was the subject of severe trials during his life, but in the darkest hour his faith was so strong that in these seasons he frequently rejoiced in the God of his salvation.

Mr. Bennett did not take an active part in the church. His Christianity consisted rather in living the gospel than in verbal exhortation, but he was always anxious to use the talents he possessed for God's glory.

His joy in the Lord was abundant, and his hope blooming. His latest moments were employed in praising God. On a friend asking

him if all were well, he replied,—“All is clear and bright. Not a doubt or fear. I know my Jesus will not leave me now, I feel His love in my soul.” His last words were,—“Jesus is precious. God is good to me. I shall soon be with my Saviour, glory! glory!” “Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

T. G. VANSTONE.

SARAH SCRIVENS

WAS converted to God about thirty years ago in our Zion chapel, in the Chepstow Circuit, and departed this life, March 19th, 1879, aged 50 years.

Our sister was one of those peaceful, unassuming and godly women who have done so much to honour God and bless the world. We have not been furnished with particulars of her conversion, but persons who have observed her course of life for many years all agree that she was a true Christian.

The writer knows her to have been a regular attendant at the means of grace, and deeply interested in the prosperity of the Denomination and the cause of God in general.

The cause of her death was cancer in the throat. Her sufferings for a few months were very great, yet they were borne with Christian resignation.

Her pastor visited her a few days before her departure, read and prayed with, and, at her request, administered the Lord's Supper to her. Though she felt her end was near, she expressed herself as trusting in the Lord, and not afraid to die. In her death we have lost a good woman, and a true friend to the cause of God, but without doubt she is found in heaven.

B. B.

ANN COLLAR.

DIED at Zion, in the Chepstow Circuit, December 22nd, 1878, ANN COLLAR, aged 40 years. She was led to feel her need of salvation about twenty years ago, in a series of special services conducted by our esteemed and late Br. John Knight, who was at that time pastor of the circuit.

One evening, on returning from the chapel, groaning under a burden of sin, she was enabled to believe in Christ to the saving of her soul.

From that time she gave evidence of a change of heart, and maintained a Christian character until she was called to her rest. Some months before her death it was observed that consumption was doing its work. During her affliction she was visited by the

circuit minister and other Christian friends who always found her trusting in the Saviour.

She was an excellent person, working zealously and faithfully for the cause of God, but now that her work is finished, she rests, and her "works do follow" her.

WILLIAM DERRICK.

"PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The truth of this scripture was manifested in the death of our old and esteemed friend and brother, WILLIAM DERRICK. He was born at Ubley, near the Mendip Hills, in the year 1792, and passed from the church militant to the church triumphant, December 9th, 1878, aged 86 years. Little is known of the early history of our dear brother, but when comparatively young he came to Barton (Somerton Circuit), where our people began to preach when they first visited this part. After attending the services he became much concerned about his soul, and soon after sought and found the Saviour, and from that time he was a consistent member of our beloved Denomination. After his conversion he was the subject of severe temptations and trials; his wife, at that time unconverted, was a hindrance rather than a help, but subsequently she joined her husband in serving the Lord. Some time after his conversion he began to preach, and laboured very earnestly for the salvation of souls for more than 50 years. Though not a great preacher, his labours were made a great blessing. He ultimately removed from Barton to Keinton, where he was very useful. Our friends speak of him as a man of wonderful power, especially in revival services. His prayers, which were very thrilling, and his devoted labours, will not soon be forgotten. He lost his good wife about ten years ago. A devoted daughter then waited on him as long as she was able, and afterwards contributed to his support. Eventually he went to lodge with one of our friends, and after several changes finally went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Matcham, who are members with us, Mr. Matcham being a local preacher. Here he gradually grew worse till at length he was confined to his bed. When I visited him I always found him calm and peaceful amidst all his sufferings. There always seemed a heavenly influence in the room, reminding one of the words of the poet,—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life—
Quite on the verge of heaven."

Br. Derrick often expressed a desire "to be with Christ, which is far better." With tears of gratitude and songs of praise he told us his

hope of heaven was through the "blood of the Lamb." Almost the last words he uttered were, "All through the blood, the precious blood of Christ." May his death be blessed to the children who are left to mourn his loss, and lead them to prepare for meeting their sainted father in heaven. Our dear brother was an eminent Christian; he daily walked and talked with God.

A funeral sermon was preached throughout the circuit by Br. Andrews and myself to large and affected congregations from Psalm cxvi. 15, a text chosen by our dear brother before he died.

May the writer and reader meet him in heaven.

R. S. ALFORD.

MARTHA MARIA TRELOAR,

THE daughter of William and Eliza Tremayne, was born at Constantine, Cornwall, England, August 14th, 1843. From early childhood she exhibited a meek and quiet spirit, combined with an intelligent thoughtfulness that gave to her character a constant charm. Unlike many, she did not seek her pleasure in gay society or worldly amusement, but was regular in her attendance at public worship. At the age of seventeen she was the subject of the Spirit's striving, and yielded herself to Christ. Her conversion was like the quiet opening of day. There was no outburst of rapture or intense emotions, but a calm, intelligent assurance that her "name was written in heaven." Like Lydia, "the Lord had opened her heart," and she realized in the newly imparted life—

"The silent awe that dares not move,
And all the inward heaven of love."

She joined the United Methodist Church and continued a useful member until she left for Australia. In 1864 she was united in marriage to Mr. William Treloar, to whom she proved a most suitable and affectionate wife. When she first arrived in this district she did not join the church, as the United Methodists had no cause nearer than Sandhurst City, but during the pastorate of Rev. J. Teague she united with the Bible Christian Church at California Gully, and from that time, until her removal by death, she adorned the Christian profession. The public and private means of grace were highly appreciated by her, and she was always present when her health and family duties permitted. Early in June, 1878, she was seized with typhoid fever, and for eight weeks and four days she languished in intense pain, yet a spirit of calm submission and patient endurance characterized that severe affliction. Her Christian experience was unclouded, and

her "hope bloomed with immortality and eternal life." Her death-bed sayings indicated a sublime realization of the fulness of Christ, and a complete triumph over all the powers of darkness. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, August 1st. Her funeral sermon was preached by the writer, from Rev. vii. 14, 15, in California Gully Church, to a large audience. May a kind providence succour the bereaved husband and motherless children.

S. P. W.

MR. DANIEL SLOMAN

WAS born in the parish of Clawton, Devon, where he lived until his marriage. He was distinguished in early life by his fondness for worldly amusement. Being a man of great energy and indomitable spirit, he pursued the pleasures of the world for some years with great eagerness. Shortly after his marriage he came to live at Langdon Farm, in the parish of Jacobstowe, Cornwall, where he remained six years; then he removed to Exmoor Farm, Week St. Mary, Cornwall, where he continued to live until his death, a period of nearly thirty-one years. He was greatly respected by his landlord. During the first year of his residence at Exmoor Farm, Br. Richard Seldon preached at Lower Exe Farm House, Mr. James Woodley's. The word was carried home with power to the heart of the strong man, who was brought down as humble as a little child. His distress of mind was for some time very great; but at length at a prayer meeting in our chapel at Eden "he ventured on the atoning blood, the Holy Spirit entered, and he was born of God." The change was thorough—felt by all the family. A marvellous change occurred in the whole household at Exmoor. A new ruler had entered the heart of the master, and the old one had to quit. Family prayer was established and the matter was freely talked of in the parish. "What do you think" says one, "Mr. Sloman, of Exmoor, is converted." Many thought it a thing impossible, while others, knowing the power of Divine grace, thought differently, and prayed that he might be kept faithful to the end. From the time of Mr. Sloman's conversion to his death he was a consistent Christian, unlike some who resemble a door on its hinges, going backward and forward. In the spring of 1879 he became unwell, and after several interviews his medical adviser told him he was a hopeless case. He received the decision with calmness, arranged all his affairs, and gave himself up entirely to God. I visited him several times during his illness. On one of my first visits he said to me, "I have received the summons to be off, and I am ready to go. There is one thing more I should like

to do before I go, that is, call my family together and give them my last advice and blessing." On Sunday afternoon, August 31st, several of his children assembled, and he then carried out his desire and gave them his last counsel and blessing. On the Tuesday following, September 2nd, I saw him again. On my entering the room he said, "I have done it, and I am now ready to go." On Mr. W. Moyse, (the society steward of Eden) visiting him, he told him to tell Eden friends that he hoped to meet them in heaven and urged them to press forward. When Mr. and Mrs. S. Uglow, of Broad Langdon, called to see him, they also found him in the same happy frame of mind, rejoicing in the Lord. He urged them to meet him in heaven. His sufferings at times were very great, but I never saw a Christian more calm and peaceful. He fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday, September 14th, 1879, aged 61 years. As a Christian he was truly pious; as a neighbour, obliging and much respected; as a father, firm and yet loving; and as a husband, kind and affectionate. His funeral was one of the largest seen in the neighbourhood for many years. His death was improved in Eden chapel by the writer to a deeply affected congregation. My prayer is that all the members of his family may meet the departed one in the promised land.

J. BENDLE.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE,

OF Brendon Hill, Kingsbrompton Circuit, died May 24th, 1878. Mrs. Rowe was a member for many years. She lived a most consistent life; died in great peace, and passed safely away to the "better country."

JOHN HICKS.

MRS. KINSMAN,

THE beloved wife of our venerable Brother RICHARD KINSMAN, died somewhat suddenly, on Wednesday, March 24th, aged 79. Her husband will, we are sure, be the object of as deep sympathy as he is of sincere respect.

PROSPERITY.

ST. COLUMB CIRCUIT.—"I am truly delighted to learn that God is copiously pouring out His Holy Spirit in so many places, and that so many are being brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. My joy is augmented by the fact that God, in blessing others, has not forgotten to bless us. Blessed be His name that we have seen the penitent's tears, and have heard the cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"At *St. Dennis*, shortly after our Christmas quarterly meeting, we commenced a series of special meetings; these have been truly times of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord. About 130 have sought and found peace by repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Between seventy and eighty of this number have united with us in church fellowship at

St. Dennis. Whitemoor, Trethosa, and several other places have also been blessed.

"At Tregoss, where we have a beautiful little chapel and a good congregation, things have assumed a better aspect; the society, which was almost extinct, has been re-formed, and several others added, the greater part of whom have been converted during the revival. To God be all the praise! And whilst we look back with joy over the last few weeks (although we now rejoice with trembling lest some may become ensnared by the great adversary of souls), we throw ourselves into the work with greater heartiness, praying that God may so abundantly bless this circuit that the time may not be far distant when in every sense of the term it may become one of the most prosperous."—W. J. SMEETH.

NORTHEW CIRCUIT.—"DEAR MR. BOURNE,—I am pleased to state that a good work is in progress at Madworthy. Several also have been converted at Bridestowe, Bratton, and Okehampton; in other places a little has been done. We give God thanks for this prosperity, and still wait at His feet for greater things. We have just held our last missionary meetings, and fear the total will be some pounds behind last year."—M. HOARE.

MEVAGISSEY CIRCUIT.—"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I rejoice to hear that souls are being saved in different parts of the Denomination, and am glad to inform you that the 'Lord of Hosts' is with us in this part. Since our Christmas quarterly meeting over thirty souls have been hopefully converted. To the Author of the good work be all the praise."—V. H. C.

HATHERLEIGH.—"DEAR SIR,—As revival news with our friends generally is acceptable, I have much pleasure in stating that at *Beuford* special services have been conducted by Mrs. Roberts (a Baptist friend) and myself, with marked success—about twenty souls have been hopefully converted. Last Sunday morning a glorious class-meeting was held. God's praises sounded forth from the young converts, and mothers and fathers in Israel wept aloud for joy."—J. RAWLINGS.

Chapels.

NEWPORT, I. W.—The handsome and attractive building which the Bible Christian Denomination have been instrumental in erecting in Quay-street, Newport, was opened on Thursday last. The weather was delightfully fine; large numbers of friends attending from far and near; the Mayor and the ex-Mayor of Newport took an active part in the proceedings; the Mayor of Ryde also attended; the President of the Conference preached the opening sermon; and every Denomination in the town was represented at the inaugural ceremony. The chapel is built from the designs of Mr. Frederick Mew, of London (a native of Newport), and the building is universally admitted to be an ornament to the town. The principal front is in Quay-street. The style of architecture is Gothic, of picturesque and varied outline. The entrance porch is semi-octangular, with three arches supported as coupled columns of red granite, and this gives access, on either side, through a staircase, to the ground floor and galleries, the latter extending round three sides of the building. The staircase on the south side of the central porch is surmounted by an elegant stone spirelet, 70 feet high, and the front gable has a handsome three-lighted traceried window of geometric design, the façade, extending some 60 feet in width, being completed by the north staircase and wing wall, with pinnacle termination, enclosing the entrance to the school-room in the rear.

The side elevations are in character with the front, having five bays, divided by buttresses, the windows of alternate bays being carried up with tracery heads and finished with gables. The treatment internally is exceedingly effective. The roof is open-timbered, of handsome design and excellent workmanship. The gallery front has open-panelling, filled with ornamental iron patterns, and the chapel terminates with an octagon-shaped organ gallery—behind the rostrum—enclosed by a boldly-recessed arch of graceful proportions. The seats of pitch-pine, varnished, and the rostrum and table are surrounded by an oak-handrail, supported on iron scroll standards. Behind the chapel is the school-room—a really fine room, 53 feet long and 31 feet wide. There are also vestries for the ministers and stewards, class-rooms, and other apartments, including a kitchen, provided with every requisite which may be necessary in the case of tea-meetings, &c. The builder is Mr. Isaac Barton, who has given complete satisfaction in the execution of his contract. Mr. Robert Bullen has acted as honorary clerk of the works, and he has been throughout unsparing of labour in connection with an undertaking which its name will always be conspicuously associated. Visitors from a distance who saw the new chapel for the first time on Thursday, gave emphatic expression to their admiration, and on all hands the talented architect was warmly congratulated.

The opening services commenced with a devotional meeting in the morning, and there was afterwards a luncheon in the school-room, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. Councillor Herbert J. Orchard), the ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman Francis Pittis, J.P.), occupying the vice-chair. The company included the Mayor of Ryde (Mr. Alderman Colenutt), Mr. Alderman Pinnock, J.P., Mr. Alderman R. E. Davies, J.P. (Portsmouth), The Rev. J. Dymond, (President of the Conference), the Rev. J. C. Honey, (ex-President), the Rev. F. W. Bourne (Connexional Editor), the Rev. W. B. Lark (Superintendent of the Circuit), the Revs. F. Trestrail (Baptist), R. Willan and J.E. Harrison (Congregational), R. Hardy (Wesleyan), A. Jones (Primitive Methodist), J. Martin, W. H. Hill, A. Hancock, and T. Rowe; Councillors Denness, King, Golden, E. Morey, F. E. Morey, R. Mew, and Upton; Mr. F. Mew (architect), Mr. Isaac Barton (builder), &c. The chapel authorities took the catering arrangements into their own hands, and they were simply perfect, thanks in a great measure to the admirable management and supervision of Mrs. Robert Bullen. After luncheon, the Mayor congratulated the Rev. W. B. Lark and his church and congregation upon the brightness and the gladness of their opening day, and he trusted that these auspicious services would prove auguries of great prosperity in the future (cheers). The new chapel was a really beautiful structure, handsome in design, excellent in execution, and wonderfully complete in every detail (cheers). His Worship then submitted the sentiment of "The Queen," and a verse of the National Anthem was sung. The Mayor next proposed the sentiment of "Civil and Religious Liberty," remarking that they stood in the presence of one of the greatest and grandest parts of modern history. Religious liberty was as the very air they breathed—one of the best inspirations of their national life—and it should be their anxious care, not simply to maintain unimpaired the principles which their forefathers won for them, but to hand them down to their children absolutely and perfectly complete (cheers). He associated with the sentiment the names of the ex-Mayor, the Rev. Richard Hardy, and Mr. Alderman Davies (cheers). The ex-Mayor, in the course of a large-hearted reply, reverted to the part which he was permitted to perform on the occasion of laying the memorial stones of that noble building in April of last year—an event to which he should always look back with feelings of the deepest pleasure (cheers). On that day great expectations—great hopes—were expressed, and the com-

plete realization of these, as witnessed by the present proceedings, was a matter for sincere congratulation (cheers). The architect of that handsome structure had displayed a very refined taste, and as a native of Newport they had all reason to be proud of him (cheers). The contractor, too, deserved the highest praise for the thorough and substantial manner in which the work had been carried out (cheers). He endorsed all that the worthy Mayor had so eloquently said upon the subject of civil and religious freedom, and he concluded by expressing an earnest wish that the blessing of God might rest evermore upon the work to be done within those walls (cheers). The Rev. R. Hardy joined in congratulations, and said that the chapel was as beautiful and as perfect in all its arrangements and adaptations as any he had ever seen (cheers). Every house of God like that was a bulwark of "civil and spiritual freedom." (cheers). Mr. Alderman R. E. Davies, in a few cordial words, also responded. The Rev. W. B. Lark conveyed thanks to the Mayor for his presidency, and the attendance of the ex-mayor of Newport, and the Mayor of Ryde, was acknowledged. A hearty expression of thanks was likewise tendered to Mrs. Bullen for her admirable preparation and arrangement of the luncheon. There was afterwards a service in the chapel, which was well filled, and the inaugural sermon was preached by the President of the Conference, the Rev. J. Dymond, who founded an appropriate and powerful discourse on the words "But ye are come unto Mount Zion." After the service tea was provided in the school-room, and the place was literally besieged by crowds of friends, who filled the spacious room again and again.

In the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was packed to its utmost capacity. The Mayor (Herbert J. Orchard, Esq.) presided, and his worship was supported by an influential platform. In opening the proceedings the Mayor said he regarded the meeting that night as one of such public and special interest that he felt it his simple duty, to say nothing of his pleasure, as representing the governing body of the town, to be there in his public capacity (cheers.) That new temple of theirs, in its architectural beauty, was an ornament to the town, and it was, too, a witness of energy, courage, perseverance, and self-denial which could not be too highly commended. One great reason why he felt it his duty to be there was that because from that building there would radiate those influences which tended to elevate and sanctify society. Let them seek to spread those influences. As citizens of a great and free country they had their duties to discharge. "Every man to his post" was the secret of success in all life's battles, and he wanted them to remember that it was their duty, as well as his, to strive for the promotion of peace, of righteousness, and of truth (cheers). He begged them to remember that they owed a duty to their country as well as to their Denomination, and he urged them to use every influence they possessed, every privilege they enjoyed, to ensure that the Government of the country should be a Christian Government, founded on principles of truth, of liberty, and justice (cheers). Be it theirs to keep alive that ancient song whose echoes were still heard above the strife of men and the din of war, and which should yet prevail in spite of the ambitions of rulers, and the crimes and follies of men—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and goodwill among men" (cheers). Mr. Robert Bullen, introduced as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, submitted a financial statement, from which it appeared that the total cost of the building, with everything complete, was about £5,800, towards which they had raised up to that time about £2,500. He passed a high eulogy on the architect and the contractor, and added that, to mark their approval and the thoroughness with which the latter had executed the work, the trustees had made him a present of £100 (cheers). The Rev. J. C. Honey (ex-President of the Conference), was the next

speaker, and he met with a hearty welcome from his old Newport friends. He mentioned that it was about fifty-six years since the Bible Christians began their work in the Island. They commenced with three persons, meeting in a cottage, and now they had twenty-seven chapels in the island, with 1,216 members, and 1,650 Sunday-school scholars (cheers). The ex-President concluded an eloquent speech with words of cordial congratulation on the completion of that magnificent chapel, and on the signs of progress which he saw everywhere around him. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. F. Trestrail, the Rev. F. W. Bourne, and the President of the Conference. Mr. Bourne gave some interesting particulars of the early history of the Denomination in the Island, and the mention of the name of William Bailey, one of the first pioneers of the cause, was received with cheers. In the course of his speech the President said they heard a great deal just now about the "integrity of the British empire." They need never be afraid for the integrity of the British empire if they carried integrity in their hearts—Live right—do right—and the empire would be right (loud cheers). Mr. Councillor Denness proposed a vote of thanks to the Mayor, which was seconded in an able speech by Mr. J. L. Manning, and the meeting endorsed the proposition with acclamation. The Mayor made a brief acknowledgment. Mr. Bullen said the financial proceeds of the day had been very satisfactory, amounting to between £130 and £140. Mr. W. R. Yelf presided at the new organ—a sweet-toned instrument—and tastefully played several selections during the evening.

The above is from the *Hampshire Independent*, March 26th.

On Sunday, March 21st, Bro. Bourne preached two eloquent sermons to crowded congregations, and the collections were upwards of £27. The ex-President very ably filled the pulpit on the following Sabbath, and Bro. Drew on the Sunday after. The total proceeds of the services are about £175. We are deeply thankful to our Heavenly Father for the help he has given us in this great undertaking, and look forward to a career of much usefulness.

W. B. L.

LEE.—The third anniversary was celebrated on the 28th and 29th of March. On the Sunday two sermons were preached by the writer to good congregations. On the Monday a tea was given by three of our lady members, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Hinde, to which about 170 sat down. After tea the public meeting was held. The school-room was crowded. The meeting was presided over by H. B. Spalding, Esq., who gave a stirring address on "What the Church is, and for." The report was next read, showing an increase of about sixty members for the year. We cannot report, as some of our brethren have been able to do, that twenty or thirty have been converted at one time; but we are pleased to say the good work has been progressive and continuous, and we have every reason to believe will prove to be substantial. On the present building (which is eventually to be the chapel schoolroom), there is a debt of £315. During the year we have raised by bazaar, £53, lectures, &c., £6, anniversary £13. Out of this we have paid off a debt on the vestry of £30. We want here, and must have, an inviting and comfortable place of worship, for which our people have commenced to work. If we get this speedily, we venture to predict that in a very short time Lee will be one of our best places. The people are devoted and earnest, good workers and willing supporters.

W. H. CANN.

CANWORTHY WATER.—The anniversary was celebrated on Good Friday, March 26th, 1880. In the afternoon Mr. John Maynard, of Plymouth, delivered his lecture on "Tithes," which was much appreciated. A public tea followed,

largely attended. In the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. John Worden; addresses by Messrs. J. Maynard, P. Pethick, and J. Bendle. On Sunday, March 28th, Bro. Maynard preached two very good sermons, and on the Monday evening he delivered his well-known lecture to the Young. Bro. Maynard rendered us good service, and we shall be glad to see him again. Receipts, £15 7s. 3d.; this was thought to be a good sum in these depressed times. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. P. Sloman, did their work well.

J. BENDLE.

PORTHLEVEN, BREAGE CIRCUIT.

UNTIL about four years ago our friends in this place united with the Wesleyans in their Sunday-school work. The children attended our school mornings, and the Wesleyan, afternoons, but some of our friends resolved on having preaching Sunday mornings, which necessitated their conducting their school afternoons. By some it was considered premature, others said we should neither have a morning's congregation nor a Sunday-school of our own; but the prophets rank among the false. The morning service is well attended, and the school has so increased as to number upwards of 300 scholars and 40 teachers. The old school-room became too strait. A new lease was obtained, which is subject to perpetual renewal of lives on very reasonable terms, and in May last the foundation stones of a new school-room, with vestries for class-rooms, were laid. The following, taken from the *Cornish Telegraph*, you will oblige by inserting in the Magazine.

"Under auspicious circumstances on Saturday afternoon, the Bible Christians of Porthleven laid the foundation-stones of their new Sunday-school and vestries Mr. A. W. Young, M.P., favouring them with his presence, liberal help, and hearty sympathy. The new premises will adjoin the chapel, and occupy the site of the first chapel, erected more than fifty years since and used as a school-room, after the new place of worship was built. Mr. W. J. Samble, of Helston prepared very neat plans, the style adopted being after the Gothic. The principal architectural feature is the west end of the schoolroom facing the road, showing a gable rising 38 feet above the floor, and a window of bold design, 16 feet high. The vestries are on the north side, and between them and the chapel will be a small yard with a neat boundary wall and oaken gates fronting the road. The walls will be built of the local slate-stone, with dressings of granite. The frame of the windows will be of oak, the roof of slate, with ornamental ridge tiles. The dimensions of the schoolroom are 42 feet by 14, with a reading-stand on the southern side. The roof, which is to be an open one, is 16 feet to the corbels, and 26 feet to the tie-rods. The vestries will comprise two rooms 14 feet by 14, and be furnished with a copper for use at tea-meetings. All the wood for the interior will be selected pitch-pine, stained and varnished. The work is being executed by Porthleven tradesman—Mr. E. Cardell, mason, Mr. James Rubbery, carpenter, and the amount of their contract is £321; but as the trustees provide the granite and lime, and have made the excavations, the total cost will be upwards of £400.

"The weather being fine a goodly assembly were present at Saturday's ceremony. The hymn, 'O, for a thousand tongues to sing,' having been sung, the Rev. G. W. Angwin, of St. Austell, prayed for God's blessing on the undertaking and the Rev. J. Luke, of Helston, read Psalm lxxvii. Then the Rev. E. Turner, superintendent of the Breage circuit, of which Porthleven forms a part, who had the conduct of the day's proceedings, remarked that the old chapel, in which the

Word of God had been preached for more than half a century, having become too strait as a schoolroom, as well as too dilapidated, they were compelled to erect a new one. He rejoiced to see so many by their presence testifying to their interest in the rising generation, and everyone in the neighbourhood, landowners, owners of house property, and the parents of children would be indirectly or directly benefitted by the Sunday-school, which not only kept boys and girls from Sabbath desecration, which meant destruction of property, but helped them to grow up better men and women. In Mr. Young they welcomed one who represented that party in Parliament which had given them nearly all the civil and religious liberties they now enjoyed. (Hear, hear.) Their sanctuaries, their schools, and their religious services in many forms were now 'tolerated,' but he hoped the day of 'complete religious equality was near at hand. (Hear, hear.) Nonconformists had the same feelings of manhood, were citizens of a country with equal civil rights and liberties, were equally conscious of conviction, and their social standing, as a whole, was equal to the rest ; therefore, as long as they did their duty to their country and were loyal to the sovereign, they had a right to perfect religious equality. (Hear, hear.) They were glad to have the services and patronage on this important occasion of Mr. Young, who had ever stood by the grand old motto of 'liberty and truth,' so essential to the well-being and happiness of the country. (Applause.) He then requested Mr. Young to lay the first stone.

"Mr. Young, M.P., stepping forward, said he had come a long way to do a very simple act, but being one in which they were all interested, it interested him too ; and, therefore, they saw him with them delighted at being thought worthy of being asked to commence this building. Most of them were aware that he belonged to the more Protestant part of the Church of England. Born in it, believing in the salvation of it, he saw no necessity for change ; at the same time, he had always sympathised very much with his Nonconformist brethren—all sections that worshipped God from the Book they all revered. And as that Book was the stand-by of the Church of England, one of its articles declaring that no man could be asked to believe anything that was not in that Book or proved from it, he did not see why, in that sense, he should not call himself a Bible Christian. (Hear, hear.) But being a member of the Church of England, he felt complimented in being asked to take part in this ceremony, because it was a proof that having known him for some years, they knew him as a liberal man in the true sense of the word, regarding all his religious brethren who worshipped God in spirit and in truth, in the largest sense of the word, as his equals. (Applause.) There were many he knew in the Church of England who looked upon Dissent as a thing to be borne, but not to be approved. He had no feeling of that sort. Before God they were all equal, and he joined Mr. Turner in the hope that the day was at hand when 'toleration' would be swallowed up in complete religious equality. (Applause.) The other day he read what Paley said respecting Dissent. Now, Paley, an eminent divine in the Church, who lived years ago before the Church was as tolerant as it had been obliged to be since, wrote, 'The differences of religious opinion promote discussion and knowledge. They help to keep up attention on religious subjects, and a concern about them which might be apt to die away in the calm and silence of universal agreement. I don't know that it is in any degree true that the interest of religion has gained where there are the fewest Dissenters.' He was perfectly of that opinion, and was satisfied that had Paley lived in these days he would have written stronger. His were rather timid words, but were not thought so at the time they were uttered ; and if he had seen what private effort had done and was doing he would not have said he doubted

whether the interest of religion had suffered from Dissenters, but he would have said, 'I know that it has not, and that where Dissenters congregate, their energy, their self-sacrificing devotion, their feeling of the absolute necessity of religion has made them a benefit to their neighbourhood and a benefit to the Church.' No one could live long in, or know much of, this county without being satisfied that vital religion had been put into the Church through the action of Dissenters. (Hear, hear.) Therefore he thought great thanks were due to the Nonconforming bodies all over England for the energy and exertions they had driven the Church of England into. The special business of the day was to inaugurate a Sunday-school for the young. Now, for a long time the legislature refused to recognise the necessity of teaching even secular instruction to youth, but he was happy to say that that was no longer the case; but whilst he trusted the secular schools would never be, what some thought they would be, irreligious schools, yet he was quite prepared to admit that it was necessary to supplement those schools by such schools as those they were about to direct. God had greatly prospered the Sundry-school movement started by Raikes, and wherever Christianity was taught there should be Sabbath-schools. Some urged that such schools took away the responsibility from the parents, but no parent ever thought that, although the schools did the work neglectful parents ought to. But such schools were a necessity, because it was not everybody who could teach: teaching was a gift; and therefore he only looked upon Sabbath-schools as a supplement to the undoubted duty of every parent to teach his child religion, and he had no fear that they would be regarded in any other light. (Hear, hear.)

"The hon. member then laid the stone, and placed a cheque for ten guineas upon it. (Applause). Other amounts were also placed on the stone. Mr. Bickford-Smith and Mr. H. Rogers, called upon, made brief speeches. Mr. Bickford-Smith's chief point was the necessity for a complete change in the teaching in Sunday-schools, now that the majority of the children were taught in Board schools. The teaching must be of a more spiritual character, and undertaken by those who thoroughly understood what religious life and experience was, and could talk to children about the realities of life in Christ, who could give them a special religious training, training the children to know Christ as prophet, priest, and king, to bow in lowly submission to His will, and to acknowledge Him as Saviour, Lord, and very God. For the want of such teaching, there had been failure in the past. Mr. Rogers, with gratification, recalled how his good father closely identified himself with the Porthleven Bible Christian chapel, mentioned that Mr. Young, and some of his family in his own neighbourhood, kept up at their sole expense a school or reading-room, and paid a Scripture reader who did not belong to the Church of England; and testified to his approval of the erection of such a building, tending as it did to the promotion of religious equality, the improvement of the young, and the consequent advantage of society at large.

"Mr. Turner next called upon Mr. Harry to lay the next stone, remarking that it would long stand as a memorial to his liberality and his loving care for the youth of Porthleven. The stone was then laid, Mr. Harry placing two guineas upon it. After a few words of hearty congratulation from the Rev. Mr. Dodds, Wesleyan minister, Miss Eddy laid the third stone on behalf of the young women's class, £6 5s. being placed on it; and in the absence of Mr. W. Kitchen, away with many others in the mackerel fleet, the Rev. E. Turner laid the fourth stone for the young men's class, £5 12s. being placed on it.

"The ceremony over, tea was partaken of, and in the evening a meeting was held in the chapel. It was presided over by Mr. W. Polkinghorne, who spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present. Mr. J. Champion asked who 50 years ago

would have believed that the population would have so increased, and the blessed gospel produced such results as to make this work necessary? From the Sunday-school would come the pillars of the Church: some had come already. The Rev. J. Luke congratulated the Society on its success. Some said they had outgrown the Bible and took Reason for their guide, but the little that was known of God and of themselves came from the Bible. The great want was earnest churches and individual holiness—not mere sentimentalism; faith in the efforts put forth, power in prayer. The Rev. G. W. Angwin said that beautiful Sunday-schools were a need as School Boards were doing nobly for Day-schools. The great truths to be taught in the schools were God, the only true God; Christ a sympathising Saviour and Exemplar; the Holy Spirit, the regenerator and sanctifier. Temperance would also be taught, as Bible Christians had taught it amid the scoffs and insults of men before any temperance organization existed. The Rev. E. Turner warmly thanked all who had helped in the cause.

"The tea produced a profit of £4, and the total receipts of the day amounted to about £40. The trustees have guaranteed £100, and trust to open the school with little or no debt. In four years they hope only to have a debt of £400 on the whole estate. Mr. J. Jope Rogers, Penrose, has kindly granted a new lease of the site of the chapel and schools, with a right of perpetual renewal.

"The day was regarded as a success, the only drawback being that many fishermen were absent from the afternoon's ceremony owing to a calm at sea. Special thanks are due to Mr. Eddy, secretary, Mrs. Eddy, Capt. Holman, treasurer, and many others."

KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.—"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." It can be done with *heart*, and with *voice*, and with *instrument*. Friday, March 5th, was distinguished by the opening at Luckwell Bridge of a new harmonium. Considering the price (£10 10s.) the instrument is pronounced to be a very good one. The friends took up the matter heartily, and by contributions, a public tea, and public meeting, sufficient was secured to meet the cost, and leave a little surplus in the hands of the treasurer to be appropriated to some other good cause. "The people had a mind to work!"

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Already acknowledged			- £1,282 2s. 10d.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
RINGSASH CIRCUIT—			FOREST OF DEAN—		
Miss Carter's Book, Second			Bream Friends	0	14 0
Audit	0	12 6	NEWPORT, MON.		
Mr. Chapel, 1st Instalment	0	2 6	Mr. R. & Mrs. Edgcombe,		
WEER ST. MARY—			1st Instalment	1	1 0
Rev. C. Ware's Lecture	0	15 0	Mr. Newcombe	0	5 0
KINGSNYMPTON—			Sunday School	0	2 6
Miss Hunt, 1st Instalment	0	1 0	Collection and Chairman's		
Miss A. Woolacott ..	0	1 0	Donation	1	12 0
Mr. G. Mannery, I.O.G.T.	0	1 0	BLAENAVON—		
KINGSBROMPTON—			Mr. Elon Paine	0	10 0
Mrs. Burston, 1st Instl.	0	10 0	Collection	0	5 9
TORRINGTON—					
Mr. S. Brown, 3rd Instl.	0	5 0	Mr. W. Clarke	2	2 0
"Annie"	1	0 0	A Friend, through F. W.		
"Ollie"	1	0 0	Bourne	2	0 0

It may encourage some of our friends to know that the Chairman at Newport, on hearing our address, said that he would double the collection that night, and treble all the friends gave to the object weekly for the next six months. The Chairman is not a member with us. "Kind words," it is said, "awaken kind echoes." What do our people say to this kind act?

We have received from Adelaide a parcel of splendid skins and other goods for the Bazaar, and we have a small parcel besides. All parcels should be sent on or before July 1st, 1880.

We are, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*,
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

SIR,—We held our Christmas Quarterly Meeting at Addington, on Tuesday' December 30th. The following brethren were present:—Keast, Crewes, Reed, Lanyon, Guy, Lane, Knipe, Glass, Scott (2), Scawn, Farro, A. Reed, Parry, Manhire (2), Thomas, Cheverton, Peek, Tregeagle, Wright, Martin, and Smith (Secretary).

The following is the financial statement:—

RECEIPTS	£	s.	d.	DISBURSEMENTS	£	s.	d.
By Collections	23	0	6½	To Society's Steward's Ac-			
„ Quarterages	13	7	6	count	7	14	0
„ Templeton	2	0	0	„ Mr. Keast's Salary ..	37	10	0
„ Donations	5	15	0				
„ Social Tea	1	3	0				
	£45	6	0½		£45	4	0

Hard times, but, thank God! no financial difficulties as yet. Mr. E. Reed, who had acted as Circuit Steward from the time of my arrival, was thanked for his services, and Mr. W. Knipe was elected to the office for the ensuing year. A Committee was appointed to form a Trust to purchase a quarter of an acre section, on which to build a Bible Christian Church, at Templeton. We have a most eligible section offered us for £30, and I hope, in a few days, a deposit will be paid on it. The horse referred to in my last has been well broken by Mr. Cheverton and sold for £18. The donor of this horse jocosely informed me that it was the *tenth*, and that he believed in giving a tenth of his possessions to the Lord. Very good! But I confess to have been wicked enough at the time to have thought, that, as there are not always 10 in a family, whether it wouldn't be better to give the *first*. In this case, however, we are very thankful to Mr. Barter for the tenth. The Rev. J. Crewes' presence in the Quarterly Meeting was a source of great satisfaction and pleasure. I shall not attempt to express the joy I felt at seeing one whom I've loved for many years. He telegraphed to me to meet him at Dunedin, but, not being well, and as there was only time to spend just one day together there, I declined what, under other circumstances, would have been a most desirable trip. They arrived quite well and in good spirits. The following resolution was passed in the Quarterly Meeting:—“That the hearty thanks of this Meeting be accorded to the Missionary Committee for sending Mr. Crewes as a Missionary to this Colony.” We had the pleasure in this Meeting of welcoming among us Mr. David Martin after an exceedingly protracted voyage of *five months*! we were all right glad when their ship was signalled. The question of extension came up and a large majority were

in favour of thoroughly working the ground already opened and branching out as we may find ourselves capable. Two men it was contended could only efficiently work Christchurch and its suburbs! Consolidation must keep pace with extension. The statistics showed that 14 had been admitted during the quarter, and after filling up all vacancies there is a present Membership of 89. We certainly should thank God and take courage. Now that Mr. Crewes has come we hope soon to start Church-building in this city. We certainly have one of the finest sites in the city offered us. The owner is asking £900 for it. It could have been obtained 12 months ago for £750. So you see it is a mistake to delay in this matter. I think it may be got now for £850. Both Mr. Crewes and myself are quite satisfied with the position, and shall urge that it be obtained. We build at Templeton almost at once, so you will see that we do not intend to eat idle bread.

The Annual Sunday-school Treat we held this year at Templeton, on Boxing Day. Early in the morning 14 well-filled conveyances started from Christchurch, presenting an exceedingly gratifying scene. The increase upon the numbers of the preceding year bespoke progress, and no lover of the Church could look upon such a fine lot of young people and not feel to congratulate the Church upon a very hopeful future. A fine luncheon in due course. The tea was patronized by between 200 and 300 people. Soon after tea, orders were given to prepare for home. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. J. Crewes, and then we left, reaching the city about nine o'clock, having thoroughly enjoyed a day in which there was not a single mishap.

RIOTS.—On Boxing Day about 100 Orangemen were marching in procession to the railway station to spend a day in the country. No sooner had they come in a line with Barratt's Hotel than about 40 Fenians rushed at them, armed with pick-handles and iron bars. The Orangemen, having nothing to defend themselves with, were soon levelled to the ground, many of them receiving severe scalp and other wounds. Several of them had to be taken to the hospital. As might have been expected such a dastardly attack terribly aroused the city, and any number of special constables were sworn in. It was, no doubt, a pre-arranged thing, and this seems the more certain as there was a similar riot at Yimaree the same day. Popery is still the same thing. Father Chiniquy is expected here in a few weeks, when it is expected matters will be warm enough.

VICTORIA DISTRICT MEETING.

THE Bible Christians of Victoria have just closed a very successful series of business and religious meetings in connection with their annual assembly. The place of meeting was Melbourne, and the chairman Rev. W. H. Hosken. The meetings were prefaced by the district sermon, preached in Gore-street Church, on the 18th of February, by Rev. J. Orchard. The sermon was of a very practical kind, and much enjoyed by those who were privileged to hear it. At the close of the service, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered—Rev. W. H. Hosken presiding, assisted by several brethren.

On Thursday morning at nine sharp, the district meeting was constituted, and the several officers elected. A warm reception was accorded the Rev. W. H. Evans, and a resolution adopted thanking the English Conference for sending him out to strengthen the ministerial ranks. Five candidates for the ministry were received, and subsequently appointed to circuit work. One young man having finished his probation, travelling the whole of the four years in one circuit, was received into the full ministry. Another, who has travelled two years, was

passed on to his third year. The reports of the various secretaries showed that, notwithstanding the depressed times, each department is in a fairly healthy state.

During the year there have been an increase of four ministers and forty-five local preachers, 115 members, two churches, and nine preaching rooms. In the same period £526 18s. 2d. of chapel debt on securities has been paid off, and twenty-four new churches opened. The aggregate debt on securities at the present time is £13,846 12s. 10d.—being less than it has been for the last six years—although during that time thirty-one churches and two ministers' residences have been erected, costing £8,023 9s. 3d. The Book Room also showed a fair margin of profit—the steward (Mr. Hosken) was heartily thanked, and re-appointed. The missionary revenue also exceeded by several pounds that of the previous year, while the Sabbath-school report presented features of a deeply interesting character. It was thought that in order to meet the requirements of the age, the examinations of young men should be a little more searching, and a committee was appointed to prepare a scheme having that end in view.

An effort to lessen, if not wipe off, the district debt, was made by appointing the Rev. W. H. Evans special agent to visit each circuit in the colony and lecture, devoting the proceedings to the accomplishment of that very desirable object. We observe a growing tendency in some of the ministers, and not a few of the people, towards the removal of the barriers which prevent a man, without a special case, remaining in one circuit longer than four years. The Revs. W. H. Hosken and F. Lockwood were exceptions to the rule this year, the former remaining at Melbourne five, and the latter at Horsham, six years.

A great deal of interest usually gathers around the nomination of chairman, and the question uppermost in the mind is, "who is the coming man?" In this case the brethren were all but unanimous—the Rev. G. Netherway (than whom no man is more worthy) was by an unusually hearty vote, raised to the highest position in the gift of his brethren. We are confident he will do credit to his brethren's choice, and serve the Connexion well. Clunes was the place chosen in which to hold the next district meeting. Some of the religious services were of more than ordinary merit, especially the love-feast, ordination service, and missionary meeting. The sermons preached were no better than the brethren preach in the ordinary course of their ministry, and in some instances not so good.

The stationing of the preachers—an event always looked forward to with anxious thought—passed off very satisfactorily. Although every peculiarity could not be met, the general good was, we believe, considered and legislated for. Subjoined is the list of stations:—

Melbourne—W. H. Hosken, C. T. Molyneaux. Mount Moriac—S. P. Webber. Castlemaine—A. Uglow. Ballarat—J. Teague, T. J. Cory. Camperdown—R. Down. Sandhurst—W. Bettiss, J. C. Freeman. Maldon—W. Hicks. Daylesford—W. H. Evans. Clunes and Creswick—G. Netherway. Elmore and Rochester—R. Warren, W. E. Secomb, A. Ditterich. Horsham—F. Lockwood (6th year). Echuca—J. Chenhall. Shepparton—J. Orchard, J. Dean. Pimpinio—H. Yeo. Virato—R. Yeo.—*Daylesford Advocate*, March 14th.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Christian Preacher. Yale Lectures for 1879—80. By HOWARD CROSBY. R. D. Dickinson.

THESE lectures are full of wise suggestion, rare insight, and calm energy. We may quote an illustrative sentence or two:

SECULAR ORATORY.

"We can not say sweepingly that politics (for example) are not to be brought into the pulpit. Such wholesale assertions on one side lead to equally wholesale assertions on the other. The truth lies between the two, that politics or any other secular subject has a full right to enter the pulpit, whenever it can be made strictly subservient to the Bible truth discussed or expounded. A preacher may illustrate his subject by a figure drawn from the planting of seeds and their watering, but a discourse on kitchen gardening would be wholly unbecoming, however useful and entertaining it might be made."

NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

"Poets may find sermons in stones and books in running brooks, but the preacher has a far higher and holier field in which to find his discourses. It is often said of this or that preacher that he gets his sermons from the fields and streams. Alas! for the people that are fed on such a diet! If the book of nature were sufficient for man's wants, the book of Revelation would not have been written. If mountains and trees could enlighten dark souls with the rays of salvation, prophets and apostles were superfluous. Let us keep Chimborazo and the sycamore in their appropriate place."

FALSE ARGUMENTS.

"A false argument only weakens a cause. . . . For example, when Christianity is proved to be the truth, because of its rapid progress against Paganism, the thoughtful hearer remembers that Mohammedanism spread still more rapidly than Christianity, and is led to see in Mohammedanism greater evidence of truth than in Christianity. When it is taught that conscience is the voice of God in the man, and then the heathen conscience is found casting children into the Ganges, the truth suffers by the conflict of statement and fact."

Our Indian Empire: Its Rise and Growth. By the Rev. J. S. BANKS, Author of "Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany," etc. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 4s.)

STRICTLY conforms to its title, and is therefore, of necessity, to a great extent, a record of wars and bloodshed, and of glimpses of many distinguished men who have rendered themselves famous by their military prowess and their administrative skill. In the last chapter we have a succinct history of Protestant Missions. Mr. Banks' work is painstaking, conscientious, and able. In the introductory chapter some interesting particulars are given concerning Mahmud, Sultan of Ghuzni in Afghanistan in the eleventh century, the leader of the first serious Mohammedan attacks on India. In one story one of his ministers administers a delicate reproof to his ambition. "This minister professed to be able to interpret the language of birds. To test his professions, Mahmud asked him what an owl, perched on the ruins of a village, was saying. 'He is wishing long life,' was the reply, 'to the Sultan Mahmud, because while he lives there will be no lack of ruined villages to become the habitations of owls.' As good a reproof was administered by a poor widow, to whose demand for justice on her son's murderer Mahmud alleged the impossibility of preserving order in so wide an empire: 'Then why do you take countries which you cannot govern, and for the protection of which you must answer in the day of judgment?'"

The Life of Joseph Barker. Written by Himself. Edited by his Nephew, JOHN THOMAS BARKER. With Steel Portrait. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 7s. 6d.)

MR. BARKER'S extraordinary and very sad career he has here told himself with

great circumstantiality, and, so far as he could do it, with evident conscientiousness and fairness. But reading between the lines, we can pretty well understand how in the course of a few short years he should "box every point of the compass" in his religious beliefs, and be able to accomplish such marvellous mental and moral gyrations with apparent ease and pleasure. After such a chequered and stormy life, it is doubly gratifying that he was restored at last to his "right mind" in relation to the Saviour, and that his last days were calm and peaceful. His life powerfully enforces the lesson that want of reverence, personal vanity, and self confidence may lead the in other respects noblest natures very far astray. The book is a curious psychological study, and the ordinary reader will find it more than usually interesting and attractive.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador, April, 1880. John Dickenson. (Price 2s.)

ANOTHER capital number of this fresh and able periodical. Its contents are very varied. "The Last Days of Turkey," "Present Aspects of the Design Argument," "Robert Pollok," "Points of Contact between Science and Revelation," "Theophrastus Such," "Palestine Explored," "William Ewart Gladstone," "The First Man and the First Sin," "The Foreknowledge of God, Moral Agency, and the Contingency of Salvation," "Practical Homiletics," "Literature, Science, and Politics," constitute an appetizing bill of fare. We have been specially interested in the 1st, 4th, and 7th articles in this number.

Insect Lights and Insect Sounds. By J. R. S. CLIFFORD, Author of "Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands," etc. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s.)

ANOTHER charming book for young people. A great deal of information is here conveyed in a brief space in a pleasing manner.

The World of Anecdote: An Accumulation of Facts, Incidents, and Illustrations, Historical and Biographical, from Books and Times Recent and Remote. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Cheaper Edition. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 6s.)

WE have in this volume some of the fruits of Mr. Hood's wide and varied reading. As he truly says: "An anecdote sometimes, nay often, lets fall a bright revealing, or interpreting glance upon some matter or subject only partially or darkly comprehended." Again: "Reading is often like a long walk; the road may be good and admirably level, fields and plantations on either side, exquisitely cultivated; but the anecdote is the attainment of a point of view." Many other points as good as these Mr. Hood makes, so that while readers come to this and similar works mainly in quest of pleasure, it is more than likely they will go away enriched and profited.

The Standard Book of Song for Temperance Meetings and Home Use. Parts I. and II. National Temperance Publication Depôt. (Price 4d. each.)

THE arrangement is superintended by Mr. T. Bowick, while Mr. J. A. Birch, of H. M. Chapels Royal, is the Musical Editor. It may be had either in the Old Notation, or in Tonic Sol-fa. It will supply a felt want, and, we believe, will ensure a general welcome.

"*All for Christ*." A Conversation on "Billy Bailey," Arranged for Seven Scholars. By M. BROKENSHIRE. Bible Christian Book Room. (Price 2d.)

VERY well done, Mr. Brokenshire. We think many a school anniversary and Juvenile Missionary Meeting will be enlivened by this "Conversation."

A Dialogue on "Christian Liberty." Arranged for Six Scholars. By the Rev. C. BRIDGMAN.

THE subject is an important one, and Mr. Bridgman has compressed a great many facts and much truth into a small space, and by an ingenious contrivance he has overcome a difficulty which has often been felt when several children take part in a dialogue. It may be had of the Author, according to the terms stated in the advertisement in the present number.

Our Miscellany.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE grand result is to us an agreeable surprise. We thought the Liberals would win, but we never dreamt of such a glorious triumph. The Government has been beaten all along the line—in England and Wales, in Scotland and Ireland, in Boroughs and Counties alike. It is proved that the heart of the country is sound, and that meretricious glitter and show are employed in vain in support of a policy of falsehood and injustice. To one man the Nation is more largely indebted for the grand issue, in which we think all good men may rejoice irrespective of party politics, than to any other, we might even say than to all others. To Mr. Gladstone's matchless eloquence, whole-souled devotion, invincible courage, rare prescience, sublime patience, untiring energy, and determined perseverance, the victory is due. But with friend and foe, we feel that on him rests the responsibility of completing the work he has so nobly begun. All events, considerations, circumstances point him out as the leader of the Liberal party, and the Queen's chief adviser at this crisis. At the time we write, nothing is known, but we will not doubt till compelled to do so that the next few days will witness the installation of a Liberal Government, with Mr. Gladstone at its head.

In many respects the appeal to the country is full of suggestion and hope. Nonconformists have given a signal illustration of the enormous political power they possess. At the last Election they were soured and suspicious, indifferent and careless; they did not care to employ their strength to keep a Government in power that had alienated their sympathies so completely as Mr. Forster's Education Act had done; but they did not anticipate what Six Years of a Beaconsfield Government would cost them, and their country, and the world, they did not even dimly guess that even the Liberal *worst* was preferable to the Beaconsfield *best*.

We rejoice, too, that the Publican interest has done its utmost and failed. Is it too much to hope that the right arm of its power is completely broken? The beersellers provoked the contest, and they have been worsted. We can measure their strength easier now, and it can be conquered whenever the sober and the Christian part of the nation resolves that it shall be.

A majority so large as to make a Liberal Government independent of the Home Rule faction is perhaps the crowning good of the Elections. Justice to Ireland, to men of all creeds and classes, must be the motto and determination of all lovers of their country, but no special favours to any, and in the end the fruits of righteousness—peace and plenty—shall be their recompense and reward,



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

*THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF LUKE; OR, THE ATONEMENT
JUSTIFIED AND REVIEWED.*

RATIFICATION first. It is "the act of giving sanction and validity to something done by another. The term is ordinarily used in *international law* for the sanction given by governments to treaties contracted by their representatives." Newspaper readers have often met with it during the last two or three months in relation to the Eastern Question.* Long and hard was the struggle between the Russians and Turks. History will record memorable deeds of daring at Plevna and the Shipka Pass. At length the men of the Crescent gave way before the men of the Cross. Then came the Treaty of San Stefano, and the ratification thereof by the two governments. A larger ratification was required—that by the great powers of Europe. After a period of painful and perilous suspense, the representatives of those powers are to-day holding grave deliberations in the German capital. God grant the outcome may be a peace well-founded and enduring!

Ours is a world of rebellion against the great King, whose love originated peace negotiations, and whose wisdom found a suitable basis in an atonement for sin by the death of His own incarnate Son. As we stand on Calvary, looking at the Crucified, listening to His last great cry, we learn that an atonement for sin has been made; but has that accomplished fact been duly regarded and accredited? Has there been anything like a demonstration of

* This article, the reader will perceive, was written last year.

its having been accepted ? It has been said that the Persons in the Trinity "gathered around the council table" when man was to be made ; how much more then when he was to be redeemed ? But the question now is, Did they gather around the council table a third time to ratify what was done when the sun blackened and the rocks were riven ? Is there any documentary evidence of ratification ? Luke xxiv. is the answer.

There are presumable, virtual, and actual ratifications.

PRESUMABLE RATIFICATIONS.

It is fairly presumable on the ground of the work itself, considered in relation to its Author, that it was with the fullest appreciation accepted. He who did it was Chief Messenger of the great King, sent to do a prescribed work for a double purpose—to secure the honour of the divine throne, and the interests of a rebel race. Provided He kept true to His mediatorial engagements, the way would be clear for the bestowment of pardon on the believing penitent. So scrupulously did He adhere to them that He could at length say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth ; I have *finished* the work which Thou gavest me to do." Finally, on the cross He cried, "*It is finished!*" He who sent Him therefore could yield nothing short of unqualified approval. To conceive of less would be to suppose dissatisfaction either with the scheme or the working out thereof. Dissatisfaction with the scheme itself would argue some discovered defect in it, or change of mind regarding it, the one limiting His infinite wisdom, the other annihilating His immutability. Dissatisfaction with the working out of the scheme, which was most perfect, would tell against His justice. As we can admit nothing derogatory to the divine perfections, the conclusion is a fair one, that, the Plan of Mercy being His own, when in everything carried out, His approval could not but have been duly signified.

The King's Messenger was no other than His own Son. He claimed to be so, and was repeatedly acknowledged as such by the Father. Prophets and apostles give Him the glory of a nature infinitely above the human, the angelic, the created of any name. It has been shown often how admirably they agree in describing Him as the mighty, the great, the true God ; in ascribing to Him the perfections of the Godhead ; in accrediting Him with the works, and claiming for Him the homage, of God. With this their claim, identical with His own, agree well the leading facts of His terrestrial history, from the Incarnation to the Ascension—superhuman energy and intelligence displayed, with perfect purity and benignity, simplicity and dignity, running all through His life like a tide of soft and soothing splendour.

This Personage, so exalted in rank—the Word made flesh—

Emmanuel, God with us—the brightness of His glory—express image of His person—in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily—was not more truly divine than human. He had the form and features, the sense and reason, the antipathies and sympathies, of a real human being.

PROPOSITIONS.

1. The union in Him of the two natures was not casual, and of no great consequence, that might have been broken for ever at any moment, but one most intimate and vital, for purposes stupendous in magnitude, illimitable in duration. That it was vital is demonstrated by the fact that it was *a born union*. “Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.” “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: . . . and his name shall be called . . . the mighty God.” “That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.”

2. As the physical and spiritual in man make, not two beings, but one, so the human and the Divine in Jesus constitute but One Person. Sufficient importance is not attached or prominence given to this—the undivided and unique personality of Christ.

3. Those two natures in Him are undistinguishable and inseparable. Sometimes we hear it said, “Distinguish! Distinguish!” Just here lies the difficulty, nay, impossibility. You may indeed distinguish in thought, and in description, that is, in some imperfect way; but the utmost mental and literary effort is unable to distinguish *in fact*. When the brain is busy and throbbing with the idea, the tongue eloquent in its utterance, and the various conceptions gathering around it are being transferred to the ample page by the well-plied pen, *precisely then the two natures are one and inseparable*. From the time when the union took place there has not been a moment of disseverance. If there had been such a thing, the time of its continuance would have been a dark period for the world—a day, week, month, year, of *no Christ*—no Messianic meditation “between God and men.” For only as the God-man can He be the Daysman of our fallen race. What is the meaning of the new expression on your countenance? I see the death on the cross in your look. But what was that death? Not a sundering of Divine and human, only a dropping of the mortal, as in any merely human case. Spiritual and immortal humanity was still in union with Divinity.

4. As in other complex beings, the higher is the ruling and responsible nature. The human acted with the divine back of it, the divine through the human medium; the human in the employ of the divine as the great acting governing agent.

CONCLUSIONS.

1. The Atonement was the one undivided work of this one undivided Person. He "*gave himself for us.*"

2. For all practical purposes it is all one whether that august Personage suffered in His human nature and divine too, or in His human nature only. If by union with the human the divine suffered, then the suffering was strictly infinite. If the human only suffered, then the divine associated therewith, impressing, penetrating, enshrining with *its own moral worth and glory*, rendered it *virtually infinite*. In the material world some things bear but the impress of human skill, others the stamping of the divine genius. The form may be the same; it is *the stamping* which makes the difference. As the natural rises above the artificial by having the impress thereon of the divine natural perfections; so in the moral world what has the proper and full impress of the divine moral perfections is thereby marked off from all that is merely human, lifted above all that is strictly finite. Whichever view be entertained, the suffering in its essential worth is governed by the dignity of the Sufferer, and in its relative value by the power of the circumstances to arrest the attention, move the sensibilities, rouse the conscience.

3. If infinite, either essentially or virtually, all-sufficient. Nothing more than infinite could be required, even as nothing more could be given.

4. If all-sufficient, that is, altogether acceptable, then presumably accepted. How could it have been otherwise?

VIRTUAL RATIFICATIONS.

All that attended the death of Christ marked it as special. Everything clustering around it agreed well with its sacrificial character and importance. Stripped of its atoning intention, it is the most complete and confounding of mysteries; allowed to remain belted with that peculiar sacredness, it harmonizes with, and is illustrative of, Divine majesty and mercy. No wonder there was so much to call forth on the spot the cry of conviction, "Truly this was the Son of God"! No wonder there was a general smiting of the breast in token of newly produced and painful emotions! No wonder the rending rocks, the quaking earth, and the opening graves repeated the death-cry of Jesus! No wonder the dense blackness overhead echoed it, rolling it in peculiar thunderings all along the heavens! And when that cry, so great in meaning and influence, had been flung right out through the mighty universe, no wonder the awful darkness rolled off, that the clear sky and the bright sun might tell with an infinite eloquence that, *as regards all who accept the atonement*, the wrath of God is gone—all gone—gone for ever! O that there may be a rending of rocky hearts! a quaking

among the guilty ! an opening of the graves, and a coming forth of dead souls in newness of life ! O that the sky of the distressed may become clear, and the Sun of Righteousness beam forth upon them with a splendour which shall illumine and enrapture ! Leaving the virtual ratifications in contemporary and reverberating circumstances, we hasten to speak of

RATIFICATIONS PROPER.

1.—*The rending of the veil at the death of Christ.* Go back in thought to those days. Enter the temple, that embodiment of all that is typical in Judaism. Mark the veil which separates the holy from the most holy place, containing the ark, the mercy seat, and the Shekinah. Up till now only the high priest has been allowed to go within the veil. As you notice the material of it—"fine twined linen," and the colour of it—"blue and purple and scarlet," invisible fingers rend it from top to bottom, the sound of that rending as the voice of God Himself, saying, "The old economy is abrogated, a new era inaugurated. Types are all fulfilled, prefigurings of every kind accomplished. The substance of all the shadows is come. The true Propitiation bleeds, whose work meets my fullest approval, is infinitely satisfactory to me as the one grand reason why I will forgive the believing penitent. Available to all are the benefits of the atonement. A new and living way is opened—the gate of Mercy thrown right back on its mighty hinges. New views of Divinity now ! Improved privileges of access through Christ Jesus ! Henceforth the Gentile is as the Jew, has the same free access to the Temple of truth and grace." Blessed be God ! all these things, and more, are rung out and ratified by that one significant act—the rending of the beautiful veil.

2.—*The honour done to the body in which the Atonement was made.* Joseph takes it down for burial. Nicodemus comes to help embalm it. While the courageous are taking flight, the timid are waxing bold. Wrapping the body of Jesus "in linen clothes with the spices," they lay it in a new tomb hard by, within the enclosures of a garden. What a topic !—the gardens of the Bible. In the first garden man fell by sin. In the garden or vineyard of Naboth we are met by a most revolting triumph of sin. Later in the world's history Jesus agonizes in the garden of Gethsemane on account of sin. And now in a garden, near where He died for sin, He is buried. How fitting that as in a garden began the terrestrial triumphs of sin, so in a garden should begin the special triumphs of grace ! Satan there, Jesus here, is victor. The Destroyer in that, the Deliverer in this, stands forth with conquering might.

Christ often said He would come forth from death the third day. This His foes knew, and sought to frustrate, setting soldiers to

watch lest there should be deception, who thereby became unacceptable witnesses to them of His resurrection. Though they bribed the soldiers with money, by no means could they bribe their own consciences, nor their memories, which must often have whispered what the watchers said.

The last chapter of Luke records several important resurrection facts. First we have the

REPORT OF THE EMBALMING PARTY.

Preparing to embalm the body of Jesus tells that His friends do not expect Him soon to come to life again. They rest on the Sabbath. The third day dawns. Mary and other holy women are early astir, wending their way to the sepulchre with "prepared spices and ointments." Distressed, despairing love is exerting itself. Whom it cannot recall it will embalm. It turns not back at the thought of difficulties, but defies them. Thinking of the stone at the sepulchre's mouth, it springs to the conclusion, Some one will remove it. Arriving, they find the entrance clear. An angel had been there. Christ is risen. The soldiers, baffled and confounded, have fled. The newly arrived find an empty tomb, and are much perplexed at what they should have expected. False-tongued fear, lifting up itself, cries, "*Stolen !*" Angels of God appearing, exclaim, "*Risen !*" Notice the depth of their interest in all that appertains to Messiah. He is their Prince, they His devoted attendants. Sympathizing with our race, they rejoice in our redemption. The disappointed they bid remember the words of Jesus. Angels listened and treasured up ; the disciples heard and forgot, as we too often do. Angels tell what they remember. What they know, and will disclose in times to come.

Returning, those women report faithfully what had occurred. What a

SERIES OF SURPRISALS

that memorable morn!—stone gone—tomb empty—vision of angels—tidings momentous and thrilling treated as idle tales by the disciples !

While their report was discredited, a new force was brought into play—curiosity awakened. Peter, the boldest of them, thinking there may be something in all this, calling to remembrance, probably, some of the Master's words about an early uprising, determines to visit the tomb. John accompanies, nay, outruns him, but Peter is the first to enter the sepulchre. All the appearances agree well with the idea of a resurrection rather than that of a fraudulent removal, but they get no further into the great mystery of the morning. Returning together to the city, they either parted before or after reaching it. Peter, unsettled in mind, can remain nowhere long.

While everything indicates something special has happened, the question continues to be, *What?* Has the body of Christ been removed by enemies, or is he really risen, as reported? We leave him further to wander and wonder, while we trace the steps of

TWO DOLEFUL DISCIPLES.

Cleopas and his companion leave the city in desponding mood, their hearts crushed by the blighting of hopes but a few days back most beautiful and fragrant. Sorely tried are they by what will subsequently fill them with joy. A great work has been done which floods heaven with a new rapture, and is also at the same time hell's most signal triumph, yet most crushing defeat; but the most intimate friends of Jesus are unable to see its true nature and vast issues. To their minds Calvary is still capped with clouds and darkness; but soon all that is obscuring must fly, and leave the cross-crowned mount bathed in the light of heaven. What has taken place seems like the abrupt termination of a grand life, appalling in mystery as tragical in its accompaniments. They regard His ignominious death as detracting from rather than adding to His fame; defacing the beauty of His name, diminishing the odour thereof, instead of decking it with extra charms, investing it with a fragrance which shall be refreshing to thousands of millions through untold ages. They look back to events of recent occurrence as analogous to reverses in arms. Emmanuel and His little band have been defeated. The good cause has been overtaken by unexpected disasters. Brightest anticipations have been swept out of their souls as by the veriest besom of destruction. They can hold together no longer. Full of despondency they move about singly or in small groups, finding true without understanding it what long before was written, "I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered."

Such is the state of things as yonder couple leave Jerusalem for Emmaus. Morally the day has begun to break. He who was dead is alive again. The great fact has not come forth in its completeness of evidence and power, like the sun uprisen, full-orbed, resplendent, nevertheless it has shot its first rays into the thick darkness. They remain enshrouded with gloom, because what would soon overspread their murky clouds with silver, fringe with gold, tinge with a beautiful rosy light, is beaten back by unbelief. Sorrow-stricken they travel slowly. Joy makes the heart leap up, sorrow depresses it; that gives springs to the feet, this puts them in leaden sandals.

As thus they journeyed

AN INTELLIGENT STRANGER

joined them, and kept them company all the way, asking them

questions, revolutionizing their conceptions, scattering their gloom, crowning them with the sunshine of gladness. Requested, He entered their dwelling at Emmaus, and there it was that in connection with breaking of bread He made Himself known to them. Why were they not able to recognise Him before? Were "their eyes holden" that the truths He meant to unfold might be seen the better in their own light, be felt in their own weight, find the level of their own bearing, be enjoyed in their own ravishings? Was it that otherwise they would be overwhelmed, and unable properly to heed those truth-unfoldings? Was it that this particular proof of His resurrection, coming as it did, might be more striking and satisfactory? That, being delayed a few hours, it might flow the better into, and to greater advantage swell, the tide of evidence, making it more manifestly and mightily roll along before the public mind? Or was it for none of these singly, but for all of them together? No matter, since at the best time, for the best reasons, "their eyes were opened, and they knew Him." His work effectually done, He ceased to be seen of them. With what joy did they go back over the seven-and-a-half miles, to impart the blessedness of their own souls to their disconsolate brethren! Entering breathless, they find another witness has forestalled them. They are met by the gladsome declaration, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." What a meeting after the denial! Our tidings-bearers tell "what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread." Thus proof meets proof.

And now every voice is hushed, every eye fixed, every heart quickened in its throbings. Jesus Himself, with words of peace upon His lips, comes into their midst so suddenly, so softly, that their perceptions and sensations are as if a spirit were present, rather than a substantial, tangible being. Terror reigns instead of joy, which for the present may be needful, to make more profound and varied the impression. He knew what the effect would be, and could have come very differently if He had chosen. It is not, however, needful that the terror should be prolonged; He hastens therefore to remove it, offering the evidence of touch in addition to that of sight. "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when He had thus spoken He showed them his hands and his feet." How carefully the scars are preserved in the resurrection body! While valuable now as helping His friends to identify Him, they will be of greater worth henceforth as giving eternal prominence to the fact of His death

in the manner thereof Himself predicted, and for the purposes thereof by Himself made known. And now from one extreme of feeling they pass to the other. So unbounded is their delight that they resemble people dreaming. All seems too brilliant and blessed to be real. That they "believed not for joy" is profoundly significant. There is more of the bewilderment of bliss than of calm credence. They will probably be thinking that if it is indeed the Master He will show his accustomed fondness and familiarity. Many a time before now has He, by anticipating their need or wish, carried conviction straight into their souls. What they will be sure to look for occurs.—"He said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave unto Him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and did eat before them." Thus up to this time they have the general testimony of their senses to the resurrection of Christ. They have seen Him, heard Him, handled Him, eaten with Him, and irrespective of any other evidence, would be amply justified in saying to the world what has already been proclaimed in their own circles, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Time would fail us to tell of other instances in which He proved Himself the conqueror of death. Luke, elsewhere summing up the evidence, says, "He showed himself alive after his passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God," Acts i. 3. Central among those "things" is the Atonement.

What has all this to do with the acceptance of that great work? The Resurrection is an overwhelming proof that He was no impostor, but what He persistently claimed to be—Messiah, Son of God, Redeemer of the World. Had He been a deceiver, or had His mission in its crowning purpose been a failure; had His atonement for sin been unsatisfactory to divine justice, supplying no adequate reason for pardon; had it failed to maintain the law while providing for the manifestation of mercy; then would there have been, instead of resurrection and glory, corruption and shame. But Christ comes forth in triumph, and resurrection is ratification—the first grand stamping with the government seals—His dying cry coming back in echo from His Father's throne—the vocal supplemented by the practical—the declaration demonstrated. "Risen indeed" and "Finished" go together; the evidence and emphasis of one are made to be the evidence and emphasis of the other; they are linked in eternal union.

3.—*The Endowment of its Author, in His mediatorial capacity, with the highest authority and might.* He said, "All power is given unto me, both in heaven and in earth." Is He not thus put at the head

of all departments of administration and operation that general nature and providence may be made subservient to grace? But, practically, there is grace or no grace only as His great work is a success or failure. Thus viewed, all the advantages for the onflow of grace argue that the atonement channel thereof is properly scooped and approved.

4.—*The Triumphant entrance of His Human nature into the Celestial Palace.* "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He held up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." It is very significant and solacing that the last act of Jesus below was that of *blessing* His disciples. In His disposition to bless He is immutable. His ascension, as it was His own act, demonstrates possession of the power He claimed; and as it was the act of His Father, who sent Him to die for sinners, it proves His full satisfaction with His Son's mission. Would He have allowed Him to take that nature there if He had not kept it pure, and accomplished in it the purpose of its assumption? Nay, if the Son had failed would He have cared to lift that poor, unransomed nature to the Throne? He could not, on such a supposition, have even attempted, much less have accomplished it. But it is *done*—humanity is *on the Throne*. The fact that "God manifest in the flesh" has been "received up into glory," proclaims as with voices mighty and million-fold the acceptance by all heaven of His great atoning work.

5.—*The gift of the Holy Ghost to His Messengers to make their Mission successful.* This, very early in the prophetic age, was promised by the mouth of Joel, in the transition period—between the two economies, by John, and finally by Him on whom the fulfilment of it devolved. After charging His disciples to publish everywhere His death for the world's life, He strictly prohibited them breaking commission till they should be hallowed and energized, penetrated and crowned by the power of the Spirit. "Wait," said He, "for the promise of the Father." At Jerusalem they tarried till, in answer to united, persistent, expectant prayer, "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Peter, preaching while this baptism was fresh upon him, described it as coming consequent on the Ascension of Christ—the fruit of His blessed mediation. "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear" (Acts ii. 32, 33). Without the promise had been fulfilled, they could not have succeeded in their work; the needful impression would not have been made, or their work be

spoiled by some irreverent touching of the ark. But if in the Gospel itself there had been some flaw—anything causing awithholding of the Divine approval, that special endowment would not have been granted them. Had the Father not been altogether and for ever satisfied with the work of the Son, He would not have received of the Father the essential gift. But the fact that He did receive it is made to come forth into the fullest prominence. It is *a rock jutting out of a great rock back of it*—that of the Atonement accepted. Every sermon the apostles preached “in the power and demonstration of the Spirit,” every miracle they were enabled to perform, established the farther-back fact. “They went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and *confirming* the word with signs following.” If that “word”—that Gospel of Atonement, had not been right, and cordially accepted, it would have had, instead of confirmation from heaven, crushing antagonism. The Infinite confirms not the false, puts His seal only on the true, ratifies that alone which is right.

6.—*General blessings bestowed through the mediation of Jesus.* “The God of our Fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus,” said Peter. “Him hath God exalted at his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins.” “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.” Through Him in those early times, thousands found salvation—by His truth were melted, by His Spirit enabled to trust in Him, and for His sake alone were granted forgiveness. The accomplishment of this, the end for which He died, proves His death to have been all it was meant to be, and that it was so regarded by His Father.

Thus we see that the veil of the temple was rent in twain; that resurrection honour was put upon the nature in which Christ died for sin; that in His mediatorial capacity He was endowed with the highest authority and might; that His adopted nature was lifted up, and put upon the throne of the universe; that the Holy Ghost was given to His messengers, to make their mission successful; and that the general blessings of the gospel are given for His sake only. Taking these separately, they form a series of sealings, or ratifications; putting them together, they make one grand ratification of the Christian Atonement—a demonstration full of demonstrations, that the death of Christ for poor sinners is regarded and accepted by the King of glory as every way constituting a valid reason for the pardoning of any broken-hearted, believing transgressor.

What has been accepted *for us* should at once be accepted *by us*.

(To be continued.)

VANISHED HOURS.

OF the many circumstances which bear sorrowful testimony to the frailty and weakness of humanity, none perhaps are so impressive as those which wreath themselves in the memory with departed hours—hours vanished to the great Unknown, bearing with them a record of thoughts, words, and deeds irrevocable, sealed as a testimony against us for evermore. It is strange that we so rarely seem sensible of the stern fact which fleeting time should teach us, viz., that our brief period of probation is taking to itself wings with a terrific rapidity, and even whilst we muse and meditate is rushing from our grasp to bear witness against us at the tribunal of our Maker. The strain of life in all its multiform bearings, the varied incidents of our chequered careers, seem to obliterate our keen sense of this important truth; and it is only on certain solemn occasions that we are sharply reminded of the flight of those hours which should be prized so highly, and guarded so sacredly. One of our greatest masters of eloquence has illustrated this in a very touching manner by comparing the case to that of a lady sailing over the ocean in a boat asleep, having a magnificent rope necklace of pearls adorning her form. By some accident the end has become loosened, and, unobserved, the pearls are silently dropping into the depths of the sea. Suddenly the sleeper is aroused, and becomes conscious that one particular pearl of great value is just slipping away for ever; but alas! that special one is but a sorrowful reminder of many that preceded it—lost irrecoverably before the disaster was recognised and the remedy applied. The idea is pathetic and true, bringing to mind how often we have felt its force, when reflection sends us on a train of regrets and aspirations that refer to hours passed beyond our power of recall.

How thrilling is the thought also, that it is not until life is well on its way that we come to look on vanished hours as of any value, or as sounding forth any teaching to us from the Past! In the rosy flush of childhood, what care we for vanished hours? If we have been so happy in the bright yesterday, shall we not also be supremely joyful in the golden to-morrow? If the pathway we gambolled over a few short years ago was radiant with blossoms, shall not the road ahead also be filled with flowers still more gorgeous? The singing of birds that greeted us yesterday we think must ever sound sweetly around us in the future! If the hours of the few summers we have left speak only of the voices of loved ones, and the music of our young hopes, will not life in the days to come salute us with melodies still more rapturous and gleeful? So we heedlessly think; so we reason; but meantime the silent, stealthy march of time is bearing us on and away; the present merges into the past ere we realise it; and our dreams evanesce as their very music and flowers around us; they expire as they are born; while, although we think not of it, these vanished hours are quietly gathering up and storing in some corner of memory their unerring tales, to return in after years, when they

will be seen in the light of experience, and watered with tears of regret.

So also in youthhood. Vanished hours trouble us little even here. We are buoyant and free; if we have erred it weighs little on our spirits, for we say—have we not a lifetime in which to repair our mistakes and rectify all our misconceptions? Shall we cloud the present for the sake of the future, binding the cypress wreath to our brows because of the mutability of all earthly hopes and young visions? Thus we argue, and thus we are swept away from the present, and it is not until we are startled by the brown leaves of autumn falling around us that we come to see with painful distinctness that had we husbanded the golden hours as they came within our power, and turned them to the best account, we should have been able to gather a harvest to gladden the winter of our lives which, bleak and bare, waits us yonder!

It is but in advanced life that we reckon up our vanished hours, and not until the shadows lengthen, and the evening draws near do we fully value the worth of those hours, hours that might have been laden with blessings, but which we suffered to pass devoid of good to ourselves or others. Childhood, youthhood, manhood have all come and gone, and still there came little reflection on this most solemn of themes; but when the glamour and sunshine of life have gone, then the spirit seems to tire of outward visions, seeking inwardly, and retrospect becomes habitual, while the cry comes from many a weary heart—"O for some of the vanished hours of my life to return, how differently should they be passed!" Herein surely we may recognise the very essence of all that is fallible, offering a sad comment upon the weakness that marks us in a temporal state; but it bears a testimony also to the immortality we possess. If every child of the Fall feels thus dissatisfied at the close of life, if there is ever the same strong conviction of an incomplete existence, surely we are warranted in believing that what here is imperfect will yonder be perfected, in that glorious state to which we should ever aspire with undaunted faith and energy. If our vanished hours seem to make us long for a future in which we may fulfil all our noblest aspirations and remedy our errors, replacing our follies and misconceptions by earnest and holy thoughts and actions, then we may be certain there is a sphere in which we shall yet be enabled to work out our purposes by God's help; where also time misspent shall no longer menace us with remorse or unavailing regrets.

What shall we think of the refrain that greets us from so many sorrowful lips, as the procession of vanished hours approaches in silence and solitude to mock and sneer at the futility of all human desires, the emptiness of all human effort? It is painful to listen to; it rends the heart, and saddens the spirit, but yet its tones are not destitute of hope. Breathing the very soul of melancholy, still it leaves a lingering sound of gladsome energy! Not useless was the misery, if its outcome be joy and renewed usefulness in the hours to come. Not hopeless is the review of our vanished hours, if we so employ it as to treasure with all jealousy the little time left

us to work for God and His glory. By all the reproachful remembrances that cling to those hours long departed, let us **then** strive so to pass the present, that we may have **fewer** vanished hours to weep over in the coming Future. So let us guard our moments that the great trial at last shall not awe us with a tempest of remorse or the bitter upbraidings of an existence swallowed up in frivolity and **uselessness!**

Vanished hours! Breaking in upon the sacred solitude of our fellows, what scenes we might reveal, what heart-aches we might record! Here, it may be, we should find one musing with tearful eyes upon some dear friend who was the light of his eyes, and whose cheery voice was a fruitful source of encouragement. Years have fled, mayhap, since that voice was heard, or that glowing presence was visible to cheer and counsel. Have they therefore been forgotten? O no! From that vanished time—gone, yet not from memory—speeds the voice to the gloomy present, from the years departed returns the well-known figure; again they are with the thoughtful mourner, and all the poetry and feeling of a life are crowded in one brief, heart-broken cry,

“O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

Look again at some of the shipwrecked lives around us. We stumble daily and hourly upon such tragic stories of real life, such mournful illustrations of the fact that vicissitude and change are the common lot that it is impossible to overlook the forces connected with vanished hours. Think of some who have been cradled in luxury, and in the midst of refining influences; who at the close of a long vista of years find that by no fault of their own they are suddenly left without the necessities of life; compelled to labour hard for bread from day to day, receiving no words of love or comfort to alleviate a hard and bitter lot! Picture for a **moment** the avalanche of grief that must sweep over such in the solitary hours of night when none but God hears, and no solace save religion is left! Vanished hours! Painfully, slowly they float in upon the mind as sleep shuts the weary eyes and the sweet influences of dreamland come to give a brief respite from sadness, and transform the too vivid reality into a vision. Scenes long fled into oblivion; voices long hushed in eternal sleep; forms long ago cold in the grave come back;—once again all is happiness and joy, and the dreary truth is banished for that sweet and glowing past. Alas for the waking, for those vanished hours speed away, and with them the music and the flowers that made them seem so precious. The tried and suffering who pass such ordeals have no hope, no relief to look for, save that which is contained in the summons home to that other world, where loved and lost unite never more to separate! So it is, reader, in many a silent uncomplaining heart, that vanished hours return in quiet moments of meditation only to speak of joys never more to be realised; to whisper of loving words sunk so deep that no agony could efface them; to tell of scenes and circumstances which, while thrilling

every fibre of he being with pain, yet will lead to a blessing finally, in the shape of a lessening reliance on time, and a panting desire for eternity.

Fathers and mothers, too, are to be found, who in secret are pining over vanished hours. The world, perhaps, take little heed that the gradual fading is from this cause; little knows or cares that a great grief is eating away the life out of some who go in and out without murmuring, who seem to go mechanically through life, as though they saw or heard nothing, but were self-absorbed in some meditation too sacred for the common crowd to become acquainted with. Dreamers men call such, and they are passed by as of no consequence; harmless people who have some weakness or failing which renders them unfit for social life or merriment. Ah! reader, how little does the world know of the deeps of piety and sentiment to be found in such! At a little touch, a chance word, a passing thought—the face kindles into life; the eyes are filled with tears; choking sobs mar the utterance, for some vanished hours are recalled by that hidden link connecting the past with the present; a rush of memories comes upon them—little hands are stretched into the gloomy present; little voices come over the years that have intervened; little footsteps are pattering again in their ears, and the whole melody of their lives re-opens, to lacerate afresh wounds that never healed, and strike again the blows which were never forgotten.

O cloud of years, that hast mercifully hidden from us the errors and follies of our vanished hours so long, why at secret signs dost thou draw off and leave all our Past vivid and clear before us? Sad spirit of remorse, haunting us by thy rebuking voice, chiding us with unavailing regrets; why wilt thou thus torture our hearts by showing us the unattainable, and pointing to what we *might* have been and done? Hast thou no solace to offer with this long, weird array of hours misspent, no balm to pour into the wounded spirit? Yes, thou hast a comfort as well as an upbraiding; a lesson to give as well as a startling reproach! By these vanished hours, laden with our best and holiest imaginings, and filled with the records of our broken resolutions, we are to learn how sacred a gift is time; and by the wail of sorrow that escapes us when we moan over the blotted pages of the Past, thou wouldst urge us to a cheerful, manly burst of thanksgiving when we remember that hours are still left us to improve; for though we can trace a terrible host of vanished hours misemployed, yet can we in the "living present" act with all earnestness; and by redoubled energy redeem those golden moments which once so recklessly we cast away!

"Vanished hours"! From every silent chamber, from every musing heart we might gather the tales they whisper, recording the lessons they enforce. Not vainly, though, do we mourn over them, wasted and sinful as they may have been, if we can honestly say that we are striving to learn wisdom from the errors of the past, and are endeavouring to lessen the reproach that may reach us in the future from such as are now within our grasp. Let us build upon our failures such successes that not even the waning light of

life can destroy their vitality, and then we need not tremble or fear. May our vanished hours summon us to work while it is called to-day, and the Great Future shall not appal us by its record of our indolence and failure. Sad may be the refrain that is wafted to us from the Past, let it not then be carried over to the Future. Stern determination, and that fervent seeking after Divine aid which brings a certain reply, should enable us to set a right value upon these precious periods for action and usefulness, and to so live out the span of life that the shades of night may fall upon a career which was ended in the service of humanity, and the worship of our Father in the heavens. The poetry and romance of our lives is bound up in these fleeting hours, but from the tearful review we take of their histories, let us turn with fresh courage to the tasks before us. Even from the troubles and thrilling trials of some of them, we may be rendered fuller of tenderness and compassion for others, and learning heroism from the pathetic situations of life may see—

“How sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong.”

E. CLIFFORD.

THE HARDENING OF PHARAOH'S HEART.

Guernsey, November 21st, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will not be surprised that I am unable to accept your interpretation of the passage.* From the time that theology first began to engage my attention, I have felt a strong antipathy, if I may use such a term without giving offence, to your school of theological thought. You will, doubtless, tell me that *you* have no more sympathy with the “*Ultras*” than I have; that your leanings are to “the left,” rather than to “the right”; in fact that you belong to the “*moderate*” school. But if I am not mistaken the “*Ultras*” and the “*moderates*” adopt the same principles of interpretation; their theological creeds have the same basis. That there is a difference I admit, but it is here: the “*Ultras*” stand true to their principles, and follow them to their legitimate issue; while the “*moderates*” shrink from the conclusions to which their own reasoning leads them. In the one case we have Calvinism pure and simple, in the other we have a kind of milk-and-water article, which is neither one thing nor the other.

Your interpretation of the passage leads to, in my opinion, the most blasphemous reflections on God's character, and His dealings with men, that the human mind can possibly conceive. The conclusions which legitimately follow your interpretation not only fly in the very face of the plainest and oft-repeated declarations of the Bible, but they hold up God as the *greatest sinner* in the universe, and represent multitudes of men as being *sinned against* far more than they have ever sinned.

* See Romans ix. 17, 18.

In the light of your interpretation, you, if you will be true to the instincts of your own bosom, will *pity* Pharaoh rather than blame him. The blame must go in *another* direction. Much as I value *systematic* theology, I would rather, a thousand times over, that every theological system perished from among us than that the *slightest suspicion* be thrown on the character of God, or the mercifulness of His dealings with man. I take my stand on the words of Christ, words which it is impossible to misunderstand, or explain away. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whatever gives the lie to these precious words, whether it comes from the lips of man or angel, let it be accursed. You will say that my language is strong, but I cannot admit that it is too strong when I consider what your interpretation amounts to. It really amounts to this : that God brought Pharaoh into existence, raised him up to his exalted position, surrounded him with circumstances favourable to the development of the evil dispositions of his nature ; and that He did all this for the very purpose of manifesting His power in the wretched man's destruction ; the destruction of his body in the Red Sea, and his soul in hell. That from all eternity God has elected certain *persons*, not *characters*, unto salvation. He, therefore, places them in circumstances favourable to a Christian life, and brings irresistible influences to bear upon them, thus making their salvation sure, while the reprobated He places in circumstances altogether unfavourable to a Christian life, and withholds from them the influences of His Spirit, or, what is worse, what is cruelly tantalizing, gives just enough of the Spirit's influence to stir up opposition in their bosoms, that He may have some semblance of an excuse for damning them. And this is what you call the *Gospel* ! Preaching such blasphemies is preaching the Gospel !! Oh, my friend, what a cruel mockery, what an abuse of the term ! Banish the word from your vocabulary at once ; never let it be heard on your lips again. The Gospel indeed ! It may be a Gospel to you, though I am at a loss to know what you have done with your *humanity* ere you could bring yourself to *rejoice* in it. By the way, I have never known a believer in this theory who has not at the same time been fully persuaded of his own election to eternal life. Perhaps you will explain this very significant fact. I tell you it is HORRIBLE ! In God's name I protest against the monstrous libel, which makes Him, the God and Father of all, who has Himself declared that He "has no pleasure in the death of the sinner," but "would have all men be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth ;" which makes Him a monster of cruelty and deceit, the very chief of sinners, yea the only sinner in the universe. If no other explanation can be given let us close the Book—let us keep our lips silent, and leave it as it stands. Better, infinitely better, that *no* explanation be offered than that this be given. But thank God we are not shut up to such an interpretation of the passage, as I will endeavour to show.

We read, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up." Now what are we to understand by the words "have I raised thee

up?" Do they mean, I have brought thee into being, I have raised thee up into existence? Some commentators give them this meaning. Others say that the words mean "I have raised thee up to the throne; I have placed thee in thy exalted position." But there is another meaning given to the expression, and which has been adopted by some of the ablest critics, viz., "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up" from sickness, I have preserved thee alive, I have restored thee to health. This is the interpretation which Dr. A. Clarke gives to the words, "I have restored thee to health by removing the boils and blains, and by respiting thy deserved destruction." Richard Watson reads the words thus, "Have I raised thee up from the effect of so many plagues, that is, I have not destroyed thee outright." Dr. James Morison, "I have raised thee up from thy bed of sickness; that is, I have restored thee to health." The Septuagint version reads, "For this same purpose thou hast been preserved," that is, preserved alive. Dr. Morison, in his exposition of the chapter, shows that such an interpretation is in striking accordance with the Greek term employed by Paul, and with the Hebrew term employed by Moses.

Now read the passage as it stands in Exodus ix. 16. The occasion on which the words were addressed to Pharaoh was this. For many long years the children of Israel had been held in bondage by the Egyptians. The time had now come when, according to the purposes of God, they should leave Egypt, and return to the land of promise. Moses was called to be their leader, and God sent him to Pharaoh with the request that he would let the children of Israel go. To this request the king gave the defiant reply, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." God at once took steps to vindicate His glory, subdue the obstinacy of Pharaoh, and deliver His chosen people. Plague after plague was laid upon the monarch and his people. But Pharaoh continued to harden his heart. Then God sent the plague of boils, "which was upon all the Egyptians, upon man and upon beasts." It was directly after this grievous affliction that God sent the message to Pharaoh which St. Paul quotes. The words, "I have raised thee up," therefore, evidently mean, I have raised thee up from thy sickness, I have removed from thee the terrible affliction with which I afflicted thee, I have restored thee to health, I have preserved thee alive. How merciful was God in His dealings with this man. God might at once have swept him from the face of the earth, when in the spirit of blasphemous defiance he said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice?" and thus have met his blasphemy with instant destruction. But no, God did not do this. He had compassion on him, and sent warning after warning. In those afflictions which came upon him the voice of mercy was heard calling him to repentance. And when he was brought down on a bed of sickness, instead of leaving him to die in his sins, God raised him up, and gave him another opportunity to humble himself, and turn from his iniquities. Verily He is a God merciful

and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.

Now what was the object God had in view in dealing thus with Pharaoh? The divine purpose was twofold. First—"That I may show in thee my power." God took steps to bring home his power to Pharaoh. He did this in afflicting him with a sore disease, and then restoring him to health; in bringing him down to the gates of death, and then raising him up again. In the wonderful miracles which Moses wrought in God's name before his eyes Pharaoh saw the power of Jehovah as he had never seen it before, and it did not fail to make an impression, for we are told on more than one occasion he exclaimed, "I have sinned. The Lord is righteous. I and my people are wicked."

Here then we have God's purpose in raising up Pharaoh from his bed of sickness, it was to show him His power, that thus he might be led to humble himself before the Lord, and be led to forsake his evil ways. But this does not exhaust the divine purpose. God further purposed that through His dealings with Pharaoh, "His name might be declared throughout all the earth." In Exodus xxxiv. 6 we have God's name as he proclaimed it to Moses. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." How well adapted were the means to the end. God purposed in His dealings with Pharaoh to show him His power, and so bring him to repentance. And we find that the king was more than once brought to his knees, and for the moment had to admit his guilt. And do not God's dealings with Pharaoh bring out in a most striking manner the Divine name as it was made known to Moses! The long-suffering mercy of God, and His justice. What means could be devised more likely to answer the end?

Take now the inference drawn by the Apostle from these facts, "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." What does that mean, what *can* it mean, if not this? That God has the right to select the objects on whom to bestow His pardoning mercy; and that He will never allow this right to pass into the hands of another. It is for Him to say to whom He will extend forgiveness, and from whom He will withhold it. No one shall dictate to Him the principle on which pardoning grace shall be bestowed on sinners. But will He, in the exercise of this right, act unworthily of Himself? Will He confer His forgiving mercy without any regard to principle? Or will He do it on any principle which will tend to encourage sin, or discourage sinners in seeking His forgiveness. IMPOSSIBLE! In acting thus, would not God give the lie to His own oft-repeated words, and go in direct opposition to His own nature? The words *cannot* mean more than this—that God will not extend His forgiving mercy to all men; and that it is His prerogative to say on what principle He will extend it to any man.

God has very clearly made known the principle upon which He bestows His pardoning mercy. Here it is: "Let the wicked forsake

his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."* Where then are the doctrines of unconditional election, the giving of the Holy Spirit to a favourite few, exciting on their mind a necessitating influence, which it is not possible for them to resist, of which theologians of your school speak? I challenge you to find them here.

But you say, "What of the hardening of which the passage speaks?" Let us take up the question, and while we do it with candour, let us do it with *caution*. The "Ultras" hold that the hardening spoken of was an influence which God brought to bear upon the heart of Pharaoh, necessitating his continuance in wickedness until the cup of his iniquity was filled, and be cast down into everlasting perdition, to the glory of God's Sovereign Power! This explanation is simply INTOLERABLE! *Atheism* would be *easy* compared with *this*! If such a God existed, *Love Him I could not!* and *worship Him I WOULD NOT*. The explanation which you "Moderates" give is "That God withheld the grace of His Spirit from Pharaoh, and left him without any way of escape to the evil tendencies of his own heart, until he was ripe for destruction." This explanation is too closely allied to the former for me to accept it; and is in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible. But you say, Does not the passage plainly declare that the hardening was *actual*, and *intentional*, on God's part? Just so. But let us bear in mind that the hardening is also said to be Pharaoh's *own* act. We want, therefore, an explanation which will harmonise the two. An explanation in which it is true that God did actually harden Pharaoh's heart, and yet equally true that Pharaoh hardened his own heart. Is it impossible to find such an explanation? Let us see.

It is a fact, which will not be denied, that all men do not bring to the consideration of the ways of God the same state of mind, they do not approach the subject in the same spirit. Some men meet the judgments of God with heartiness and pride, others with humility and self-abasement; some with daring and defiance, others with trembling submission. No one will deny this. Again, because of the difference of mind which men bring to the consideration of the judgments of God, His judgments produce different and entirely opposite results in the minds of men, softening some men, and bringing them to repentance, and hardening others in their unbelief. Here is another fact which cannot be denied. The same gospel which is to some men the *savour of life*, is to other men the *savour of death*. Once more, every man is responsible for the state of mind which he brings to the consideration of God's judgments and truth. Who can deny this? I appeal to every man's consciousness!

With these truths before one it is not difficult, I think, to see how it is true that *God* hardened Pharaoh's heart; while at the same time it is equally true that *Pharaoh* hardened his own heart. The

* Isaiah lv. 7.

heat of the sun softens the wax, but it hardens the clay; producing exactly opposite results. So the long-suffering of God softens some hearts, while it hardens others. Pharaoh met the long-suffering of God with a proud defiant heart, and the long-suffering of God hardened him, and thus he was fitted for destruction. This was no *mere accident*. God willed that it should be so. The hardening was the *just punishment* of his pride and unbelief. Had Pharaoh met the long-suffering of God with humility and penitence, how different the results!

How full of Gospel truth, then, is this passage. It holds out hope to every penitent heart, while it sounds a solemn warning for all who persist in unbelief.

We are having summer weather in November. If it continue, I am here for another fortnight.

Yours as ever,
B. W. KRAL.

THE WORK OF WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

THE Rev. Dr. Stanford, at the Zenana Mission Breakfast, thus spoke on this theme: If you will have patience with me (he said) for only twenty minutes, I will then give way to my brothers. In that time I do hope to say something that will somehow stir you up to give fresh help to the ladies in their Zenana work. My first argument is that this is a work which only they can do. (Hear.) We have all heard a great many statements—tabular and tea-tabular, furious, philosophic, and declamatory, as to the distinction between man's work and woman's work, and the difference between what man can do and what woman can do. I am not yet able to make it out mathematically, but this morning I have been reading in the Acts of the Apostles about Peter and Dorcas, and, taking this as a representative case, my conclusion is that Dorcas could do some things that Peter could not have done to save his life. (Laughter, and "Hear hear.") Cardinal Manning has spoken with stately eloquence about the primacy of Peter, but I think something might be said for the primacy of Dorcas. Peter was all very well for a man (of course I now leave out the mysterious element of the supernatural); he was "a rich, rough gem;" he had good sound sense; he was hardy, not fearing to let the wet wind whistle through his hair; he was loud, that superlative quality in a minister, and, with a voice accustomed to battle with the hiss and roar of many waters, he was the very man to make everybody hear him in a great crowd, that voice of his being doubtless one reason, along with others, why definite wisdom appointed him to be the preacher to the Pentecostal crowd. With all his distinctions, if he had tried to fill the place of Dorcas for only one week, he would have been made to feel his own nothingness. (Laughter, and "Hear, hear.") He was no shy violet hiding in the foliage and pouring its fragrance from the shade. A sick room would not have been his sphere. His hand would have been too clumsy, his

voice too noisy, and his foot too tremendous on the stair for a nurse, and he would have provoked a saint to say, if a saint had been familiar with the quotation, "a ministering angel—thou!" (Laughter.) Could you have seen him, with fumbling fingers and with eyes sweeping the horizon, essay to cut out coats and garments, you would have seen directly that whatever else he might become, he would never become a sempstress. No; but the lady of Joppa knew how to make the very needle evangelical, and she did such beautiful kindnesses with it for the women and children, that with grateful delight they fondly lingered on her name, calling her "Gazelle." For her dear sake her Saviour got a hearing, and we are quite sure that if there had been any Zenana work to do in her country she would have been the first to do it. (Applause.) As to the question, "Which is most important, man or woman?" if I may be allowed to speak in editorial style, I should say "the discussion must now stop." (Laughter.) Let those who like it "sit apart upon a hill retired," and discuss the kindred questions, "which is the most important, convex or concave, night or morning, east or west, green land or glancing water?" For ourselves, we are, I hope, content to take Florence Nightingale's advice—"Keep clear of all jargon about man's work and woman's work, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart," each one to do what each one can do best. (Hear, hear.) Now we know that as a rule some things that women can do right nobly at a crisis are not best for them to do when men are to be had. As a rule, I think it is not best for women to man a lifeboat—(laughter)—but one black night at Teignmouth last year, when the men were all out of the way, or else were not sharp enough, the women got the lifeboat out. With shrill, quivering cheers they carried it through the battling breakers, dragged a vessel off the sand-bar, and saved precious life. When we hear that they did all this without any help from the unfair sex—(laughter)—who can help saying, "Well done!" I go farther, and say that, as a rule, in my private opinion, it is not best for women to preach in public, but where in exceptional cases and with extraordinary gifts, women like Mary Fletcher and Priscilla Gurney go out of their way, and all by themselves publicly launch the life-boat of the Gospel to snatch souls from the sea of sin and from the rocks of death, again. I say, to the praise of grace, Well done! (Applause.) They remind me of the Roman who said, "I have broken the law, but I have saved the State!" They are under a higher law than the law they violate, and I am no more able to doubt the validity of their orders than I can doubt the sanity of the New Testament. Of course the loving common sense of Christianity will spare our ladies as far as possible all public work, all loud work, all rough-and-ready work, and will be quick to recognise it as best that their Gospel preaching should specially be on the principle of woman to woman. This is the principle of the Zenana Mission. But if men were qualified to take part in this work, they are not permitted. Peter is out of the question; only Dorcas will do. If all the twelve Apostles were on earth again, and wished to enter the Zenana, they might wish as

long as they pleased—the answer would be, “no admittance.” (Laughter.) But Providence, pointing to the sanctum so long shut and guarded, says to the Christian women of England, “Behold! I have set before you an open door.” (Applause.) Clear as day, another argument for the Zenana work is its singular importance. This it is scarcely possible to exaggerate, for there is now no other way of introducing the blessings of Christianity to the women of India. A clergyman of the old school, preaching about the sphere of woman, took for his text the question and answer, “Where is thy wife? Behold, she is in the tent.” “There she ought to be,” said he, “and the less she is heard outside the better.” (Laughter.) So he lifted his testimony, and “nailed it with Scripture.” A Conservative Hindoo, and more especially a Mahometan, would have admired that discourse, for, behold, his wife is in a tent with a vengeance, or in the Zenana, which is far worse. Talk to him about woman’s rights! You might as well talk to a hippopotamus. In fact, as James Smith, of Delhi, has said, “not woman’s rights, but women’s wrongs claim first attention in India.” (Hear, hear.) It is an intolerable wrong that she should be shut up for life in a Zenana with no education, on the theory that she has no mind to be educated! Faculties are apt to perish from disuse; even the sharpest eyes grow blind if left long enough in darkness; so, there being nothing for the mind to do, the Zenana mind dies down. Of course the trial is almost maddening to those who have any mental life left. The *Times*’ correspondent, making note of this mission a little while ago, reported that “a young married lady in one of the Zenanas said to the lady who visited her, ‘This sort of life is like frogs in a well—all around life and beauty, and we buried.’” The Zenana may be a loquacious place; I dare say it is; but they have nothing but nothings to talk about. It may sometimes be a gay place, but the gaiety plays like a will-o’-the-wisp over stagnation. It may be a place of physical ease, but it is interest, not ease, that makes life; and there is nothing to inspire interest, there can be nothing to make a centre, nothing to fix a point of rest, nothing answering to home. True, it may be so even in England sometimes. “Home, sweet home!” is not always the song of a mother’s heart. “Home!” says the lady to the man at the carriage door, when sometimes the word has a sarcastic sound, and seems to crash through her soul like a saw. When, however, an Englishwoman’s house is not her home, it is through some fault of married life; but the women of India have no true home, entirely through fault in the organic framework, or at least in the fixed habit of native society. It is impossible to look at these things with holy indifference. We feel an emotional hurry and a Divine impatience to reach the prisoners of the Zenana, first for their own sakes, poor souls! but also because, until they are reached, the Word of the Lord cannot be glorified in India. (Applause.) Should we expect it to be glorified in England if the ministers only had men in their congregations, and we had no agency for reaching the women and children except in the very lowest social stratum. This has ever been the case over there. Talk about the wonder that

after 80 or 90 years' missionary labour in India only so many thousand natives have made a profession of faith in Christ!—the real wonder is that it has made any way whatever. The regeneration of a community must begin with the mothers; you must teach the next generation through the mothers. One of the English unbelievers of the last century declared that he had begun to be an unbeliever before he was five years old! In India, as well as in England, you may pitch life to a right or wrong key before life has left the nursery. Then mind the mothers. Once inside the Zenana, I think the gospel has facilities which it has nowhere else in India. Pioneers of the Cross, working amidst the old, grand, but arrested and petrified civilizations, have to clear their way through much subtle and evasive disputation before they can get at the real work they come for, and they are, therefore, comparatively slow in making impressions on the men; but I should think that the women, not having been under the same special and false education, are more easily led to the point at once, and that where they are taught by the Holy Spirit they are more sensitive by their very trials to the simple charm of the truth as it is in Jesus. It is the joy of their visitors to teach them, not in the first instance, about a system, wondrous as our gospel system is, but about a Person. The Sun, the Star, the Vine, the Rock, the foundation are the different names of a Person. The Way of Salvation is a Person. "Which is the way out?" was once the cry of two little children. They had been playing by the sea, and before they were aware the tide had come up, the racing waves were beyond this peak and that peak of the crescent of rock that walled them in; but just then a horseman came splashing round one of the peaks, right up to them. "Which is the way out?" they cried. He caught them up to the saddle, and said, "I am the way," and so carried them off through a sea of death to their own happy home. Is it irreverence to be reminded by this of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life?" And can we help feeling glad that we can tell the women and children of India about "Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan" of salvation through trust in a Friend? Who will take part in this work? Is the cost of the mission a difficulty? The French people find no difficulty in collecting £18,000 annually for supporting a society which only aims to secure the baptism of heathen children *in articulo mortis*—(hear, hear)—and shall we find a difficulty in generously supporting efforts to make the mothers of India know the Gospel, so that they may bring their children to Jesus, that He may put His hands upon them? If there is any Christian young lady here, a lady in every sense of the word, who is sighing, "My life, and what shall I do with it?" let her lay the subject of the Zenana before her wisdom, and say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Who, then, is willing to consecrate her service this day unto the Lord?" Who will now "come up to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" Help the Lord? you may be ready to say. Preposterous! How can I help the Lord? Help the sun to shine; help the wind to blow; help the tender tremble of the dawn to

burn on and conquer the power of darkness; help the spring to awaken the charmed atoms and the sleeping colours of field and forest into life and kindling beauty; help the tidal wave to travel up in gathering might, and to stamp in trampling thunder on the shore! Can we? Yes, more easily than we can help the Lord to save souls. For all that, I will not call back the phrase, for it is God's own phrase. It was He who brought the charge against Meroz, "Ye came not up to the help of the Lord." There is a sense in which we are called upon to do this thing, and in which He waits for us, allowing His work to stop until we are ready. This is no order of sovereignty without a reason. One plain reason for it, at any rate, is the benefit thus given to His people. He could do without us in this matter, but for ourselves He will not. He graciously permits us to work as the instruments of His Almighty Spirit, though He graciously calls that work help. There is no mystery in it. Love can see through it all. You do the like in your own little world. There is a little daughter helping her mother to comfort the sick poor. There is a little son helping his father to drive, or helping him to build a house, or helping him to dig a garden, or helping him to write a book, by handing him a fresh pen from time to time. It is, in fact, a part of education—not the child helping the father, but the father helping the child. So if you, who have any money, or any influence, or any life to give away, help the Lord to bless the poor women of India, by so doing, the Lord will help you.

AN ARGUMENT FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.

DEAR BROTHER,—The following paragraph is from the "London correspondent" of the *Hampshire Independent*, and is no doubt a true representation of the foolish mummeries that are practised on a large scale in many of the churches of this Protestant country on a Sabbath-day. The readers of our Magazine will, I am sure, regard it as a practical and lively argument for the "Separation of Church and State."

J. TREMELLING.

"I went to Church on Sunday morning in a strange place, and the net result of that devotional exercise was that I came away a convert to the principles for the advancement of which Mr. Miall has devoted a long and honourable life. I am, I trust, a good Liberal, but like many more not less sound in politics, I have never 'gone in for' the disestablishment cry. If I ever thought seriously of the matter at all, I concluded that if some of us like to go to church and attend a service performed in any particular manner, no one had a right to complain, seeing that he also was at liberty to worship as he pleased. I am afraid that that was a superficial way of looking at the matter, and I make my recantation with circumstance, not because my particular views or experience are of any moment, but because I believe my case is that of hundreds of thou-

sands of Liberal Churchmen throughout the country. What struck me as a new light is that people who live in large towns are in a great measure disqualified from passing judgment on the Disestablishment question. We have in London, for example, as many churches as there are main roads. We have the very highest talent in the pulpit, and if we do not like its development in one street we can seek fuller satisfaction in the next. Of course this is not the case in rural districts. There is in a parish one church and one minister, and if the latter does not suit the intelligence of the parishioner, he must needs go without his Sunday service.

"The church I was in last Sunday morning stands on a hill overlooking a quaint old town on the South coast. At its feet lies the sea, behind it a swelling upland of green fields, still bare woods and brown earth fresh from the plough. The church itself was built in the ninth century, and it and its little churchyard are full of solemn associations. It is a place where one might hope to find simplicity and the soothing charm of our elder fashions. What I actually found in the service was a weak and impotent imitation of the ritualistic mummerly performed in some of the London churches. It is still held that the cross has no business on the altar of our English churches. But there is no law against shaping a few handfuls of spring flowers in the form of a cross and placing them on the altar. Before this, at every opportunity, the Vicar was on Sunday discovered kneeling. There was a full congregation, but it had no more to do with the service than the people in the stalls at the opera have to do with the chorus. Men and boys in white gowns did all the singing—not, of course, the simple hymns we used to hear, but fine concerted pieces in the arrangement of which no place was left for the articulation of the words of praise or supplication. This might have been endurable not being uncommon; but the curate upon whom the burden of the service fell whilst the Vicar was prostrate before the floral cross! Shades of Ridley and Latimer, the Curate! A thing in a white gown with hair nicely parted in the middle, and a ring on his little finger!

"It is too little to say he read the psalms and the matchless Litany without reference to the meaning of the sentences. If one had not known them by heart, or been able to follow them in the book, the service might just as well have been in Latin to me. Of course the prayers were intoned, but this particular curate being, like his prototype, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, gifted with a tolerable voice, actually, though not ostensibly, intoned the lessons, wholly disregarding sense or meaning, anxious only that a certain number of words should fit an inexorable swing of intonation. Afterwards, the choir having through the medium of the Athanasian Creed cheerfully and musically cursed everyone who differs from us in matters of belief, we had the sermon, which turned out to be a sort of penny-reading from Scripture—a quantity of texts strung together by a ligature of the baldest remarks by the curate, who, of course, still wore his white gown, and intoned from manuscript. It was a pitiable, soul-depressing spectacle amid such surroundings. Still, for my part, I would say that if there are people who like this

sort of thing, and who find comfort and strength in it, heaven forbid that I should set up the infallibility of my opinion, and say they are wrong to indulge in their conscientious belief. But here was the parish church—the only Church of England establishment within a radius of ten miles. It is supported by the State, and these poor creatures in white gowns, with rings on their fingers and hair parted down the middle, are appointed by the State to minister to the people in this town. But it apparently depends (within certain limits which it seems very difficult to define) upon the vicar so appointed what sort of spiritual meat the people shall have. In this little town, it so happens, they have served out to them gingerbread of the most meretricious quality, and if they don't like it they must needs go without. Thus it has, as Adam Bede's friend Dinah Morris says, been "borne in upon me" that people who live in large towns get only a partial and misleading view of the Disestablishment question, and thus I, a churchman all my life, begin to see that in justice to the people in rural parishes the close preserve of the Church and State must be broken up.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

SIMON KEVERNE.

A BRIEF MEMENTO.

THE power of religion is even more manifest in life than in death. There are infinitely worse evils to encounter than dying. The foes of our faith which haunt life's pathway, and in a thousand subtle forms seek to destroy our peace and blight our prospects, are worse than death itself. It is not the end of life which, to the Christian, is a source of trouble, but the commencement and continuation of a right course of action. It certainly is more difficult to live than to die. To die "is but to fall asleep," but to *live* is to *fight*; and fighting is much more difficult than sleeping; hence Christian biography becomes a source of instruction and consolation to the church. Christianity as embodied in creeds and systems is a theory, but as developed in the experience of God's people, it is a *living* fact. By the force of argument we may upset a theory, but we cannot gainsay a fact. We are grateful for the *words* which Jesus uttered, for none spake like Him, but equally grateful are we for His *works*. He *said* much, but He also *did* much; and His doings are as imperishable as His sayings. His doctrine was of God, but His work was equally divine, and while His words are misconstrued, and turned into ridicule by His enemies, His works defied contradiction, and through the ages stand as unalterable evidences of His divinity and power. Christ's life was a practical unfolding of internal principles and forces, which belong to Christian life in general. Believing and working are God's method of setting forth

the power of the Gospel. Religious belief that is not followed by corresponding sanctified activity is a deception. We are not converted merely to be intellectual spectators, but earnest workers in Christ's vineyard. He who works not, and in the right spirit, is not Christ's. Work, as it springs from holy love, is everything; believing, if it lead not to Christian activity, is nothing. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Perhaps none would assert that there is too much faith, but there is certainly too little practice; hence there is not sufficient *definite, earnest* toil. Religion must show itself in doing, not in saying. Every life rightly lived is an additional evidence for the truth of the Gospel, hence the church must always find in its annals a place for the record of noble deeds, and the biography of faithful men. We are drawn into this line of remark by the life and death of an excellent Christian worker, whose name stands at the head of this paper. Not that we consider him as perfect, or as standing head and shoulders above all the prophets in Israel. It is not necessary that a man should be in all things right in order to instruct his fellow-man. As a rule, we learn more, in the economy of life, from our failures than our successes, and if in the religious world we are bound to wait for a perfect man before we write a biography, the church must be content to sit in mournful silence until the Millennium, because such moral gems of heavenly worth are not found in this world. But there is no need for this; the infinite necessities of fallen humanity give ample scope for the right appropriation of all the diversified materials of which the church on earth is composed. Every shade of character finds its necessary sphere of existence in the filling up of that broad and beautiful outline of Christian character which the Gospel brings so vividly before us.

The subject of this memoir was born in the parish of St. Keverne, Cornwall, in the year 1826. His father was for many years a consistent member of our society at Ponsongath, and at his house the preachers, when in that part of the circuit, found a happy and welcome home. The deceased, like most young people, was in youth forgetful of right things, but not viciously disposed. His general character was respectable, and his turn of mind thoughtful and steady. The writer and he attended the same Sunday-school for many years, and belonged to the same class. In those days spelling was a part of Sunday-school discipline, and many a hard battle did we fight for the ascendancy, the best speller being at the head of the class. In the year 1859, a most blessed revival broke out at Ponsongath, when, among others, Br. Keverne was brought to see and feel himself a sinner. In believing for salvation he had great difficulty, being nearly six months before he found peace. Soon after his conversion he began to exhort sinners to "flee from the wrath to come," and was subsequently put on the Local Preachers' Plan. As a preacher he was thoughtful and intelligent. Possessing naturally great force of judgment, and a fair education, he was qualified above many for usefulness.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 3rd, 1878, he preached his last sermon at Ponsongath chapel, the place of his spiritual birth, and where

he had earnestly struggled for salvation. His sermon in the afternoon at Zoar was attended with much power, but in the evening he spoke of not having had the same amount of liberty. This feeling is not unusual in the order of public speaking, and the cause is more physical than moral. The effort put forth in connection with what is called a "good season," is sure to be followed by some degree of physical reaction, hence the lassitude and sluggishness which generally follow an extraordinary effort. Nature refuses to repeat great efforts in quick succession. Many a good man has allowed himself to be unnecessarily dejected, in attributing his failure, after some great success, to satanic influence, whereas the explanation should be sought for on purely physical grounds. Some time after the deceased had preached for the last time he caught a severe cold, which was followed by severe inflammation of the lungs. Being naturally disposed to asthma, he experienced great difficulty in breathing. It was not supposed at first his sickness would be unto death, but in a short time it was evident the disease was fast gaining the mastery. His brother Richard, who was younger than he, and who visited him faithfully in his affliction, also caught a violent chill while attending him; on returning home one evening he was taken suddenly ill, and, to the consternation of many, in a few days passed away from the stage of life. At the time of the funeral, the subject of this memoir was supposed to be a little improved in his condition; but ah! the revival was of short duration, and ominous of a serious and sudden change. It was like the last feeble effort of the glimmering light before it goes out in darkness. In one short day after this flattering indication of improvement his spirit bade adieu to all that is earthly. Separated only for a few hours, the brothers met again on the beautiful shores of the spirit-land. The deceased being much respected, the whole neighbourhood was filled with gloom, and inexpressible grief. During Br. Simon's illness he suffered intensely, but was lovingly resigned to the will of God. At times he manifested great concern for his wife and children, to whom he was much attached, and from whom he was conscious he must soon part. But the Lord is ever true to His promise. A bright revelation from heaven cheered his drooping spirit in the hour of need, and into the hands of a loving spiritual Father, he quietly resigned his charge, and the spirit thus confined, as though glad of having performed its last earthly duty, bounded from its painful prison-cage to the land of liberty and light, and to the rest that remains for the people of God.

"The memory of the just is blessed," and the memory of our departed friend will be cherished most by those who knew him best, and can appreciate genuine friendship, manliness, and Christian candour. He thought for himself, and did not chide others because they did the same. He was not a religious sentimentalist, but neither was he a narrow-minded dogmatist, but a trustful, honest-minded man, in whose company one always felt the power of unflinching friendship.

Like everybody else he had his failings, but he would not have been human else. To those who so readily wait to "cast the first

stone," our advice is, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." There is a class of persons remarkably fond of throwing stones, and as a rule they are not themselves the most faultless. We must take Christian life as it is, and be grateful for so much that is good; carefully remembering that not always the sweetest and best things in a man's life teach the most powerful lessons, but often the most bitter and painful. Br. Keverne was a good man, and much better than most. The following Resolution of the Quarterly Meeting of the Helston Circuit will show the general esteem in which he was held.

"It is with the deepest sorrow we record the removal from our midst, by death, of our dear brother Simon Keverne. The dispensations of divine providence are to us mysterious; but though we cannot understand the why and wherefore of God's dealings, we believe the Great Judge of all the earth has done rightly, and therefore we bow in humble submission to His will. We are deeply and painfully sensible of the great loss the circuit has sustained by the death of so acceptable a preacher, and such a sincere and earnest Christian worker.

"We beg hereby to express our unfeigned Christian sympathy with the widow and family in their sore bereavement, and earnestly pray that sustaining grace may be given them, and that in all the future of their lives they may be able to rest with perfect confidence on Him whose promise is, 'I will be a father to the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.'"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "To die is gain."

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives, whom we call dead."

J. TREMELLING.

WILLIAM CLARKE,

THE son of John and Ann Clarke, was born at Harracott, in the parish of Tawstock, February 14th, 1822. He was the eldest of five children, there being besides him two sisters and two brothers, one of whom lived twelve years only, and then died very happy in the Lord. The conversion of the eldest child took place when he was fourteen years of age in a cottage at Yarnscombe. There was then no chapel in the parish, but divine service was carried on in a house belonging to a shoemaker. The news of his second birth brought much pleasure to his mother, but from his father he met with much persecution for several years. Eager to do something for his Saviour he became a class-leader, and then a local preacher.

Several of the members of his class still live, and it is their delight to talk of the many precious seasons they enjoyed under his leadership. In the work of his Master he always delighted; many times has he started from his home on a Sunday morning, walked between twenty and thirty miles, and preached three times. At this period his father had four horses in the stable, but would not allow him to take one of them. Sometimes when returning from his Sunday night appointment he would hear, just as he was nearing his home, the cocks crowing. These things did not however discourage him, so zealous was he in his Master's work. His week-day meetings were well sustained. No matter how hard he might work during the day, nor how early he was compelled to rise the next morning, he would attend his class-meeting and the preaching service. Returning late sometimes he would find the door locked against him. Although his mother longed for a different state of things she dared not contradict the orders of her husband. Before his conversion he was addicted to card-playing and every kind of amusement, but after the great change had been wrought, he was as devoted in the service of his Lord and Master as before he had been diligent as a servant of Satan. Such a change from bad to good, from sin to holiness, from Satan to God, his earthly parent could not and would not understand, and hence arose his opposition. But William's heavenly Father did not permit this always to last. A reconciliation was effected, and he was allowed to ride his long journeys on the Sabbath. After some years the zealous convert received an impression that he was called to the work of the Christian ministry. When his father was made acquainted with this, he again occasioned his son much trouble and anxiety. The father's opposition arose from two causes: first, because there was a large estate to farm, and he had no other son capable of taking his place; and secondly, because he cared not for a son of his to enter entirely on the work of making known the glorious gospel. But in 1846 the son left his home and went for twelve months to Shebbear school. The next year he received an appointment to the Winkleigh Mission, at that time an exceedingly long and rough circuit. The chapels, though numerous, were long distances apart, the roads were rough and stony, and the preachers suffered many inconveniences.

In 1848 the Conference stationed him at Tenterden with Mr. Ching as pastor. Often has he been heard to speak gratefully of Mrs. Ching, who acted as a mother to him. Her kindness he never forgot. As an example of the opposition he encountered whilst working in this field, one instance may be mentioned. A number of young men inserted a squib in the wall behind the pulpit, and whilst the service was being conducted, the powder was fired, the squib fell among the congregation, causing quite a scene of confusion. Amidst it all, the work of the Lord prospered.

In 1850, he travelled with Mr. Wm. Hill at Chichester, and devoted a fourth part of his labours to the Portsea Station with Francis Martin. He attended the Hicks Mill Conference in 1851, to be received into Full Connexion, along with Wm. Rowe, Wm. H. Hosken, and Thos. Harris. The same Conference appointed him

to labour on the Taunton and Milverton Station with his former pastor, Francis Martin. Here he spent two very happy years, and then went to Cornwall where he worked with zeal and determination for a great number of years. First at St. Austell with Matthew Robins, for two years, then at Truro, with R. P. Tabb, for the same period. In 1857 he became the pastor of the Penzance Circuit, and three years later of St. Just. He travelled for three years at Callington, four in the South Devon Mission, two at Hatherleigh, the same number at Redruth, and lastly four at Taunton. His health, which had been declining for a long time, at length became so enfeebled that the Conference of 1877 superannuated him, but he only lived for about eighteen months longer.

During the twenty years that he was pastor, chapel building was not neglected by him. Whilst in the Callington circuit he erected a beautiful structure at Gunnislake, and another at Albaston. To mention the numerous chapels which he built, bought, and renovated, would occupy too much space; it is sufficient to say that in every circuit, with the exception of his last, he zealously laboured to extend the connexion in this way.

Within the last few months he seemed to have had a presentiment that the time of his departure was drawing near. Often would he say, "I don't think I shall be long with you, somehow I have an impression of that sort, but I have made all things right for you, and it is all well with me for eternity." On New Year's eve his soul was much drawn out after God, and he longed to be with God's people in the sanctuary. He exclaimed, "How many scores and hundreds are now enjoying themselves in prayer and praise to God! how I should like to be with them, if it were His will. I would gladly walk to His house in snow up to my knee, but God's will be done." On New Year's day he felt poorly, and so he did the next day, but came downstairs as usual. On Friday he did not leave his bed. In the night, when suffering, he compared his pain with what Christ had undergone for him, exclaiming—

"Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!"

On Saturday morning he appeared very peaceful and calm, and when Mrs. Clarke entered his room he said, "Do you know I have some shares in a bank?" She seemed rather surprised, and said, "What do you mean?" He answered, "Sit down, and I'll tell you." He then continued, "But that bank will never break. I have three shares, Faith, Hope, and Charity. 1. Faith, building on Christ as my only foundation. 2. Hope, for I have a hope beyond the grave. And the last, Charity; I throw the mantle of love over everybody." On Sunday the doctor was summoned, not because he appeared worse, but for satisfaction. On Monday, Mr. Dymond called to see him; he talked and prayed with him, and under the influence of the prayer the once active but now suffering servant of the Lord felt very happy. When Mrs. Clarke

came to him after Mr Dymond had left, he said, "Ma, I have been telling Mr. Dymond that I have thrown all my good works and all my bad ones overboard, and I am going to heaven simply clinging to Christ."

During the week he often expressed himself thus, "My sufferings here are great, but what are they compared with what my Saviour suffered for me; I deserve them all, but precious Saviour." We thought he was getting better, but it is likely he knew his state, as he tried to prepare our minds for the event so soon to take place. Speaking to Mrs. Clarke he said, "I have made everything comfortable for you for time, and all is right with me for eternity." This pointed language affected us much, but we had no idea that death was so rapidly approaching. He continued, "I must tell you, and you must know it."

The first change we saw in him for the worse was about 6 o'clock on Friday evening (Jan. 10th). Between this time and the hour of his departure he said, "Oh what mercies have I to be thankful for." Frequently did he respond to the words, "Christ is precious," in this way, "Oh yes, my precious Saviour." These were the last words we could clearly understand, and they were uttered about an hour before his death. He then became unconscious, and his happy spirit winged its flight at 20 minutes after 9 o'clock.

What is our sad loss we know to be his eternal gain. In his calling he was an active servant of the Lord's, and in his home a kind husband and an affectionate parent. It is our consolation to know that he is better off in that land of pure delights, and that

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

MRS. BRANTHWAITE.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." Their names are like "ointment poured forth." "They shall be had in everlasting remembrance." The subject of this brief memoir belongs to this class.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BRANTHWAITE was born at Catta, in the parish of Kinniside, in the county of Cumberland, in the year 1835, and died at Stoney Wath, Lamplugh parish, on the 30th of December, 1878. Up to within a short time of her death Mrs. Branthwaite—though strictly moral—did not experience that change of heart without which no man shall see the Lord. That she subsequently became the subject of saving grace there is no doubt in the mind of any person intimately acquainted with her. How it was brought about will be best told by a letter I received a few days since from Mr. T. Richards, an auxiliary local preacher on the Cleator Moor plan. Br. Richards writes:—"According to promise I pen you a few lines giving what information I can with regard to our much respected sister, Mrs. Branthwaite. From the time your society first commenced holding services at Kirkland, I have taken appointments there quarterly, but it was after the chapel was opened

I became intimately acquainted with the deceased. She was always present when I was there, and a more attentive hearer I never saw. She seemed to drink in the word with greediness, and not unfrequently did I see the tears rolling from her eyes as she listened to the simple but sweet story of the cross. She generally remained to the prayer meeting at the close of the service, and for a long time she seemed deeply impressed. Her tears and her countenance depicted her sorrow. Like Mary, she sat at the feet of Jesus, washing His feet with her tears. The Lord opened her heart, and she attended to the things which were spoken. On one occasion she seemed much more distressed than on any other. In the prayer-meeting I spoke to her, and urged her to press into the kingdom, but the way seemed dark. We closed the meeting. When she was leaving I told her to look to Christ as her Saviour, and never shall I forget the expression of her countenance: she wept profusely and tried to speak, but her utterance failed, and in this sorrowing state she left. But I have, with others, reason to believe that this was the turning point in her religious history, and that her sorrow was soon turned into joy; that the Day Spring from on high visited her, and that she received 'the peace of God which passeth understanding.' The last time I saw her present was when we held our quarterly love-feast. How changed she seemed to be on this occasion. She wept, it is true, but now her tears were tears of joy; her countenance was radiant with happiness, and I believe the place was to her the gate of heaven. She made an attempt to rise and speak, but she seemed to be so overpowered with joy she could not do so.

‘Joy through her streaming eyes did break,
She *felt* the thanks she could not *speak*.’

“From what I have seen and heard her say since, I have not the least doubt that our dear sister has entered into her rest, and has obtained the reward of the righteous.”

Little need be added to the above concerning the change of heart experienced by our dear sister; but of her excellences much might be written. She was a most devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind-hearted friend. Her love to the cause of Christ and the people of God was great, and she was unwearied in her exertions on behalf of the chapel at Kirkland, and wrought with her own hand for the Christmas tree to clear the debt but a very short time before her decease. It was a grief to her, and probably a loss to us, that she could not attend on the occasion. She said to me the last time but one I saw her, “I fear I shall not be able to attend the Christmas tree, but you will be able to get on all right.” She seemed to have premonitions of her death—though it was quite sudden—consequently she “set her house in order;” not only the spiritual, but the temporal; acquainting her eldest daughter where everything might be found, and giving all necessary orders how things should be carried on in case she should not live. She often talked about dying, and on one occasion said she was not afraid to die. The last time I saw her was the day after Christmas-

day. She had been confined a few days previously, and seemed to be doing well. I talked and prayed with her, and she was cheerful and happy. Four days after, on moving from the bed to a chair, she sank in a fainting fit, never spoke after, and in a few minutes the soul had quitted the clay tenement for the house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She leaves behind her an aged mother, a sorrowing husband, and eight bereaved children. Their loss is intensely great, but her gain is infinitely greater. That they may meet her in heaven, is the earnest prayer of

R. ORCHARD.

In Memoriam.

OUR dear and highly-esteemed brother R. P. TABB died at Southsea, April 29th. His end was blessed! On the previous Saturday he had called on Messrs. JAMES and HENRY ASH, and afterwards at Mr. HONEY'S, and just before he got home was taken very ill; and on the Tuesday following, at 3 a.m., he passed away. He was buried at Kingston cemetery on Saturday, May 3rd, close by the grave of Br. Pine, and near the resting-place of several of our friends. The President and Br. Lark conducted the service; the Brethren C. Dening, J. Tremelling, J. Martin, and J. Stephens were also present. Thus another "good man and true" is removed from our midst. His zealous and successful labours, and his cheerful yet devout piety, will be a precious memory to multitudes for a long time to come. (Br. H. Ash, of Portsmouth, was so ill at the time of Br. Tabb's death that no hope was entertained of his recovery; but it will be a pleasure to our readers to know that the Lord mercifully heard earnest prayer in his behalf, so that he is now gradually recovering, and our hope is that he may be spared to his family and the church for many years.)

Br. H. WERREN had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long and painful illness, on the 2nd of May. One of her latest utterances was, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed."

CAMELFORD CIRCUIT.

MEADROSE.—Our church and congregation in this place have recently remodelled and beautified their place of worship at a cost of about £300. The internal arrangements of the chapel, which were just as awkward, inconvenient, and uncomfortable as they could well be made, are now, for neatness and comfort, for strength and appearance, almost everything that can be desired. The old organ, which proved a very costly instrument by so often getting out of

repair, has been exchanged for a splendid harmonium, and the platform on which it stood, behind the pulpit, bringing the preacher out nearly one third into the chapel, has been removed, and a beautiful rostrum has been erected in its proper place. About two-thirds of the floor having been laid below the surrounding ground, without any ventilation, had become so fearfully rotten that it had to be removed, and new flooring, raised about one foot at the entrance end, provided with proper ventilation, has been put in its place. The entrance has been changed from the side to the end against the road; a new boundary wall, with iron gates and railing, has also been erected. The chapel throughout is newly seated in the modern style, with best pitch pine, with a magnificent lobby of the same material; the seats are hollowed with reclining backs, every attention having been paid to the comfort of the worshippers. The two windows in the pulpit end are walled up, and a new one put in the side where the door used to stand. A beautiful centre piece has been made in the ceiling, an ornamental ventilator placed in each corner, and a tastefully moulded cornice run around. The chapel is lighted with six chandeliers, each containing two lamps, suspended from the ceiling, and also a lamp on each side of the rostrum. The aisles are covered with matting, the rostrum and communion with carpet. A furnace-house with furnace has been erected for the accommodation of tea meetings, hot water being brought by a pipe into the school-room. The architect, Mr. Westlake, of Camelford, and the contractors, Mr. Blake and Mr. Paul, of Delabole, have given every satisfaction. The chapel, though incomplete, was re-opened the day after Christmas-day. A sermon was preached in the morning by the writer, a bazaar was opened, and a tea provided in the afternoon, and a public meeting held in the evening, presided over by Br. S. Tickell, of Camelford, and addressed by the Brethren G. Bickle, W. T. Ennor, and G. Daniel. The following Saturday and Sunday Br. Mundy kindly favoured us with his valuable assistance, giving his able lecture on "The highest style of man," and preaching two interesting and profitable sermons. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday the regular anniversary was held. Br. J. Maynard, of Plymouth, preached three sermons, gave a speech on Friday, and a lecture on Monday, evening. The tea was largely patronised, the chapel on nearly every occasion was crowded with people, and the services were of a character not soon to be forgotten. The financial results are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
By Collecting Cards	28	17	0
Donations and Labour given	18	5	0
Tea, Bazaar, Collections, &c.	55	5	10
Old Materials sold	6	12	8
Anniversary on Good Friday, &c.	15	5	6
Total	124	6	0
 Debt on the Chapel prior to alteration	 150	 0	 0
Cost of Alteration, about	300	0	0
 Total	 450	 0	 0

The present debt is about £326. This, though a large sum, does not alarm our excellent friends who have worked so nobly and unitedly in the past (and where all have done so well it would be almost invidious to mention names), and are determined to continue their efforts until the debt is altogether removed. We have in this place a church thoroughly united, a beautiful chapel, capable of accommodating some 300 persons, an accomplished musician, and a choir of singers making rapid improvement. And, best of all, since the alteration a glorious revival has been realized, resulting in the conversion of about sixty men and women (many of whom have been notorious for wickedness), and the good work is still in progress. We take this as an evidence of the fact that God is pleased with the efforts of his people; that He has condescended to re-consecrate His beautified sanctuary, and to stamp with the seal of His divine approval the work which has been done. Our hope and prayer is, that the future of Meadrose may be even more bright and glorious than the past.

BOSCASTLE.—About twelve months ago the old pulpit in our chapel in this

ancient and picturesque town, and almost the last in the circuit, was replaced by a very neat and convenient rostrum. A large pew for the accommodation of the choir has been put up in one side of the chapel, and two additional seats for the greater convenience of the congregation in the other. The chapel is now lighted by two splendid chandeliers, with three beautiful lamps in each, instead of by candles, as formerly. A few other improvements have been effected, making our little sanctuary almost as neat and comfortable as can be desired. The cost, about £23, was more than met by the anniversary, and a bazaar at Whitsuntide. As intimated in the April Magazine, we have since been favoured with a blessed revival, resulting in between 30 and 40 conversions. We have in this place a band of able and zealous workers. With unity, I know of nothing to hinder us from realizing continued and lasting prosperity.

CAMELFORD.—Our premises in this place have undergone extensive repairs, and a thorough renovation. The chapel woodwork has been painted, grained, and varnished, and the preacher's house papered, painted, and cleaned throughout. A good harmonium, at a cost of £15, has also been procured for the use of the chapel. The cost of these improvements is £50 18s. 3d., which with £5 10s. back interest and current expenses, has been met. Collecting books have been successfully employed, and a bazaar has been held for the purpose. Our great want in this place is a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

I am thankful to say that at *Trevalga*, *Bossinney*, and *St. Minver*, during the past few months, we have been favoured with the droppings of a shower; some remarkable conversions have been realized, and several have yielded their hearts to the Saviour. The cloud which for a long time brooded over us in darkness seems to be dispersing, and the holy fire kindled in some places will, I trust, extend to every place in the circuit, the Connexion, and the world. We are truly thankful for past mercies, and hopeful for the future. We are determined to

“Labour on at God's command
And offer all our works to Him.”

May 3rd, 1879.

G. DANIEL.

Missionary Meetings.

EXETER.—Having held the last of our Missionary meetings for the present year, the readers of the Magazine and the Executive of the Society, may be encouraged by knowing the result.

Juvenile Meeting.—The officers and teachers of Exeter school take a deep interest in the annual Juvenile effort. Early after Conference we laid the claims of the society before the monthly teachers' meeting, when it was resolved to ask the elders to allow collections all day, instead of at the afternoon service only. This was readily agreed to, and Missionary sermons were preached morning and evening by the resident minister, and a children's service held in the afternoon, followed on the Wednesday by the Juvenile meeting. The pastor took the chair on the occasion; the attendance was very good, the recitations excellent, the people were delighted, and the monetary result £20 15s., or £3 a-head of the previous year, beside £1 10s. since voted from the school funds.

On Sunday, February 9th, sermons were preached at *Crediton*, morning and evening by Br. W. T. Penrose, afternoon by Br. Trengove; at *St. Cyrus* by Mr. J. Parkhouse, and at *Hookway* by Br. Penrose and Mr. S. Hawkins. Meeting at Hookway on Monday; evening very wet, but the speaking pleased the people, and the financial result was something over last year's. Tuesday, most enthusiastic gathering at Crediton. Mr. Stoye (Wesleyan) in the chair. Rev. W. A. Bevan (Congregationalist), and Br. Penrose addressed the meeting. Collections £3 6s. 1d., being 30s. over last year's. Thursday, meeting at St. Cyrus. Several friends kindly came out from Exeter, although the evening was unpropitious. Mr. A. Bowden presided with great efficiency. The deputation and the pastor delivered addresses on the work and claims of the society. Collections and cards nearly 10s. more than the previous year.

Exeter.—Missionary sermons were preached on Sunday, April 20th, by the

Editor. The usual efforts were put forth to make the services widely known, but owing to the distress prevailing through the West of England Bank failure, the day was anticipated with unusual anxiety. The congregations were good, morning and afternoon, and in the evening very large; the preacher fully sustained his reputation in this city; visitors from church and chapel, equally with our own people, were delighted; the services were rich in spiritual influence, and the collections 30s. ahead. The meeting on Monday was largely attended; the attendance has been gradually improving during the past three years, but it was this year by far the best. Prayer having been offered by Br. J. H. Batt, in the absence of Mr. James Horswell, who had been unanimously requested by the elders to take the chair, Mr. W. Denness kindly consented at the last minute to occupy the position, and he did his work greatly to the delight of all present. The report was presented by Br. Trengove, and the Brethren Bourne, Honey, and Dymond delivered excellent addresses; the interest created at the beginning was fully sustained to the last; the meeting was distinguished by pertinent facts, apt illustrations concerning the society's work, earnestly and convincingly put, and on all there rested a blessed heavenly influence. The collections at sermons and meeting, £17 4s., which sum was increased by a few donations obtained by the pastor to £23 18s., or £10 5s. more than the sum realised at the annual meeting last year. Thus, Mr. Editor, whilst sustaining local interests, paying off £100 from the Exeter chapel, and £20 from the house, improving Crediton chapel at a cost of £25 which will be raised, we hope to return at least £18 extra for missionary purposes, and we earnestly hope all will do something to relieve the present pressure on the Missionary fund.

Yesterday was a blessed day at Exeter, and although only a fortnight after the missionary sermons, the collections for the ministry were upwards of £4, and, better still, one person found peace after the evening service.

Exeter, May 5th, 1879.

TRURO.—DEAR BR. BOURNE,—A very interesting Juvenile missionary meeting was held here on Sunday afternoon, May 4th, addressed by the following young men of the society, the greater number of whom are members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement class, and have been lately converted, viz., Messrs. E. Mitchell, W. H. Solomon, T. J. Brewer, T. Jane, T. Farr, W. Rawle, and W. G. Polsue. Mr. Roberts presided in his usual able and inspiring manner, and the writer presented the Report. The speaking was very good, and the singing by the chapel choir excellent. Collected by persons connected with the school:—

£ s. d.			£ s. d.								
Miss Roberts	-	-	3	3	0	Miss A. Johns	-	-	0	3	0
Miss James	-	-	2	10	0	Miss M. E. Husband	-	-	0	3	0
Miss Penhallwick	-	-	0	13	0	Mr. Thos. Philp	-	-	0	3	0
Mr. T. P. Mundy	-	-	0	6	6	Mr. E. Allen	-	-	0	2	10
Miss J. Ferry	-	-	0	5	3	Mr. W. Keast	-	-	0	2	6
Miss B. Sara	-	-	0	5	1	Mr. O. Allen	-	-	0	2	6
Miss A. Roberts	-	-	0	4	8	Mr. E. O. Roberts	-	-	0	2	6
Miss B. Stephens	-	-	0	4	6	Mr. A. Allen	-	-	0	2	6
Miss Skellett	-	-	0	4	3	Sums under 2s. 6d.	-	-	0	17	8
Miss A. Mundy	-	-	0	3	6	Collection	-	-	0	11	8
Mr. W. Dally	-	-	0	3	6						
Miss B. Mitchell	-	-	0	3	2						
						Total	-	-	£10	17	7

This is the first meeting of the kind held in Truro, but will not be the last, as the young people were so deeply interested in it.

Very truly yours,

T. E. MUNDY.

Chapels.

EDISTONE.*—This neat little chapel, pronounced by the Secretary of the Conference at a missionary meeting as “a model country chapel,” was opened for divine worship on Thursday morning, December 5th, 1878. An appropriate and excellent dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. B. Nott. Luncheon in the new school-room at 10 o'clock. Bazaar in Mr. Cook's barn in the afternoon. Public tea at 5 o'clock, and a public meeting in the evening. The attendance was good; services excellent, and the takings of the day satisfactory. The Rev. B. Nott, J. Foster (Independent), and J. Coles, rendered valuable service in connection with the opening. The chapel will accommodate ninety-six persons. The cost of chapel and school, exclusive of drawing materials and other labour, is £262 12s. 1d. Receipts as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Foundation stone services	20	1	6
Bazaar, Luncheon, Tea, and Collections on day of opening ..	62	12	4
Collected by Mr. James Cory	18	2	0
„ John Cory	28	4	0
„ William Elliott	1	10	0
A Friend through Mr. R. Spencer	2	2	0
	£132	11	10

Leaving a debt, including £20 on the old chapel, of £150.

The following ladies gave the provision for the tea:—Mrs. Cory, Mrs. W. Heard, Mrs. R. Hopper, Mrs. J. Jeffery, Mrs. J. Pillman, Mrs. C. Walter, and Mrs. J. Williams. The following are the principal subscribers in cash and horse labour:—J. Haynes, Esq., Mr. R. Hopper, Mr. T. Cook, Mr. J. Burrows, Mr. R. Heard, Mr. J. Pillman, Mr. J. Walter, Mr. D. Newton, Mr. C. Walter, Mr. W. B. Croscombe, Mr. S. J. Ashton, Mr. W. Yeo, Mrs. Gorman, and, though last, yet not least, the brothers James and John Cory. For promptitude, heartiness, and constancy in God's service, they remind me of the James and John, a pair of brothers mentioned in Matthew iv. The new chapel has been already the birth-place of several souls.

R. SPENCER.

BROUGHAM ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.—A bazaar in aid of the debt liquidation fund was held April 15th, 16th, and 17th, 1879, with the following gratifying result:—

Receipts	£202	2	4
Disbursements	7	10	2

Net profit £194 12 2

By taking a small sum from the surplus on the current account, we are thus able to pay off £200 of our debt.

We omit the names of the stall-holders, with the amount realised by the respective stalls, as such details are mostly of local interest. The names of all persons who deserve mention would occupy more space than we might reasonably expect to be available for this notice, and we therefore content ourselves with saying that we have never seen a bazaar so tastefully got up, conducted so orderly, nor carried through with heartier co-operation by friends generally—the members, the congregation, the Sunday-school, and the choir all doing their part in this successful effort. Just such friends as make glad a pastor's heart.

J. C. H.

CRONDALL.—On Easter Tuesday the memorial stones of a new chapel were laid. The edifice, which is about to be erected by Mr. W. Jenkins, builder, of Aldershot, is from designs by Mr. Gillett, architect, of Bristol, and will cost about £450. After devotional exercises, Mr. W. Hill, pastor of the circuit, asked Mr. G. R. Warren, of Liphook, to lay the first stone, remarking that the presence of

* But for sickness a fuller account would have been presented before.

Mr. Warren had been anticipated with pleasure by many friends on account of his and his father's, the late Mr. W. Warren, connection with this circuit.

Mr. Warren then proceeded to lay the stone in a cavity, under which was first placed a bottle containing (1) the 57th Annual Report of the Bible Christian Missionary Society. (2) The printed notice of the laying of the stones. (3) A document stating that the present building is intended to take the place of a smaller and less attractive structure which had been built in 1838. That the site of the present building had been given by Mr. D. S. Stevens. The names of the trustees of the chapel and of the superintendent, and (4) the circuit plan for the current quarter. The stone having been duly laid by Mr. Warren, he placed upon it the sum of £6 5s., Mr. Noyce also very kindly placed a cheque for £10 on the stone, and Mr. Brooker subsequently gave a cheque for £3 3s. Mr. D. S. Stevens laid the second memorial stone and placed a cheque for £20 upon the same, after which Mr. and Mrs. Bourne laid the third memorial stone and placed the sum of £5 upon it. Various other sums, amounting to about £6, were laid upon the stone (or collected from the congregation).

Mr. Hill stated that among other donations he had that day received a cheque from Miss Smithers for £5, and from C. J. Maxwell-Lefroy, Esq., also a cheque of £5, and that R. J. Chaundler, Esq., had generously given tiles to the value of £10.

Mr. F. W. Bourne then gave a short account of the rise and progress of the Bible Christian Connexion. Mr. Hill then expressed the thanks of the friends to those who had so kindly come to lay the Memorial Stones, and for the contributions so freely offered. After another hymn had been sung, and a prayer of thanksgiving by Mr. Bourne, the National Anthem was sung, and the open air services brought to a close.

A tea, of which about 140 friends partook, was provided in the Congregational chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), after which there was a public meeting, T. Wonnacott, Esq., of Farnham, presiding, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. W. Bourne, C. Denning, G. King-Fryor, S. Leete, W. Hill, G. R. Warren, and other friends.

The total cash received amounted to about £100.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £987 7s. 5d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
HOLSWORTHY CIRCUIT—				Forest Hill, Rev. W. Lee	-	0	5	0	
Mr. Coles, Ashwater	-	0	10	0	Mr. W. Green	-	0	2	6
TORRINGTON—				Three Friends	-	0	3	0	
Mr. Brown, 2nd instalment	0	5	0	CAMELFORD—					
Star of Peace Lodge, I.O.G.T.	1	1	0	A Friend, Blissland	-	0	10	0	
HICKS MILL CIRCUIT—				Cards, Limehead	-	0	4	8	
Mr. A. Rowe, donation	-	0	10	0	KILBURN—				
SHEBBEAR CIRCUIT—				A Friend	-	0	10	0	
Mr. Bartlett, donation	-	0	10	0	E. C.	-	0	2	6
LAUNCESTON CIRCUIT—				Second collection	-	0	10	6	
Truscott, Miss Bray, book	0	12	6	JUBILEE—					
WOOLWICH & FOREST HILL—				Second collection	-	0	11	10	
Woolwich, Mr. Topley, don.	0	5	0	Mr. G. F. Treverton, 2nd don.	1	1	0		
Mr. Vanstone, donation	0	5	0	BRIGHTON—					
Miss Standing, do.	-	0	5	0	Mr. Lipscombe, donation	-	0	10	0
Mrs. Standing, do.	-	1	0	0	Mrs. Gould, do.	-	0	2	0
The Misses Bland	-	1	0	0	Friends	-	0	4	0
Lee, P. Carter, Esq., don.	-	0	10	0	Mrs. Lisle	-	0	2	6
Miss James, do.	-	0	2	6	CHULMLEIGH—				
Miss Cocks, do.	-	0	2	6	Rev. R. Grose	-	1	0	0

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—We venture to ask all subscribers to the College Extension

sion Fund to kindly pay their promises now due. Again we venture to ask the ministers to audit all the books and cards put into the hands of the collectors, and to give them a word of encouragement to proceed with their work. We are not without hope that the whole debt will be removed; we await a kind and general response to our repeated applications. We think our friends and supporters are increasing, and that they will speedily help us.

We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer.*

W. HIGMAN, *Secretary.*

Correspondence.

ANGLO-ISRAELISM.

20, Claremont Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol, *May 9th*, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In your May number you give extracts from papers by the Rev. E. R. Conder, published in the *Evangelical Magazine*, and you also notice favourably a lecture by Robert Roberts, of Birmingham, each being in opposition to "Anglo-Israelism." I have read both the papers and the lecture, and having given considerable attention to the other side of the subject in dispute, I am constrained to say that I am one of those *not to be convinced*, by the reasoning of Messrs. Conder and Roberts, "that if the advocates of 'Anglo-Israelism' are to find arguments in its favour they must seek them elsewhere than in the Scriptures." There is not one important argument by which the doctrine of our Israelitish origin is sustained, that receives the least injury from the assaults referred to, whilst much of what Mr. Conder says, only helps one to reason on its behalf, with additional point and cogency. Truth loses nothing by ventilation and fair discussion.

If you will kindly insert this short letter in your next issue, you will greatly oblige,

Yours faithfully,

J. DYMOND.

Brief Notices of Books.

Wycliffe to Wesley; Heroes and Martyrs of the Church in Britain. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A MOST attractive book. The volume contains twenty-one ably written sketches of distinguished leaders and standard-bearers, whose names are "as familiar as household words," and a very large number of excellent illustrations.

The Person and Offices of the Holy Spirit. By the late Very Reverend ACHILLES DAUNT, D.D., Dean of Cork. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THE titles of these able lectures are, *The Promise, The Person, His Coming, His Work at the Beginning, and His Work at Present.* The Bishop of Cashel truly observes that all who are willing to peruse these sermons will find them "deeply profitable." "But it is to those who had the opportunity of once listening to the preacher, that they will come with peculiar force and impressiveness." The preacher is a safe and trustworthy expositor of the great verities of our faith, as one brief extract will clearly indicate. "In the statements of Holy Scripture we do find Baptism and Regeneration intimately connected; but to transgress the fair limits of interpretation (as Augustine, in particular, seems to have done) and to make Regeneration absolutely and unreservedly dependent on Baptism, to maintain that all who were baptized were regenerate, and that none could be regenerate but the baptized only, was to propound a doctrine unscriptural and pernicious, the germ of evil, which was not slow to fructify, and which has been

fruitful of consequences deadly and disastrous. For if you examine in their proper context those expressions of Holy Scripture to which I have referred, *e. g.*, that in St. John iii., where the Lord speaks of the necessity of being 'born of water and of the Spirit;' that in St. Peter, where he says that 'Baptism' (in a figure) 'doth also now save us;' and that in our text, where St. Paul speaks of 'the washing' (or bath) 'of Regeneration,' &c., you will find, that they can, none of them, be fairly understood to indicate more for Baptism—in respect to the result—than an instrumental efficacy, a visible embodiment of the truth." Our author further properly contends that Regeneration is not simply "a *capacity* for being good, which may or may not be developed"; but that it is, as Dr. Mozley forcibly puts it, "an *actual state* of goodness and holiness."

Boston Noonday Lectures.

Transcendentalism.

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MANY persons will heartily welcome Mr. Dickinson's new edition of these wonderful lectures by the Rev. JOSEPH COOK, *revised by himself*. The volumes are handy in size; price 1s. 6d. each.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By JAMES MACAULAY, A.M., M.D. Edin. Religious Tract Society.

A POWERFUL and persuasive plea, skilful, comprehensive, convincing. The claims of the Lower Animals to humane treatment from man are effectively urged, various forms of needless suffering inflicted by man are vividly described, the means of prevention are clearly defined, and the somewhat difficult subject of Vivisection is considered in a calm and impartial spirit, so that Dr. Macaulay's conclusions will command, we think, all but universal assent.

The Early Years of Christianity: A comprehensive History of the first three centuries of the Christian Church. By E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. Vol. I. The Apostolic Age. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS reproduction of the "History of the Early Years of Christianity" is not a mere translation of the French edition, but the presentation of that work in a considerably altered form. The author has, in the first place, dispensed with the long introduction treating of the history of religions prior to Christianity, partly because this has already appeared separately in England, and partly because a very full *resume* is given of it in his book on "The Life, Work, and Times of Jesus Christ," to which the present work may be regarded as a sequel. He has further endeavoured to bring the English edition into a smaller compass than the French, without curtailing it in any necessary or important branch. By this means he has condensed into one volume the whole history of the apostolic age.

Works of this kind, ably written, are of special value and importance in this age, and can be only fully appreciated by persons acquainted with the subtle and persistent assaults made by men of the highest ability and attainments on historical Christianity. "We are persuaded that the best method of defence against the shallow scepticism which assails us, and which dismisses, with a scornful smile, documents, the titles of which it has never examined, is to retrace the history of primitive Christianity, employing all the materials accumulated by the Christian science of our day; for it must be well understood among us that there is in truth such a theory as Christian science in the nineteenth century." To do justice to such a subject eminent qualifications are necessary, and it appears to us Dr. Pressensé is *facile princeps* among contemporary writers. A clearness and ease of style that is positively fascinating is combined with great firmness of grasp, keenness of discrimination, and breadth of view.

The next volume will comprise all the great conflicts of the Church with Paganism, and will be entitled the "Martyrs and Confessors." A concluding volume is to embrace the entire history of Christian thought and doctrine, treating of all that bears upon theological and ecclesiastical questions during the same period. The price of this work is 7s. 6d., but subscribers can have the four volumes for one guinea.

The Fulness of Blessing; or the Gospel of Christ, illustrated from the Book of Joshua. By SARAH F. SMILEY. Third edition. Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 5s.)

WE have read this work with much pleasure and profit. It is a healthful and stimulating book. A suggestive sentence in *Westcott's Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, contains the principle on which this volume has been constructed: "The existence of an abiding spiritual sense underlying the literal text of the Old Testament is sufficiently attested by the quotations in the New. Unless it be recognised, many of the interpretations of the Evangelists and Apostles must appear forced and arbitrary; but if we assume that it exists, their usage appears to furnish an adequate clue to the investigation of its most intricate mazes." The dangers to which Christians are liable in the *application* of this principle, Miss Smiley appears to us to have avoided with singular skill. Her intense earnestness, her deep spirituality, her marked sobriety of judgment, and her literary competence have furnished ample safeguards. There are no traces of straining after effect, or searching after novelties, or strange disregard of all safe rules of interpretation, so painfully conspicuous in many works we might name, and which have prejudiced many sober readers against even that class of works to which "*The Fulness of Blessing*" belongs.

Nuts to Crack for Moderate Drinkers. A Useful Manual of Facts and Figures for Total Abstiners. By J. MILTON SMITH. John Kempster & Co. (Price 4d.)

A CAPITAL fourpenny-worth! Here is one of the nuts: "We have now 150,000 licensed drink-shops in England; 18,000 retail places in London alone. In 1873, the year of unexampled prosperity, the drink-bill, which in 1871 was £118,000,000, rose to 140,000,000, so that the high wages were simply squandered in useless drink. Then, in Durham, Newcastle, and South Wales, colliers, iron-workers, and puddlers earned wages averaging from £3 to £10 per week. To-day these men are in rags, literally starving, without even the prospect of work. The gloom and long-continued depression of trade is so serious that Parliament cannot long ignore the distress everywhere prevailing. And yet, amid the general decline, one so-called trade rears its head, feeds, fattens, and thrives on the ruin of others. This thriving exception the '*traffic in strong drink*,' which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up everything else."

The Study and Homiletic Monthly. May. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 1s.)

A GREAT variety of matter, and much of excellent quality.

Our Miscellany.

SHEBBEAR AND THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.*

ON the north-east—the extreme north-east—of Cornwall, in what is known as "Woolley Moor," in the parish of Moorwinstow, a small spring of water rises. The spot, in all its surroundings, is very uninviting. The soil is poor, and thin, and boggy; and it is in the boggiest part, on a slightly raised ridge, that this spring, in the tiniest flow, bubbles forth. More than once have we soiled our shoes and damped our feet in our efforts, at different points, to find its much secreted centre. We did that in our anxiety to trace things noted in their results to their beginnings; for in this obscure place we have the origin of two famous rivers,—the Torridge and the Tamar. The former, taking first an easterly direction, then turning direct north, receives at Torrington a tidal greeting from the mother of waters, whence the two, by way of Bideford, in majesty sublime—the majestic sublimity of labour and love—pass on, and out, and home, losing their identities amid the perpetual surgings of the Bristol Channel. The latter

* This is the article referred to by Br. Higman last month.

takes a southerly direction, forms, mainly, the dividing line between the two counties,—Devon and Cornwall,—and after passing Saltash, constitutes the noble harbour of Hamoaze, near Plymouth, where at Mount Edgcumbe—Torridge-like—only at different points, north and south,—it too merges itself into the sea. Though not in harmony exactly with the point we want to make, yet we can scarcely forbear saying, how life-like in its courses, pursuits, and issues. Two children shall spring from the same loins, grow up in the same home, but in their moral tastes, purposes, and ends, be altogether divergent; and yet both with increasing force, gliding out into one common sea, the ocean of eternity.

But, who, standing on Woolley Moor, in the midst of a swamp renowned only for its sublime meanness, and unacquainted with the law of forces in their accumulative grandeur, could possibly conceive of such openings in usefulness, of such land-and-water soul enchanting scenery; of such sounds—the solemn, sacred, awful harmonies of pebble roll, and ocean seething in tidal lavation, as that which obtains at Instow Point on the one side, and Mount Edgcumbe on the other?

Leaving the spring named above, in less than five minutes we cross the border line, and pass from Cornwall into Devon; thence through the parishes of Bradworthy and Putford, and a few hours bring us to Shebbear. Shebbear is the centre of a group of parishes known as the north-west of Devonshire. Locally, it has no special attraction. Its roads are irregular and narrow, its land shallow, and, in the main, poor. Its homes are neat and plain; its people, on the whole, are healthy, hearty, honest, and most of them, in this world's goods, neither want nor abound. Its village-town is exceedingly old-fashioned—houses low, chiefly built of earth,—generally known as “cob,” with straw-thatched roofs. It is an inland parish, about ten miles from the nearest market town, and void of mine, or factory of any kind; nor can we recall now a single house whose social head writes Esq.—the lowest title among the titled kind.

Such is Shebbear in its local, its material, and social relations; and yet in this obscure, out-of-the-way parish,—and more especially so sixty-four years ago—we have the birthplace of another river, not such as that which finds its source on Woolley Moor, but a religious denominational river, whose current is holy thought and living, loving sympathy, characterised by faith, and love, and prayer, the waves of whose influence, to-day, kiss every shore, and through the abundance of whose refreshing, its converts, in fruit and song, are to be found and heard throughout the church universal,—the church in earth and heaven.

Within its own denominational area, there are 304 Itinerant preachers,—ministers conferentially recognised, authorised and sustained; 1,835 local preachers,—persons who give their time and talent, and influence to the work of the ministry, so far as ability, and reason, and nature, and business will allow—persons too to whom the connexion and the world are greatly indebted, and who have never been by the people properly appreciated, nor legitimately encouraged in their work of faith and labour of love. These persons preach the Word of Life in 932 chapels—churches—and 185 other places, that is, in rooms, public halls, and in the open air, at any time, where and when the need presents itself, and the opportunity occurs. There are also 9,973 Sabbath-school teachers, who labour to instruct and thereby uplift in thought, desire and feeling, the souls of 53,585 children and youths—the constituent elements necessary in a vigorous, aggressive church growth; while of Christians—whether ministers, local preachers, teachers, or private members, 30,688 are recorded as in connexional fellowship—the fellowship of a holy Christ-like endeavour.

The above numerically accumulative denominational status, may, however, when compared with other larger and more influential bodies, seem small, as also the mouths of the Torridge and Tamar in contrast with that of the Mississippi; and yet, when we consider the difference in the rise, the distance of their flow, and contributory resources, our admiration is no less real or profound, whether standing at the mouths of the former or the latter. We are no fabulist, “circumstances do alter cases.” From a human stand-point, the circumstances attending the origin of the Bible Christian Connexion were altogether unfriendly. It had not the advantage of thickly-populated districts, nor did its stream, for years, wind in their direction; nor the nucleus of seceding thousands, like the Free Church of Scotland, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, or the New

Connexion, and the United Methodist Free Churches; nor the excitement consequent upon a peculiarity in creed, like the Baptist; nor the influence of any high-standing clergyman like John Wesley, or Peers, like the Countess of Huntingdon; nor the wealth, novelty, nor, happily, the subtle sophistry of the Plymouth Brethren in the work of proselyting; and yet, in the face of all its surroundings—its lack, at first especially, in all human embellishments—its results, to-day, as seen in the light of conditions, bear favourable comparison with other religious bodies, and are, in our judgment, monumental attestations of the divinity which shapes its ends, rough hewn as they may have been. Its existence is not the result of periodic showers, or floodtides, or occasional swells, either human or divine, from earth or from heaven; but a steady, natural, regular, healthful flow, and in vigour of thought, in earnest loving deed—in all real moral worth, its channel, or stream, as we see it, was never deeper, or broader, or fuller, or purer, or richer than now; nor doubt we, if there be a rigid adherence to “first principles” in the maintenance of truth, and purity, and earnestness, and economy, and simplicity, that its future, river-like, will not only increase in volume, in numbers, and extent, but in soul-saving power—the real end of her mission—the mission of mercy to man.

But what has Shebbear to do with this? Just what Woolley Moor has to do with the openings in usefulness at Mount Edgecumbe, and Instow Point. Woolley Moor is notorious only as the place of a little—almost unnoticeably small beginning, whose issues are tremendously vast, and indescribably grand. So it is with Shebbear. Here on the 9th day of October, 1815, in the ever-to-be-remembered Lake Farm House, the first society was formed—the spring-burst of the Bible Christian Connexion. In the same house, December 25th, under the same date, the first prayer-meeting was held, and from within the Society's own circle of 22 members the first sermon by a young man who, in that effort, preached for the first time, was delivered. That young man was James Thorne, who at the first Quarterly Meeting was put on the plan, and at the first Local Preachers' meeting was recommended “to travel,” and a few remaining grey heads know what, under the then existing circumstances, the words “to travel” meant. However, the young Shebbearian was equal to the occasion, and stepped at once to the front as an orator, soon as a liberal organizer, and a common sense, if not a brilliant, literary director. In temperance, politics, and education, he was the eloquent, earnest, and successful reformer; in temper, and conduct, and spirit, the exemplary Christian, and for 56 years “this root out of a dry ground”—“this good out of Nazareth”—was, in pulpit influence, in power of intercessory prayer, and in universal esteem, the “sheaf among the sheaves,” around whom all others in unfeigned respect delighted to gather, and before whom, under the weight of the glory of his great life-work, all bowed in the most profound admiration.

“His was the active frame, the busy brain,

He loved to work, nor did his labours cease,
Until God stilled him with the touch of pain,
And made him ready for his perfect peace.”

It was also at Shebbear the second love-feast was held, and the first denominational Pentecost witnessed, when, at the close of a sermon, twelve persons prayed before rising from their knees. Of the 932 chapels now recorded, the first was built here, in which the third Conference sat, and in 1830, during the session of the twelfth Conference, the first Missionary meeting was held. It was at this meeting, where, wrapt in a cloud of glory, and under the inspiration of the ancient Seers, the seraphic John Bassett exclaimed, “If this be missionary meetings, Mr. Chairman, I'll agree we'll have more of them.” The sentiment was endorsed, is in acceptance universal, and its blessedness who can estimate? That, moreover, was not only the first missionary meeting held by the Denomination, but the first of the kind—a home missionary meeting—held within British domain. In home mission work, on an organized plan, the B. C. Connexion leads, and Shebbear was the place of its inauguration. It was at a Shebbear Conference, No. 14, in 1832, that John Hicks Eynon accepted the appointment to labour in Canada West, and he is to-day the acknowledged father of the Canadian Conference. It was there, too, at the Conference of 1850, stood

Messrs. James Way and James Rowe, in heart and soul heaving, throbbing to the highest pitch, when, amid the prayers, and tears, and farewells of brethren, and friends, and kin, they, as pioneer missionaries, left home for Australia—seemingly farther away then than now. It was at the commencement of the tenth Conference, held at this place, that William O'Bryan—whether right or wrong—vacated the Presidential Chair; it was also here at the seventeenth Conference, three years later, that a re-union was proposed, and, with all but himself, consummated, he having decided to leave England for America, which he did. Here, too, William Allin—more widely known as "Uncle Will"—the first, and, up to this time, the last, itinerant class and prayer leader, the connexion has publicly recognized—a man said to be mighty in prayer, and at times in exhortive power overwhelming—was born, and died, and where in peace his ashes sleep to-day.

But among the many settings in this coronal of holy deed, which, like an halo, encircles the dear old homesteads—Lake Farm, and Prospect Place houses, together with the twin chapels, front and rear, a connexional commonwealth, shrines of beauty to which some day our children in pilgrim steps will move, and which in harmony with the rest—another thread in the silken skein which holds us captive to the place, and helps to turn the otherwise threadbare parish name, Shebbear, into poetry and song, are its educational associations, making it classic as well as historic ground.

In November, 1839, a company of friends, in shares of £5 each, started and established the "Bible Christian Proprietary Boarding School"—which has been more generally known as the "Shebbear Institution," it being located there. It was afterwards taken up by the Conference, and though at some cost, and under some difficulty, has been preserved to the Connexion. Chief among the difficulties were its location, and building accommodation. These, in great measure, however, are overcome. Railroads have been opened, more land obtained, and a building proportionate to the demands erected, and henceforth to be known as the Bible Christian College. This result is the outgrowth of an internal need—an enlargement of the heart demands an enlargement of the body. It is well when an outside improvement springs from an inside necessity. The Denomination is waking up on the subject of education, not only so, but an education *that shall be education*—a judicious blending of the classics with the ethics in the mental and moral philosophies of life. In this, the people honour themselves; hence our heart rejoices at the position taken on this subject by the Bible Christian Church, and our judgment also concurs in the location, Shebbear, as its educational arena. The sacredness of the spot, its high and healthy position, its rural quiet, and its freedom from the temptations which, more or less, abound in the more largely populated centres, are a few of the reasons why we so concur.

But, as in most ointment boxes there is a fly, and with every rose there is a thorn, so, alas! with most church buildings, there is a debt. We would like the rose without the thorn, but if that cannot be, we prefer the thorn and rose, rather than no rose at all. The College is no exception to the general rule—it is in debt, and which, at present, appears to be its only drawback. It should be removed, and with an eye to that end, an agent—the Rev. W. Higman, and surely no fitter man—has been appointed to canvass the churches, and obtain subscriptions. He is now a good way on in the second year of his arduous and unenviable work, and yet the end is not reached. With him and his work, we are in full sympathy.

Well do we remember when the "Jubilee Memorial Chapel" was built, and appeals were made throughout the church for help, how the people outside of London excused themselves from giving, on the ground that the benefit to be desired was local. Wrong in the premise, they were also wrong in conclusion, for nothing is strictly local in denominational work, whether in woe or weal, but even that cannot be said of the College. It is no sense local. Its pupils are expected to come from all points, and from all points they do come, come mentally blind, and naked, and poor, and return to parents, and homes, and business, and in some instances to the church, enlightened, and enriched, and clothed in knowledge, and wisdom, and power. Nor is this altogether confined to England, for into whatever part of the connexion, into whatever part of the globe we enter, we find one or more of the "Shebbear Boys." Local, only in

the surges of its youthful mental agitation, and mind-inflation, while the spray of its blessing is universal in its providential career. But some will say we have no boys to send. That may be so. But do you not pray that the ministry may be more effective, more powerful for good? Surely. There are scores of young men, to-day, thirsting for that power, but have not the means in full to obtain the elementary principles so essential thereto. *Why not help them?* and in helping the College you will be so doing, and back to you will come the return in an elevated, enlarged, and more attractive pulpit, and in the elevation of the pulpit is the elevation of the pew—the people—*yourselves*. All religious bodies are, in great measure, what their individual ministers make them. "Like priest, like people," is a statement based in fact. While the Christian is the highest style of man, the minister should be the highest style of Christian, and of scholars the greatest. The minister of the Gospel needs more than piety. To be a minister of Christ he must be pious, but every pious man is not a minister. In this matter, the College holds a vital connection, and in order to its full force in blessing it must be free. Shall it be?

And, just here, allow us to make one suggestion, viz., that 300 persons give fifty dollars (£10) each, payable, say, with interest at five per cent, within five years; let the time be longer or shorter, according to ability, only carry the interest, and the estate is relieved at once. Of the 300 persons, cannot 50 be found on this side—we mean in the United States, Prince Edward Island, and Canada. Notwithstanding the heavy claims upon us already, our note is ready for that amount as above, and you can reckon on us as one, perhaps more.

In conclusion, we wish it to be understood that we are not writing for the sake of writing, but because of our sympathy with the object, our desire for its success, and the burning jealousy we bear in our heart for the well-being and good name of our beloved people. The sacredness of the spot, the worthiness of the object, the imperativeness of the need, ought to culminate in one feeling—the feeling which leads to prompt, decided, universal action. Geographically, the College stands at the fountain-head of the denomination, shall it so stand as a monument of our ingratitude, our selfishness, or of our grateful devotion to the connexion, to the fathers, and to God—which? Water always finds its level. By the way of Shebbear, God has happily and blessedly found His way to the hearts and homes of thousands of us, and now, by the way of Shebbear, in practical gratitude, let us go back to Him. James Thorne, William Reed, William Courtice, and others, whose voices we have heard in prayer, in exhortation, in song, first rallied around the cross at Shebbear, and from thence went forth to watch, and work, and die. They are dead, what of them is mortal rests at Shebbear;* the work in weariness has ended, but not so the watching. From off the "hills eternal" they watch, and watching to us shout as did the brave Hedley Vicars, when on the Crimean heights, face to face with fifteen thousand Russians strong, he cried, "To your pins, 97th, and charge! 97th, follow me! This way, this way!" The gallant captain fell, but his brave 97th—his praying 300—rushed into the breach, and victory rose on the wing of the morning. In like manner do they—the Shebbear dead—a knight-errantry who, in illustrious deed were the connexion's pioneer chivalry, cry to us "To your pins," 300 "and charge!" 300, follow us!" "This way, this way!" God help us to heed the call, and in honour of the men, the place, and the supreme importance of the need, each one charged with fifty dollars, in number at least 300 strong, advance on Shebbear, take the debt, and on its College front write, FREEDOM!

THE LORD'S PORTION.—HOW MUCH?

TWENTY years ago the writer adopted the system of proportionate giving to the cause of God. His income has never been large; his family as regards number, sickness, education, and deaths has entailed at least an average amount of cost and responsibility; yet, thanks to a loving Father's gracious providence, the Lord's

* It is generally known, we suppose, that our venerable Brother Courtice was not buried at Shebbear, but at Plymouth.—ED.

purse has rarely been quite empty ; and although the contributions to many objects have been small—smaller than he would have preferred—scarcely an object has ever been refused. Many persons—it is believed a steadily increasing number—give systematically, but probably few give as large a proportion as they ought, and *still fewer increase the per centage with the increase of income.* The increase of per centage is almost as important as the principle itself of systematic beneficence. Ten per cent. out of an income of £1000 is really much less than the same per centage off a smaller income. From a too tender regard for the domain of their brethren's consciences the proportion is seldom suggested by either writers or preachers. A layman wishes to indicate what he thinks a fair proportion, and in the following Table believes the actual case of most persons is met—showing the proportion proposed to be given, and the *amount left*, after deducting the Lord's portion.

Will the reader try the plan for a single year ?

Income.	Per centage given away.	Clear Income remaining.	Income.	Per centage given away.	Clear Income remaining.
£100	£5	£95 0	£1,500	£22	£1,170 0
200	7½	185 0	2,000	23	1,540 0
300	10	270 0	2,500	24	1,900 0
400	12½	350 0	3,000	25	2,250 0
500	15	425 0	4,000	26	2,960 0
600	16	504 0	5,000	27	3,650 0
700	17	581 0	6,000	28	4,320 0
800	18	656 0	7,000	29	4,970 0
900	19	729 0	8,000	30	5,600 0
1,000	20	800 0	9,000	31	6,210 0
1,250	21	987 10	10,000	32	6,800 0

DR. MOFFAT AND THE ZULU WAR.

SIR,—A number of friends to whom I feel deeply thankful have forwarded to me an extract from your valuable paper of yesterday, which from having come up from Yorkshire to attend the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society I did not see, and about which they express their extreme astonishment. It runs—“The Venerable Dr. Moffat has found energy in his declining years to preach the extermination of the Zulus in the cause of Christianity.” It is evident that one who can make the above assertion and others of a like spirit is an enemy of missions to the heathen world. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the above declaration, and the writer, I try to persuade myself, would blush with shame did he but know the character and history of one who has spent the greater portion of a long life unceasingly proclaiming the Spirit of Him who came to the world to preach “Peace on earth and goodwill to men.” Ever animated by that spirit, he has at the risk of life prevented collisions of warlike tribes, and on more than one occasion been surrounded by men eager to destroy him, while doing all in his power for their own sakes that they might “bury the spear.” Again and again he has escaped amidst a shower of spears, war axes, and clubs, and all arising from his undying desire to prevent war. As to the charge brought “against a large section of the missionaries, looking at the present destruction of human life as a jihad, or holy war, waged in the interests of the spread of the Gospel, and therefore to be sanctified by all the company of the preachers,” is like the above, which I believe to be utterly without foundation, so far as I have known missionaries, and I have known many. So far from preaching the extermination of the Zulus, I have repeatedly, in public and in private, expressed my opinion that the Gospel cannot be enforced by the sword, and that mission work all over South Africa has been thrown back fifty years by the present war with the Zulus.—Yours a Constant Reader, ROBERT MOFFAT.—*Daily News*, May 9th.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

“**T**HOU art the Christ, the Son of the living GOD,” was Peter’s answer to Christ’s own inquiry, “Whom say ye that I am?” and though Peter may not have comprehended at that time the full meaning of his declaration, yet we shall endeavour to show in this paper that Peter’s testimony was true, and that Jesus, whom we call “Lord,” was Himself the Son of God, “the only begotten of the Father,” “the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.”

But it is necessary before we proceed further to have a correct idea of what is to be understood by the Sonship or Divinity of Christ. It is not that “God united Himself with Jesus by the outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon Him,” neither is it that He was a person “charged with a special, express and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue,” neither is it sufficient to say that He was a “supernatural being,” for it must be admitted that there are several grades of the supernatural. But that He was the very unoriginated God, co-equal with the Father, the Creator of all things, the Restorer of fallen men, the Righteous King, and possessing all the attributes, acts, and honours which are the possession and prerogative of Jehovah.

The Rev. John Page Hopps in his lecture with the startling and, perhaps we might say, blasphemous title, “Jesus a Unitarian,” has said “the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus is an ecclesiastical one, and depends for its validity upon the doctrines of Councils, the utterances of the Church, or the after discoveries of the Christian consciousness.”

Surely this is inconceivable to an unprejudiced mind. That the truth which is so dear to thousands, among whom are to be classed the brightest genuises, the most learned and eminent of earth, the truth which has moved the world, and around which has gathered universal love, admiration and wonder, that *this* truth should after all be but "an ecclesiastical" doctrine, and have no "real validity" is inconceivable, and the moral difficulties attending such a confession are insuperable. It is easy to refute such an absurd statement as that we have quoted. Even were we to ignore the teachings of all other Scriptures, we have, in the four Gospels alone, evidences rising one after another, forming one mass of conclusive and indisputable testimony to prove the position we take that "Christ was not of this world," but that "He came forth from the Father," and that "in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Christ Himself boldly and unwaveringly asserted His own Divinity. It was not a truth to be gained merely by inferences, or arrived at by logical deductions; but one that was brought home to the consciousness of those that surrounded Him until it became a reality and drew forth the confessions: "Thou art the Son of God;" "Thou art the King of Israel;" and "Truly this was the Son of God." Nor was it left until the close of His career to make this truth known. "He assumed the high ground of equality with God at the starting point of his career, and said to the doubting Jews, 'I and my Father are one'; 'He who hath seen Me hath seen the Father also.'"

Many of the eulogistic works written of late on the person of Christ have been written to prove His humanity. By such writers His supernatural character has been completely ignored, and He is held up only as the model man—as being "in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast"; "as the greatest moral reformer and martyr," and "as the ideal representative and guide of humanity." But if He is left here He becomes at once an incomprehensible mystery, and we are constrained to ask afresh, "Whose son is He?" If He be nothing more than human, surely it is not too much to ask how is it that no one during the years that have elapsed since "Christ began to do and to teach" has surpassed or even equalled Him in moral grandeur? What has happened in nature may occur again, and yet when we compare Christ's character with the highest, the purest, and the best that history records we detect a striking discrepancy. The late Rev. W. Braden very wisely said, "Christ surpassed humanity, and is the model for all humanity because He was by nature one with, yet also above humanity. No mere man can ever become the perfect model for all other men—only the Divine can be that—and because Christ

is that therefore we believe Him to be divine. And I boldly affirm that scepticism has no harder task—a task that will tax all its energies—than to account for the life and character of Jesus Christ on purely human and natural grounds.”

But let us at once proceed to notice some of the proofs of Christ’s divinity, and we shall endeavour to avoid going over the usual and orthodox manner of proving the “Godhead of Christ” from the names, attributes, acts, honours and homage ascribed and attributed to Him, both in the Old and New Testaments, and shall endeavour to prove from the Master’s own life and pursuits that He who trod the plains of Judea, performing deeds of kindness and scattering words of eternal life, was none other than the “Incarnate Son of God.”

His *character* shall be our first illustration. In reading the history of Christ, as we have it in the four Gospels, we are at once struck with the marvellous greatness and inimitable beauty the writers have unanimously ascribed to Him. They reveal Him to us as a being marked with such peculiar excellences and such unattainable qualities to human nature that no mind, however great, could have portrayed it unassisted by supernatural influence.

His character was remarkable for its *unsullied purity and holiness*. He commenced life with it, and maintained it through His history. Nothing mean or unholy was ever associated with His life. In Him are all the virtues, all the excellences, all the qualities which go to make a perfect character. Of no other individual that ever trod this earth can this be affirmed, for sin, with all its polluting influences, has laid hold of humanity, torn the crown of innocence from its head, and broken the sceptre of its purity. The weaknesses and failings of men are often developed by the side of their virtues, and not unfrequently they fall into the pit of which they have warned others. “To err is human.” But it is not a little remarkable that many of the greatest sceptics have acknowledged “that Christ was the best and truest symbol of humanity, that He was the standard of excellence and imitation, and possessed a noble character.” John Stuart Mill, a man of cultured intellect, a great philosophical thinker, yet withal an unbeliever in Christ’s divinity, has ingenuously confessed that “it is not easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue, from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life.”

“In His life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.”

In Him every virtue shines forth in its clearness and perfection,

and in Him every attribute of Deity is to be discovered. Follow Him where'er you may, from the lowly manger at Bethlehem to Calvary's rugged hill, or even to Olive's mountain-top, where, having finished His work below, He ascends above, to receive the approbation of the Father, and the adoration of saints and angels, and you will find nothing that does not harmonize with the spirit of purity and holiness. "His childhood is unspotted, and withal a kind of celestial flower." True but little is told us in the sacred oracles of the youth of Jesus, but sufficient is said to raise our minds for the contemplation of His superiority. His meekness, His loveliness, His evenness of temper and gentleness of disposition, all win for Him general esteem, for the beautifying power and the enriching influences of the grace of God were upon Him, so that He "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." In the temple at twelve years of age, sitting among the learned men of the day, doctors of the temple, He is found displaying a remarkable quickness of perception and divine intuition, inasmuch as they were "astonished at His understanding and answers." And when Christ attained manhood, and had given Himself fully to the work of His Father, the same unequalled purity was manifested. His was a divine mission, leading gradually onward to its great culmination—death on the cross as a sacrifice for human sin; but His unspotted life bore unerring testimony to the character of that mission and His ability to accomplish the same. Surrounded by cunning, crafty, prejudiced men; men skilled in the letter of the law, men full of the importance and dignity of their office, men who watched His every action, eagerly waiting for an unguarded expression to fall from His lips, or for an exhibition of spirit incompatible with His teaching, and yet when *these* men were questioned, "What charge bring ye against this man," they were only able to fall back on vile subterfuges and false witnesses who could not agree in their statements, until they wrung from His judge the testimony, "I find in Him no fault at all." And though Pilate at length yields to the clamouring of the unholy throng, yet it is with apprehension and fear, and taking a basin of water, washes his hands, exclaiming, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it."

Pure in heart, Christ was pure in purpose and action. "It is the grand peculiarity of His piety," says Dr. Bushnell, "that He never regrets anything that He has done or been, expresses nowhere a single feeling of compunction, or the least sense of unworthiness. On the contrary, He boldly challenges His accusers in the question, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' and even declares at the close of His life, in a solemn appeal to God, that He has given to

men, unsullied, the glory divine that was deposited in Him." He whose nature was of all natures the most susceptible, and who could feel the acute pangs of ridicule and persecution more than any other, was free from the eccentricities and passions to which we are subject, and was placed beyond the angry elements peculiar to human nature. The storm might rage at its highest, the surging billows might dash with all their vehemence, and innumerable dangers crowd His course, yet He lives in a perpetual calm and becomes serene in majesty. In public or private, in the company of His disciples only, or in the presence of the great multitude, before enemies or friends, at the court of the Sanhedrim or at Pilate's bar, He is never ruffled, never excited, the even tenor of His life is never disturbed or broken; but throughout His career He maintains His integrity and is actuated only by one lofty purpose. And though at times His righteous soul breaks out in strong denunciations of the hypocrisy and dissimulation that paraded the streets and stained the house of prayer, yet it is with no vindictive spirit or malignant fire, but only the outgoings of a Divine nature deeply stirred at the cant, formalism and sin that surrounded His path. "And when He hangs a bruised flower drooping on His cross," to quote Dr. Bushnell again, "and the sun above is dark, and the earth beneath shudders with pain, what have we in the funeral grief of the worlds but a fit honour paid to the sad majesty of His divine innocence."

His excellency as a Teacher shall be our second illustration. And it is here, we think, His divinity was strikingly exhibited. There was something so superior about it, something so far out of the reach of common humanity, and it was attended, too, with such convincing and convicting influences that His enemies were led to confess "never man spake like this man." "He spake as one having authority and not as the Scribes;" "they were astonished at His doctrine, for His word was with power." Divine realities were familiar to Him, and He brought them down to the comprehension of the people; heaven's glories were open to His gaze, and the mysterious future, dark to human vision, was unclosed to Him, hence He was able to adapt Himself to all. Truths which had long perplexed the mind, and pressed heavily upon the spirit of the anxious inquirer, were made simple by Him, and life was lifted out of its conventionalism and drudgery into its proper position and relationship.

Christ's teaching was remarkable for its *matter* and for its *manner*. It cannot be expected that we shall be able to give, in the small compass allotted to us in this paper, anything like an adequate idea of the *matter* of Christ's teaching, even were we qualified so to do,

and we very much question if it be possible to convey, by any human words, even an approximate idea of what Christ taught, for *that* we must go to the Master's own life and words.

It is Christ that has given a *correct idea of the character and claims of the Most High*. His eternal power and Godhead, Paul tells us, were understood by the things that are made, and His invisible things are showed by the things that are clearly seen; but still there are truths about Him which are above and beyond the powers of nature to convey. It needed a personal manifestation, a practical illustration, that men might know and understand the character of our Heavenly Father, and it is Christ who has given the world that illustration. He came and entered into the relationships of life, and gave a halo of brightness and glory to our earthly career. It is He who has revealed the Father's matchless beauty, His holiness and infinite love. That He is not a machine controlled by unalterable laws, or a mere abstraction; that He is not lost in His own glory, and absorbed in His own existence, but a living, *personal* Being—One whose heart yearns with infinite tenderness over those that are—

“Walking sadly life's hard way
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
O'er sin and Satan's way.”

Standing on the threshold of the new dispensation, Christ gives out this truth about God; the truth which has moved the world, and stirred the natures of men to their very depths: “God *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” To controvert the materialistic idea He teaches that “God is a Spirit,” and to enforce the purity of His service He adds, “that men must worship Him in spirit and truth,” and that their highest good, consisted not in the gratification of their baser passions, but in loving God with all their heart, mind, and strength.

Christ has also given a correct idea of the *duties of life, and its bearing upon eternity*. “Man, know thyself,” is an old adage, and yet it is one of the most difficult tasks to accomplish. With all our boasted advantages, our vaunted achievements and noble pursuits, we have not been able, apart from divine revelation, to analyse the inner life, and become acquainted with its secret workings. But Christ was thoroughly able to do this. He knew what was in the heart of man, He could read its innermost workings and reveal its awful deformity. Standing in His presence men would suddenly be convinced of their own sinfulness, and lurk away one by one, “their consciences accusing them.” Or, like the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, though only a few words fell from His lips, yet even

these probed into the depths of her nature, and she awakes to the fact that she is in the presence of One greater than Jacob, a prophet indeed, and leaving her water-pot she hurriedly hastens back to the city, saying, "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Christ by His teaching sought to revolutionize life: goodness was to become the regnant virtue, truth and purity the ruling powers. The earthly, the sensual, was to be dethroned; the elements which cause pain, disease and death were to be bridled; avarice and usury were to be abandoned; base and unholy passions were to be restrained, and from henceforth "love to God" and "love to their neighbours" were to be the governing forces. No longer were they to exact the uttermost farthing, an "eye for an eye," and a "tooth for a tooth," but their enemies were to be loved, *good* given in return for despiteful treatment, and prayers offered for those that hurled curses at their heads. Nowhere else can you find such teachings as these. Walking according to the rule laid down in His teachings uplifts a man into that region where hallowed desires and pure purposes will continually ascend heavenward. The bearing of this life on the future is conspicuous in His teachings. "Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel." The dark and impenetrable veil that surrounded the future was drawn aside, and men were reminded of the Heaven that is prepared for the righteous, and of the Hell that awaits the impenitent.

We cannot stay to notice all the other characteristics of Christ's teaching, nor have we much space to treat of the *manner* or mode thereof; but there is one feature about it which has a peculiar charm to us, and that is its *adaptability*. It is so unlike the teaching of all who have preceded or succeeded Him. There is no affectation or ostentation characterising Jesus' sermons.

"No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;"

no mere flashes of eloquence just used to please the ear; no difficult problems; no elaborate disquisitions, unsuited to the crowds that thronged Him; but it was within the comprehension of the many, and capable of being grasped by the feeblest intellect. "A way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein." "The common people heard Him gladly." The events of life, the things with which they were perfectly familiar, the lovely flowers, the beautiful birds, the dazzling sun, the bread that perisheth, the water that rolled at their feet, the grass that withereth, the sheep that grazed on the plains, the vine incapable of maintaining its fruitfulness without support, were all employed to illuminate the mind with rays

of divine truth. "He was the light of the world;" a philosopher that could propound His own problems and reduce them to practice. And He was not only able to suit the wants of the many, but the few. He had words for all, a message of light and love for the poorest and the most despised. He entered into their feelings, sorrowed with those that sorrowed, wept with those that wept, compassionated the poor and distressed, and displayed a fountain of sympathy that was ever ready to be called into action for the alleviation of the sorrows and sufferings that surrounded Him. Were any oppressed with the *burden of sin*, groaning with *innumerable cares*, to such the message came, with all its quickening force, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Were they *troubled about earthly need*?—"the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "If, then, God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Did any yearn for *friendship*? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants . . . but I have called you friends." Did they yearn for *companionship*? "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Did they pant for *love*? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Were they anxious about *death*? "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Were they concerned about *the future*? "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, ye may be also." Surely, "never man spake like *this* man."

The works of Christ and the system of religion He has established would furnish us with other illustrations of His divinity, but our space is nearly exhausted. In conclusion of this paper may we not reasonably inquire if the character we have so hastily sketched really lived (a fact which is indisputable), and if it be true that such gracious words flowed from His lips, and that His teaching exhibits such a comprehensive view of truths which no philosopher has ever been able to propound, and if His style, further, is so unlike anything Human, by what logical reasoning or invention can anyone come to the conclusion that He was only Human. That He was a man, we frankly confess—a man subject to the same conditions of life as we ourselves. He ate and drank, walked and slept, wept and groaned in spirit, lived and acted as a man; but if He is nothing more than this, by what process, we

inquire, did natural causes evolve, at this particular moment, such a complete and perfect character? Was there anything remarkable about the age and country in which He lived that would honestly account for the existence of such a person? No, decidedly not! for just at this time Palestine, politically, socially, and religiously, was in her dotage. Like the man who, descending from Jerusalem to Jerico, fell among thieves, was stripped of his raiment, wounded and left for half-dead,—so with this nation; they were no longer the particular objects of God's regard, their worship had become a wearisome routine, and an irreverent, unbelieving spirit prevailed on every hand. Moreover there was nothing about His kinsfolk, His home life, the place where He lived, the associations in which He moved, the training He received or the instruction He gained that was at all calculated to develop such a complete and perfect character. Yet, as it has been observed, "out of this dull background the full-formed figure of Jesus suddenly flashes into light. There is no *visible* preparation for His work, no pupilage, no study, no discipline, no earthly antecedent to account for the phenomenon—the *ideal* man. He for whose advent the world had been waiting through weary centuries suddenly appears, moves about Galilee and Judea for a few months, and then vanishes from the scene. But during this short space He has *said* something. He has *done* something which has made the world another place to what it was before, and man another being; even the face of *eternity* is changed, and the grave itself has become radiant. *His name* has become a talisman,—the *slave* hears it and leaps in his chains; the *sinner* hears it and ceases from his sin; the *weary* and *heavy-laden* hear it and find rest; the *dying saint* hears it and falls asleep in JESUS."

If this *is* human we know not what is human. That there are mysteries about His incarnation and life we do not deny, but we do not escape greater ones, remember, by denying His divinity, for if Christ be not divine He becomes at once chargeable with being the greatest deceiver the world has ever seen, the vilest hypocrite and impostor that ever breathed. If He be not divine, then our hopes of peace, glory and heaven are all shattered. Not divine! then the doctrine of the Atonement for sin is a sham and we are still in our sins, and *all* who have yielded their heart's confidence and love to Him have been the victims of a vile deception and fraud. Not divine! then the gospel history becomes "a bundle of fables, a mere tissue of superstition and mistake."

Brethren, let us gather around this precious truth. By it Christianity stands or falls. Take away Christ from Christianity, and you have nothing left. Take out from the gospel all that concerns Christ Jesus and its "glory is departed," its life dies and it becomes

a chaotic mass. But *this* is impossible, the character of Christ is in the world, and it is no more possible to get it out than it is possible for human strength to turn the sun into darkness, or to dry up all the fountains and streams. It *is* Jesus that is to uplift the world and establish it in its pristine beauty; it *is* Jesus that can calm the raging elements of a man's life, and make the surging billows sink into quietness and repose. It *is* Jesus that can take hold of the sin-cursed and fearfully polluted, and make them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Christ is the hope of the world—the joy of the whole earth.

“Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!”

St. Austell.

WALTER J. NICHOLLS.

ABOUT THUMBS.

THAN would not be what he is without the thumb. This fact has been so impressed upon us from our school-days that we are not likely to forget it.

Without the thumb for a lever we should be unable to hold anything tightly, and most of the inventions of our era would be useless, not to speak of the enormous general power that would be lost.

We did not know, however, till we saw it in print recently, that the thumb represented intelligence and affection. Born idiots frequently come into the world without thumbs. Infants, until they arrive at an age when intellect dawns, constantly keep their fingers folded above their thumbs, but they soon know better, and as the mind develops, recognize the dignity and usefulness of the despised digit.

At the approach of death the thumbs of the dying, as if impelled by some vague fear, seek refuge under the fingers, and when thus found are an almost certain announcement of the end.

So, in leaving this world, it would seem that our hands, in their last desire for movement, assume, with our growing unconsciousness, the same suggestive position in which the hands of the newborn babe, with faculties all dormant, first shape themselves.—*Christian Miscellany.*

READINGS WITH HOMILETIC HINTS IN JONAH.

(Concluded from page 262.)

“**W**HEN said the Lord, Doest thou well to be angry?” Chap. IV.
 Here we have PETULANCE DIVINELY QUESTIONED:
 How the inquiry was made, whether orally or (Verse 4.)
 by silent suggestion in the mind of Jonah, we Petulance
 cannot say. Questioned. It certainly was not put to elicit information.
 Omniscience cannot be instructed. Hence to me, it
 savours largely of DIVINE SATIRE. The question has a Divine Sa-
 sting which enters deeply into Jonah’s soul. Physicians ture.
 probe wounds before they heal them: and so God here
 plunges into His disaffected servant’s petulance this
 probing instrument of cutting satire—“Doest thou well
 to be angry?” When the fury of a man’s anger has
 spent itself, and he is toned down to a sultry moodiness,
 what is there more self-mortifying, yet healing, than for
 the individual on whom the tempest has vented its ire, to
 good-humouredly look at the other, and with a dash of the
 sarcastic say, “Well, what are you the *better* for all that?”
 Yes, where wrath subsides into moodiness and is questioned
 like Jehovah questioned Jonah, it makes the victim
 mentally mad with himself, and morally ashamed of his
 folly. God intended by this inquiry to make Jonah *writhe*
 in self-annoyance at the thought of his profitless and
 foolish conduct. “*Doest thou well to be angry?*” is the
 pungent interrogative He puts to every petulant man to-
 day. The churches abound with such characters: fretful,
 irritable, ill-tempered Jonahs—self-willed, disagreeable
 officials—who like spoilt children must have their way in
 everything, and be petted and pleased by the gratification
 of every selfish crotchet and whimsical notion, or they
 fling themselves into a fit of petulance, or storm in angry
 rage. Smooth them the way of the fur, and they show
 the Christian; stroke them the contrary way, and they
 show the devil! It is marvellous with what rapidity a man
 can rush to extremes—from sainthood to devilism! and
 what trivial causes will occasion it. *Temper* is the shadow
 of the *tempter*. Where anger frowns and scowls, the
 cloven-foot is not far away. Remember, therefore, O
 petulant man that God asks thee as he did Jonah, if being
 angry thou “doest well:” well to thyself, well to thy
 friends, well to thy neighbours, well to thy religion,

church, God! If when the storm is over, and thou hast said many things in thy petulant haste which thou wilt repent of at leisure, thou art anything better in character, wiser in mind, richer in soul, calmer in conscience, and higher in the estimation of others and of angels! Nay, God knows that anger is be-littling, man-dwarfing, soul-damaging: and *that* is what He would have every petulant Jonah understand and keenly feel by the inquiry—"Dost thou WELL to be Angry?"

(Verse 5.) "So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the East side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city." (Verse 5.)

Petulance in Retirement.

Here we have PETULANCE IN RETIREMENT:—Temper generally seeks solitude when its tide is ebbing. Sulks like to mope by themselves in seclusion. Jonah's mission is at an end: sullenly he quits the city boundary, fixes himself on an eastward elevation whence he can command an uninterrupted view of it, and waits to see if after all God will turn from His merciful purpose, and rain "fire and brimstone" upon the inhabitants. He has nothing to do now but to nurse his temper, and to submit to the microscope of his disaffected soul the ill-treatment he has received! I am afraid retirement won't help him to contentment. Going out of the city to watch for its destruction, does not look much like acquiescence in the divine purpose and mercy.

Nothing-to-doism.

Nothing-to-doism is an enemy to contentment, a spoiler of amiability, and a foul feeder of peevishness and petulance. The man who goes out of the city, or the church, or the house, to *sit* and not *work*, must not be surprised if his heart be turned into a nest of hornet thoughts and feelings, which shall cause him to desire death rather than life. Idle retirement breeds fretful and festering despondency. *WORK*, if you would keep in a good temper and be happy. *WORK*, too, if out of temper, you are desirous to rid yourself of the gnawing worm. Retirement from the city of activity into the "secret place" of solitude, for a sacred review of work done, for a solemn re-consecration to work, and a deciding on future plans of enterprise and effort; and to hold uninterrupted communion with God to be re-equipped for service, &c. Such retirement is glorious gain, as well as an indispensable need to all earnest souls.

We have here also—PETULANCE SUBJECTING JONAH TO INCONVENIENCES:—"Made him a booth," etc. Had he been satisfied with the result of his labours, and rejoiced over the repentance and salvation of the Ninevites, he might have remained in the city well-housed, well-cared for, hospitably entertained, with all comforts at his command; but being out of temper with everybody and his God, he is driven from the city to shelter beneath the broad expanse of heaven, until by the fierceness of the sun-heat he is necessitated to become a temporary tent-maker. His own hands pluck branches of trees and construct them into a temporary booth.

Petulance
inconveni-
ent.

Petulance is the parent of manifold discomforts—physical, mental, social, moral, ecclesiastical; it holds the "*patent*" for turning home into a dismal hovel, and the palace of content into a "booth" of blighting discontent, and moral man into a moral monster! It is the multiplier of life's sorrows, the inventor of ghostly troubles, the despotic subjector to manifold inconveniences. It is the great PATENTEE OF BOOTHS! Wherever you see a petulant Jonah, you see him under the shade of his self-constructed "booth" to screen him from the scorching inconveniences of his own creation. But they speedily shrivel up and perish, throwing the peevish mortal on the resources of the compassionate Creator. Man may begin by himself, but he must end with God. He can pluck branches, but cannot make a plant grow; he can form them into a "booth," but cannot prevent the leaves from dying. When our poor shelter perishes, then God provides a covering for us. Hence we read, "And the Lord God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief," etc. (Verse 6.) A double miracle of *might* and of *mercy*: (Verse 6.) of the former in causing it to spring up without any pre-existing seed from nothing; of the latter in providing it without solicitation for an ill-tempered prophet. This and the following verses present to us—PETULANCE UNDER DIVINE SYMBOLIC CORRECTION: Jehovah's final attempt as far as this record goes, to bring Jonah acquainted with his grave mistake, and to make him feel the folly and the sin of his intemperate and protracted anger. The "*Gourd*" in the first place was designed to *effect a physical benefit* on Jonah:—"to deliver him from his grief," i.e., "to deliver him from his state of bodily exhaustion, and consequent

Petulance
corrected.

Healing pre-
cedes in-
struction.

mental dejection occasioned by his continued exposure to the excessive heat. For from the grief or vexation occasioned by the crossing of his wishes with regard to Nineveh, and by the struggles of his own unsubdued passions, the shade of *no* gourd could deliver him." God acts the part of a *Physician* before He attempts the work of an *Instructor*. He recruits the spent energies, the exhausted strength in Jonah before proceeding to spiritual expostulation and corrective teaching. The gourd is to be the means of physical amelioration, and *then* the medium of symbolic spiritual correction. In *this*, we have the very climax of wisdom, and the very pinnacle of philosophy. Where there is bodily prostration, with its inevitable consequence, mental despondency, always administer restoratives and soothing cordials first, lest the choicest instruction for the soul (whether for comfort or correction) be turned into the veriest poison. Healing, where required, must ever precede teaching. Comfort, then correct. *The means secured the end*: "Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." It was the joy of relief, refreshment, and restored vitality occasioned by the shade of the gourd, which gave an elevated tone to his mind; not the joy of grateful memory of God's great kindness. He was pleased with the gift, though displeased with the Giver. His delight is the gourd not God: the thing created and not the Creator. "Jonah was exceeding glad" (rejoiced with great joy, margin) "of the GOURD." Impulsive temperaments do rash things, make sudden bounds, say hasty words. The bound in the left direction is followed by an equal rebound in the opposite direction; great grief veers round to great joy: much anger turns on the small pivot of a "*gourd*" to exceeding gladness; and in less than twenty-four hours turns again on the little hinge of a "*worm*" to great anger. So small is man: so fickle the creature.

"But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day," etc. (Verse 7.) No two days the same. Yesterday brought the delight and refreshing of the "gourd;" to-day brings the unexpected wither and deadly doings of the "worm." This morning brings buoyancy of nerve and heart to scale the mountain summit—a Tabor height: to-morrow morning may bring to us "the valley of the shadow of death." The "GOURD" to-day, the

"WORM" to-morrow! Such is human life, an alternation between joy and grief, sunshine and cloud, Elim and Marah. The relieving feature in the picture is the fact that the Hand which prepares the "gourd" also sends the "worm." We may see as much divinity gleaming in our adversity as in our prosperity. Losses are divine as well as successes. Never forget, that it is the reception of divine blessings in a wrong spirit that often leads to their speedy withdrawal: that when we fail to see the DEITY in our mercies, our mercies sooner take wings and fly away: that he who makes a *heaven* in creature-good will soon have no *heaven* left. From the *gifts* of providence we must always rise to the GOD of providence, or our choicest blessings will turn to our direst curses.

The Gourd
and the
Worm.

But the *chief* design of the "gourd" was its being the medium of *symbolic correction*—an illustrated lesson. Nay, in this rustic school-house, by His plantal type, God purposed to teach not ONE, but MANY important lessons to His petulant servant.

First, *How little things please and displease* finite creatures. The *gourd* was *everything* and its loss a calamity to Jonah; but the *vast city* of souls—NOTHING! Lessons.
(1)

Secondly, That GODS'S PURPOSE to *save* Nineveh was NOT *transient* like the gourd. Hence Jonah need not wait any longer to witness its reversion. It is fixed, &c. (2)

Thirdly, That as a *tiny worm* destroyed what to him was a *great comfort*, so HE, a MERE WORM, would fain be the *death of thousands of immortal beings* precious in the sight of God. Man can be, and often is, a gnawing, killing "*worm*," God only is the SAVIOUR, etc. (3)

Fourthly, That as the *loss of the gourd* exposed him to burning sun-heat and sultry east wind, which he *could not endure*, causing him to faint and desire to die, and all in a *brief space of time*: HOW COULD HE THINK, if God should *remove* (in harmony with his wishes) the *comfort of His mercy from the Ninevites*, they could SUFFER THE FIERCENESS OF HIS WRATH FOR EVER? Nobody likes to suffer himself, few seem to care much *how* others suffer, &c. (4)

Fifthly, That if the *perishing of the gourd*—a mere plant—which he had not made nor caused to grow, was a *source of great grief to him*, HOW INFINITELY MORE PAINFUL TO GOD *would the destruction of multitudes of intelligent beings be*, whom He had created in His own image and for His own glory, among whom, too, were six score thousand (5)

innocents—children and imbeciles—besides much cattle? How shocked and ashamed should Jonah have been at his inconsistent and monstrous conduct: having PITY for a PLANT! but NONE for SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND HUMAN SOULS!! *Very angry* because the plant was NOT spared, and *very angry* because the penitent city WAS spared! Oh, the “inhumanity of man to man!” Nor has it died with Jonah: this history repeats itself, to-day, in multiplied forms in society. Men love THINGS—pleasant but perishable gourds—immeasurably MORE than they love DEATHLESS SOULS!

The End.

Whether these lessons were learnt by the unhappy prophet, and resulted in the divinely desired end, we cannot positively say, as the curtain drops abruptly on the scene, and Jonah disappears from view. But as God never fails in His purposes, we have, therefore, every reason to believe that Jonah went from his rustic academy a wiser and a better man. Let it be ours to study carefully, and to master fully, the important teachings of this interesting Old Testament narrative; that we may escape the folly and the sin the prophet fell into, and transmit to posterity a nobler, holier, more beautiful and Godlike memorial!

THE WAR SYSTEM.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to call the attention of your readers to our enormous war expenditure. The moment seems to me a favourable one. The evil is stupendously great, those who make merchandise of it are high in power and high in place, and myriads who have nothing to gain and everything to lose by it are loudest in its defence, befooled by a name or bewitched by a dream. If a Liberal majority, great almost beyond precedent, and the unrivalled personal influence of Mr. Gladstone can avail nothing against the war-demon, a terrible retribution must follow in the near future. A system that outrages the laws of God and the holiest instincts of men cannot permanently defy the forces of Justice and Truth; and when the Almighty rouses Himself to battle woe to him who lets!

The following extracts from the national balance sheet for the financial year ending March 31st, 1879, will give some idea of the blood-bill we are constantly paying:—

Interest on Permanent Debt	..	..	£ 21,516,372
Terminable Annuities	..	..	5,711,318
Interest on Unfunded Debt..	..	..	644,183
Army	..	..	17,653,473
Indian Army	..	..	1,080,000
Navy	..	..	11,962,316

£ 58,567,662

The entire revenue of the United Kingdom for the same year was £83,115,972. We are thus spending more than 70 per cent. of the national revenue in paying the interest on debts incurred in previous wars, or in preparing for similar costly butcheries in time to come. Figures of these dimensions are altogether meaningless to persons unaccustomed to mathematical investigations. Let us endeavour to bring the matter a little nearer home. The total population of the United Kingdom is (approximately) 33 millions. The war expenditure considerably exceeds £1 15s. per annum for every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms, or £8 15s. for every household. Education, Science, and Art together cost the Exchequer during the same year £3,976,167, or a trifle above one-fifth of the Army expenditure alone. And yet what an outcry the "patriotic" (?) party have raised about our Educational expenditure! and how solemnly we have been warned that the "scientific frontier" of this item would require "rectifying"—backwards! Law and Justice, a not unimportant item one would suppose, cost during the same year £5,676,981, or less than one-tenth of the total War expenditure.

Is there any remedy? We believe in the first place that millions of pounds are worse than wasted in pandering to the "blatant bluster" of Pall Mall, and in pampering the greed of military officialism, which like the grave and the horse-leech, cry Give, Give, and never say "It is enough." Brag and bluster are followed by panic. A telegram from Constantinople is read in the Commons, and gentlemen of whom we had a right to expect better things hasten with pitiable eagerness to vote away six millions of the people's money—more than enough to pay for the administration of Justice during a whole year—and then we awake to find it all a farce and a lie. The brain is puzzled, the heart grows sick, and faith and hope are staggered when we think of these things. We subscribe ourselves Christians, we make wide our phylacteries, and flaunt our goodness in the face of high heaven; even the godless among us boast of our learning and civilization, and yet the striplings of our two great Universities, and the sauntering magnates

of Pall Mall, talk as cynically of human suffering and as glibly of human blood as the rabble that thronged the Colosseum to see the gladiator die. The indictment is stern, but the proof is as easy as it is unanswerable. Let any one examine the Club journals and "Society" reviews during the few months subsequent to the notorious Guildhall banquet, November 9th, 1876, and he will own that the matter is rather under than overstated. I remember a few miserable verses that appeared in one of these fashionable reviews just after the disaster at Isandula, which exceed in fiendish ferocity the brutal doggerel that has survived the French Revolution. Here, then, we have the "sweetness," the "culture," and the "light," that we are seriously advised to substitute for the Sermon on the Mount! Such are the wretched first-fruits of an insane aping after "respectability," and a national idolatry of "Society." "*These are thy Gods, O Israel!*" Germany, Russia, Austria, and France are little better than one huge barrack: a miracle of mercy will hardly prevent their becoming a wide Aceldama. And there are those among us, the very darlings and pets of Society, who are plotting to make England like one of these. Military men of the very highest rank are muttering their disapproval of our system of voluntary enlistment. Unless the voice of the people is soon heard in indignant rebuke, we shall find ourselves in an hour of panic face to face with the conscription. Such an alarm will of course be sneered at as "groundless" and "absurd," but it is the more serious on that very account. These men will laugh at our fears till they become facts, and then coolly ask us to accept the inevitable. If we do not mean to submit to the conscription let us show our hatred of it betimes.

Prince Bismarck swells the "bloated armaments*" of Germany as he lists, and drives the farmer and artisan across the Atlantic to a home where militarism is unknown. Meantime we smile superciliously, and murmur in unctuous satisfaction, "We are not Germans but Englishmen." Granted: a few years since a panic rather politic than patriotic created by Lord Palmerston was able to transform a hundred thousand sober English citizens into pantomimic soldiers strutting about with all the huge importance of Mr. Bailie Littlejohn. A transformation more recent and far more deplorable will occur to many. The same national vanity that in its sober intervals is satisfied with vastly overrating our own common sense, provokes in its drunken fits the profane and senseless brag, "Britannia rules the Waves."

* The expression is Mr. B. Disraeli's! The Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., etc., has had many critics, but among them all the most venomous and relentless is the clever but erratic gentleman just named.

During the American Civil War a great deal of abuse was heaped upon Abraham Lincoln because he declared that the integrity of the Union was of greater importance than the question of slavery. The illustrious "Rail-splitter" said many just and sensible things in the course of his useful life, but it is very doubtful whether he ever uttered wiser words than these. The question as he regarded, and justly regarded it, was the most momentous ever decided on a battle-field. It was this: Is it possible that men living under different conditions of climate, soil, and natural productions, men differing in temperament and social habits, holding conflicting opinions, and swayed by conflicting interests, can exist side by side without war? On the solution of this problem the whole future of America depended, and indirectly the future of the civilized world. This stupendous issue dwarfed even the question of slavery itself. The triumph of the North decided the problem in the affirmative; and thus the great struggle in America is certain to influence the destinies of mankind when Austerlitz and Waterloo are unmeaning names.

The oracular utterances of the late Prime Minister of England are regarded in many quarters as a revelation of the highest political wisdom. His sagacity is however as singular and incomprehensible as his patriotism. It may be described as the direct opposite of that sagacity for which the Athenian statesman, Themistocles, will be remembered through all time. It is the extraordinary faculty that almost inevitably foresees and foretells the future *that won't be*. What said Mr. Disraeli of the United States? "It will be an America of armies, of diplomacy, of rival states and manœuvring Cabinets, of frequent turbulence, and probably of frequent wars." This is just as happy as the same gentleman's predictions about Italy and Germany and Turkey. "Great men," they say, "make great mistakes." Measured by this beautifully simple and scientific standard, Lord Beaconsfield is without controversy the foremost man that breathes upon the earth to-day.

The regular army of the United States is at present 25,000 men, or less than half the standing army of Holland. Her fleet is large and admirably equipped, and in actual conflict would doubtless prove second to that of England alone. And yet the expenditure on the United States navy for the financial year indicated above was only £3,025,025. The total expenditure of the United States government, exclusive of the Interest on the Public Debt, amounted in the same year to only £32,323,987, that is slightly more than England expended on her Army and Navy alone. The population of the United States, be it remembered is one fourth larger than that of the United Kingdom, and her territory is three-fourths the size of

Europe, or twenty-seven-times greater than the British Islands. European financiers are amazed at the success of the government at Washington in paying off the debt incurred during the war. The explanation is after all simple enough; but the keenest financier who deliberately shuts his eyes is blinder than the dullest rustic who keeps them open. This very year a surplus is anticipated amounting to the unexampled sum of £21,000,000. If no unforeseen disaster befalls, the public debt of America will very soon be a thing of the past. Now, is America less respected or less safe with an army of 25,000 men than she would be with an army of a quarter or half a million? Is she not positively safer and more respected without this ugly encumbrance of unemployed battalions? What nation ventures to affront the United States? and what person in his senses can doubt that if compelled to put forth her strength she would prove the most formidable power on the face of the earth? Let us pray that the world may be spared such a calamity.

The English military system fosters, we believe, extravagance, snobbery, and tergiversation. The War Office and the Admiralty are the British "Circumlocution" Offices. There at every crisis great or small may be witnessed the helpless hurry-scurry, the portentous make-believe, the impotent pucker, the "great consult," the "how *not* to do it." The money spent in costly pageantries, in endless experimenting, in orders and counter-orders, in improvements and re-improvements, in fiascos and blunders, would double the revenues of all our noblest Christian charities. And then comes a fit of economic utilization, with what admirable prudence and success the fate of the "Eurydice" and "Atalanta" sufficiently proves. Side by side with the shameful extravagance of the Departments is the contemptible snobbery of the mess-room. The officer who has fought his way upwards from the ranks by merit and hard service has often, we fear, to bear the flouts of insolent imbeciles whom fortune alone has placed above him, or to exchange and go to India. He must contribute his full share to the ruinous expense of balls and dinners, or submit to social ostracism. All things remembered it is mighty small marvel that our recruits are drawn from the lowest dregs of society.

Nothing however illustrates the intensely demoralising influence of militarism more strikingly than the constant endeavours of its admirers to hide the truth under a cloak of prevarication and deceit. "Lying as a bulletin" was a proverb in France in the time of the first Napoleon. The English War Office and Admiralty are almost as little trusted to-day. What a tangled web of subterfuge and double-dealing is unravelled by the Duke of Argyll in his work on Afghanistan! We all remember the suave assurances of Sir

Stafford Northcote, April 16th, 1878, and the rude discovery made the very next day that Indian troops had been ordered to Malta; we remember the secret compact published by Mr. Marvin, and how at first it was flatly denied, and immediately afterwards indisputably proved; we do not forget Lord Salisbury's impudent fiction of the invading Zulu; we remember the serious discrepancy between the evidence of Dr. Russell and Sir Garnet Wolseley in reference to our African troops; we remember all this; and we ask, what must be the enormity of a system that betrays English gentlemen into conduct like this? The late Mr. Ward Hunt on assuming the responsibilities of First Lord of the Admiralty indulged in a very small sneer at what he was pleased to name a phantom fleet. When a short time previously the same gentleman retired from the Exchequer he bequeathed to his successor a deficit that unluckily was not a phantom. With characteristic accuracy the Tory financier had estimated the cost of the Abyssinian War at £4,000,000. The actual cost was £9,000,000! A few weeks since simple men were delighted, and average men astonished, and clever men amused at the publication of an exceedingly rosy Indian Budget. Then indeed was there rare cackling at the Treasury Bench. Professor Fawcett, who interposed to shield India from shameful injustice, was snubbed for his pains. The cry was carried to the hustings; and farmers whose private affairs were on the brink of ruin were asked to rejoice and be glad in the financial prosperity of the Indian Exchequer—a matter of mighty importance just then! It failed as it deserved to fail. An overwhelming Liberal majority was returned to the Commons, Lord Hartington was called to the India Office,—and, as Mr. Mundella exclaimed, What a Revelation! The convenient blunder of Mr. Ward Hunt had been repeated, or rather some one—it is difficult to say who—had bettered his instructions. The Balance Sheet was false on the wrong side by about £4,000,000 sterling! Strange that no one at the India Office should have suspected the accuracy of such a Budget! But, then, sweet guileless confidence is always a beautiful trait in the character of Tory financiers and War officials.

"If ever we lose India," said Mr. Disraeli on a memorable occasion, "it will be from financial convulsion." There is at least a possibility just now that for once the event will vindicate the seer. But if so, the historian who shall record this triumph of political second-sight will be compelled to add, "this financial convulsion dates from the government of Lord Beaconsfield and the Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton."

This "loss of India" is the Gorgon which the "patriotic party" always call up to terrify those nervous Christians whose consciences

condemn our military system, but who imagine that all sorts of frightful disasters must attend an extensive disarmament. There are three reflections any one of which ought to calm such persons' fears, and which taken together ought certainly to set them at perfect rest.

1.—*In a case of right and wrong it is our manifest duty to do the right and flee the wrong, let the consequences be what they may.*

2.—*An enormous reduction of our military forces might be made, and a vast saving of public money effected without endangering our Indian Empire.*

3.—*The loss of India would not after all be such a terrible calamity as our military authorities would have us believe.*

It would be futile to argue the first proposition. Those who are not prepared to accept it without proof as an axiom of morals will never be convinced of its truth by mere argument. Those who accept it fully and unconditionally dare not, if they are consistent with themselves, give their sanction to robbery and oppression, whatever they may fear from the Indian bugbear, or from any other chimera, real or fictitious.

For the rest, we shall better understand the disasters involved in the loss of India after we have learnt in what way its acquisition has been a boon to us. It would be idle, if not something worse, to make any pretensions to that transcendent patriotism which rejoices, or pretends to rejoice, in the addition of a tawdry title to Britain's Queen, in the stupid tag of four unmeaning letters to the names of some 150 or 200 Asiatic chieftains, British officers, and Indian civil servants, or in the good luck of a few score merchants and military men, who have in various ways made fortunes in India. That England has been enormously enriched by her trade with India no man in his senses can seriously doubt. The same may be said, however, of our trade with the United States, with France, and with Germany; and even more emphatically of our trade with our own colonies. The question is, has our trade with India been increased by the conquest of the country? and if so, has it been increased to such an extent as to compensate us, as a nation, for the enormous outlay incurred in the conquest? The answer to the first query is a very doubtful *yes*, to the second a very emphatic *no*. Where, then, the advantage of this boasted triumph in a purely economical sense? In plain truth we may apply to India the language which quaint old Thomas Fuller applies to Edward III's French conquests: "Though the fair provinces he conquered seemed fat enough to be stewed in their own liquor; I mean, rich enough to maintain themselves; yet we find them to have sucked up much of our English sauce, to have drained the money and men of

this land to defend them." Duty, commercial prosperity, and the national genius all point in one direction, to colonization rather than conquest. The world is wide enough to afford full scope to British enterprise, and to offer abundant employment to our surplus population, without our meddling with the crowded despotisms of South-Eastern Asia. Had we always remembered this we should have been spared the infamy of the most stupendous crime in the history of civilization—the Opium Wars with China. It will be quite early enough when the vast plains of North America are crowded with towns and villages, and Australia refuses to feed a larger population, for Englishmen to leave their whitened bones on the banks of the Jumna and Sutlej in a desperate struggle for empire.

It is quite evident from the leaders of the so-called "Jingo" newspapers, and the articles in Jingo Reviews, that the defenders of militarism dare not argue the question honestly and fairly. They constantly attempt to raise paltry side-issues; and if this fails they resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*, or to down-right abuse. A very favourite trick is to taunt opponents with the implied cowardice of a "peace-at-any-price" policy; or to charge them with want of patriotism, or with disloyalty. Peace is such an estimable blessing that it is difficult to conceive a price at which it might not be advantageously bought; but war, which these men are ever on the alert to provoke at any risk, when most successful is fearfully dear. Our reply to the patriotic swagger is, that he is the true patriot who to the best of his ability labours to secure the greatest good to the greatest number of his fellow-countrymen; not he who is ready to pander to the greed and passions of the baser section of the privileged few. There is more true patriotism in the noble letter of Mr. Gladstone to Count Karolyi than in all the bluster of the Guildhall during the Russophobia epidemic. It is entirely in accordance with the "fitness of things" that Lord G. F. Hamilton should assure the world of his own lofty patriotism, or very possibly the world would know nothing about it; it is equally fitting that Mr. Henry Richard should be silent on the subject: his *life* has been proclaiming his patriotism for a generation past.

As to disloyalty we reply that the most insidious enemies of the throne are those who proclaim that monarchs are selfish and war-like and cruel, ready to sacrifice the happiness and lives of myriads of their subjects to win the vulgar notoriety which simpletons call glory. This is what the war-party are always doing; and if they are not guilty of High Treason within the meaning of the Statute, they are doing their best to provoke, not private sedition, but widespread revolution. A nation can only be truly wise and truly happy

when its foreign affairs are governed by the holy law enunciated eighteen hundred years ago on the Galilean mount. And what is true of nations is true of their rulers—the throne, too, is *established* by Righteousness.

THOS. RUDDLE.

LAUD.

“Laud, the scandal of the Star Chamber.”—(MACAULAY).

A CERTAIN party in the Church of England—called the High Church—when accused of introducing innovations into the ritual and worship of the Church, point, in defence, to the days of Archbishop Laud, and say that the mode of worship which they advocate is similar to that which was in use in the reformed Church of England of the 17th century. Suppose it be granted, they have still to prove that these points of ritual were not introduced by Laud himself, and by his own personal authority.

For, because in the days of an Archbishop of Canterbury, who was alike opposed to Puritanism and to the reformed churches on the continent, Roman Catholic practices were introduced into our service, can it therefore be argued by those, who in our own day are endeavouring to follow out the same plan, that they are not imposing on the Church, innovations? And what a man, forsooth, to speak of as a guide, as an example for Christians of this century to follow and imitate, when there is such a demand for liberal-minded, open-hearted men.

Macaulay, in a few words, condemns the foolishness of fostering the memory of this man as one of the martyrs of the Church: after declaring that there is no one in the history of England whom he holds in more unmitigated contempt, he adds: “The fondness with which a portion of the Church regards his memory, can be compared only to that perversity of affection, which sometimes leads a mother to select the monster or the idiot of the family as the object of her especial favour.” But, on the other hand, Macaulay did not think that he deserved the punishment of death, for his crimes clearly did not come within the charge of high treason, and, as a proof of this, he adds, in the same essay, “His mind had not expansion enough to comprehend a great scheme, good or bad.”

A few words, first of all, about his work. Hallam speaks of Laud and his coadjutors, as men pursuing a system which low-born and little-minded men enjoy. They studiously aggravated every difference, and irritated every wound. The words of the Duke of Northumberland show the extreme hatred which he felt towards the reformers. “To think well,” he writes, “of the reformed

religion is enough to make the archbishop an enemy." Dr. Peter Heylin, in his *Life of Laud*, grants that the object which he had most at heart was "to draw over the more moderate Catholics to the English Church, by extenuating the differences of her faith, and rendering her worship more palatable to their prejudices."

Thomas May, in his *History of the Long Parliament*, thus speaks of the work of Laud and his friends: "Not only the pomp of ceremonies was daily increased, and innovations of great scandal brought into the church, but in point of doctrine many fair approaches made towards Rome; as he that pleaseth to search may find in the books of Bishop Laud, Montague, Heylin, Pocklington, and the rest. And as their friendship to Rome increased, so did their scorn to the reformed churches beyond the seas; whom, instead of lending that relief and succour to them which God had enabled this rich island to do, they failed in their greatest extremities, and instead of harbours, became rocks to split them."

We will now briefly refer to his personal character. Of his religious sentiments, Hallam writes: "Though not literally destitute of religion, it was so subordinate to worldly interest, and so blended in his mind with the impure alloy of temporal pride, that he became an intolerant persecutor of the puritan clergy, not from bigotry, which in its usual sense he never displayed, but systematic policy."

May, in the work already mentioned, thus sums up his character: "The Archbishop of Canterbury was a main agent in this fatal work; a man vigilant enough, of an active, or, rather of a restless mind; more ambitious to undertake than politic to carry on; of a disposition too fierce and cruel for his coat; which notwithstanding he was so far from concealing in a subtle way, that he increased the envy of it by insolence. He had few vulgar and private vices, as being neither taxed of covetousness, intemperance, or incontinence; and in a word a man not altogether so bad, in his personal character, as unfit for the state of England."

M. Guizot, in his *History of the Revolution of England*, bears the following testimony to his character and work: "Austere in his conduct, simple in his life, power, whether he served it or himself wielded it, inspired in his mind a fanatical devotion. To prescribe and to punish, this was in his eyes to establish order, and order ever seemed to him justice. His activity was indefatigable, but narrow in its views, violent, and harsh. Alike incapable of conciliating opposing interests, and of respecting rights, he rushed, with head down and eyes closed, at once against liberties and abuses; opposing to the latter his rigid probity, to the former his furious hate, he was as abrupt and uncompromising with the court-

iers as with the citizens ; seeking no man's friendship, anticipating and able to bear no resistance, persuaded, in short, that power is all-sufficient in pure hands ; and constantly the prey of some fixed idea, which ruled him with all the violence of passion, and all the authority of duty."

Macaulay in his History of England writes thus : " His understanding was narrow ; and his commerce with the world had been small. He was, by nature rash, irritable, quick to feel his own dignity, slow to sympathise with the sufferings of others, and prone to the error, common in superstitious men, of mistaking his own peevish and malignant moods for emotions of pious zeal."

There is one very prominent feature in his character of which we have not spoken, viz., his superstition. This trait is clearly discovered in his diary. Speaking of this book, Hallam says : " There cannot be a more contemptible work." In it, he notes the entrance of a robin-redbreast into his study as a very important omen. We cannot do better than quote the words of Lord Macaulay in his essay on Lord Nugent's Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times. They are as follows : " We turn to his diary, and we are at once as cool as contempt can make us. There we learn how his picture fell down, and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen ; how he dreamed that the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him, that King James walked past him, that he saw Thomas Flaxney in green garments, and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. In the early part of 1627, the sleep of this great ornament of the Church seems to have been much disturbed. On the 5th of January, he saw a merry old man with a wrinkled countenance, named Grove, lying on the ground. On the fourteenth of the same memorable month, he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away. A day or two after this he dreamed that he gave the King drink in a silver cup, and that the King refused it, and called for a glass. Then he dreamed that he had turned Papist ; of all his dreams the only one, we suspect, which came through the gate of horn. But of these visions our favourite is that which, as he has recorded, he enjoyed on the night of Friday, the 9th of February, 1627. ' I dreamed,' says he, ' that I had the scurvy, and that forthwith all my teeth came loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw, which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help.' Here was a man to have the superintendence of the opinions of a great nation ! " We ask the reader's pardon for quoting another extract from the same author's essay on Hallam's Constitutional History : " The severest punishment which the two Houses could have inflicted on him would have been, to set him at

liberty and send him to Oxford. There he might have stayed, tortured by his own diabolical temper, hungering for Puritans to pillory and mangle, plaguing the Cavaliers, for want of somebody else to plague, with his peevishness and absurdity, performing grimaces and antics in the cathedral, continuing that incomparable diary, which we never see without forgetting the vices of his heart in the imbecility of his intellect, minuting down his dreams, counting the drops of blood which fell from his nose, watching the direction of the salt, and listening for the note of the screech-owl. Contemptuous mercy was the only vengeance which it became the parliament to take on such a ridiculous old bigot."

No sketch, however short or imperfect it may be, of Laud's life or character, can be complete without a few words concerning his connection with the Star Chamber. Let us therefore ask, What was this court, of whom was it composed, what was its form of procedure, what power did it possess, and how did it use it? To answer these questions fully would require a volume of great size, but they can be sufficiently answered for our present purpose in a few lines. The court of the Star Chamber took its name from the place where it frequently sat, viz., the camera stellata, or Star Chamber, an apartment in the palace of Westminster. It first comes prominently into notice under a somewhat different form in the time of Cardinal Wolsey, but it seems to have existed for many years before, in a juster and more legal form, under the name of "*concilium ordinarium regis*," against whose encroachments many statutes had been enacted from the time of Edward III. This court, as we understand it to-day, first came into existence in the reigns of Elizabeth (who used it to persecute the Roman Catholics), James I. and Charles I., and was abolished by the Long Parliament at the commencement of their session in 1641. The next question that naturally arises is rather more difficult to answer. Who composed the court? The best answer that we can give, without referring the reader to long law-books, is the privy-council. The mode of process in this court was different to that in vogue in the other courts of the time, the defence of the prisoner, and the statements of his witnesses were written and then read before the court, but the trial used to be concluded—if trial it could be called—often without calling witnesses on either side, if the defence of the prisoner did not include a full denial of the charge or charges brought against him.

It would be perhaps untrue to say that the judge who presided (generally the Chancellor) filled the three offices of judge, jury, and witness; but certainly the harsh and unfair manner in which men like Prynne, Burton, or Bastwick were examined, conclusively shows

that this court in the days of its most absolute power was but a shade better than Jeffrey's bloody assize. The power that it held is easily defined, it could adjudge any punishment short of death. We give the list of punishments inflicted as found in the Remonstrance of the Parliament in 1641. "The court of Star-chamber hath abounded in extravagant censures, not only for the maintenance of monopolies and other unlawful taxes, but for divers other causes, where there hath been no offence, or very small, whereby his Majesty's subjects have been oppressed by grievous fines, imprisonments, stigmatizings, mutilations, whippings, pillories, gags, confinements, banishments, after so rigid a manner as hath not only deprived men of the society of their friends, exercise of their professions, comfort of books, use of paper or ink, but even violated that near union which God hath established betwixt men and their wives, by forced and constrained separation." Such is the list. The motto was "*Imperium et Libertas*." Liberty over men's consciences, thoughts, words, actions, liberty over their possessions and rights, liberty over their freedom, and everything that distinguishes man from the brute.

In order to prove this we will refer to a few cases. "Mr. Workman, a minister at Gloucester, had asserted that pictures and ornaments in churches were a relic of idolatry; he was thrown into prison. A short time before, the town of Gloucester had made him a grant of twenty pounds a year for life; it was ordered to cease, and the mayor and municipal officers were prosecuted and fined a large sum for having made it. On quitting his prison, Workman opened a little school; Laud ordered it to be closed. To earn a living, the poor minister turned doctor; Laud interdicted his medicining as he had interdicted his teaching; hereupon Workman went mad, and soon after died."—(Neal's History of the Puritans).

We have referred above to the trial of Prynne. His only crime was his writing a large book called *Histrio-Mastix*, against stage-plays, May-dances, and many other pastimes. This book, by all who have had time and patience enough to read it, has been considered more foolish and absurd than seditious; but notwithstanding this he had to suffer the following punishment. To stand twice in the pillory, to be branded in the fore-head, to lose both his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. Buckner, a censor of the press, was fined £50 for having allowed the book to be published, and Michael Starkes was fined £500 for having printed it. The Archbishop was now at such a height of power that no man might even speak against his tyranny without danger of a fine. Thus we find that William, Bishop of Lincoln,

was fined £10,000, for having spoken ill of Laud, and this case is far from being a solitary one. The only charge that could be brought against this Bishop was, that he had received letters, in which Laud was referred to by some nickname, from Osbaldiston, Master of Westminster School. This last-mentioned person would have been fully punished for his impudence if he had not had the wit to escape, for he was condemned to be deprived of his benefices, to be imprisoned and make submission, and moreover to stand in the pillory before his school in Dean's Yard, with his ears nailed to it. These are painful records, and we would not speak of them at all if it were not that truth might be revealed. We cannot stop to prove that Laud had a great deal to do with the above-mentioned persecutions; we refer all those who are sceptical on this point to his letters which he wrote to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. It will be said by some, that in this short paper I have only quoted adverse critics, men who were biassed against Laud. I ask in reply, where can we find the impartial writer of history, if not in Macaulay, Hallam, May, or Guizot? Even Hume, whom no one will say was unfavourable to Laud, says, "that it is to be regretted that he had not entertained more enlarged views, and embraced principles more favourable to the general happiness of society."

I am deeply conscious of the short-sightedness and lack of knowledge that must be visibly impressed upon this short paper, but I sincerely hope that to these shortcomings prejudice and bigotry may not be justly added. I will close with the following couplet, written by our present poet-laureate:—

"Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

CAPTAIN ROBERT HIGMAN,

OF Tresease, Roche, in the Bodmin Circuit, died on the 15th of April, 1880, at the advanced age of fourscore and two; after having been a member of the Bible Christian Church at Tresease for nearly thirty years. In the earlier part of his life he was a member of the Wesleyan Society at Roche, and it was in the year 1851 or 1852 he became a member with the Bible Christians. This change was brought about chiefly by the instrumentality of the Rev. G. Batt, then superintendent of the Bodmin Circuit, who found a home in Captain Higman's house. The friendship then formed upon

purely Christian principles remained unbroken. Several succeeding Ministers were also kindly and gladly entertained at the house of the deceased, John Ching, William Courtice, John Brown, Richard Seldon, W. J. Hocking, Jehu Martin and others, some of whom have gone to their rest and reward, while others happily still live. For the good who are gone, earth may be poorer, but heaven is richer, and submissively should the living bow, and say, "Let Him do as seemeth Him good." The deceased believed that the Lord blessed him secularly, as well as spiritually, for his kindness to His servants. By a series of uncontrollable circumstances, Mr. Higman was at one time unable to entertain the preachers as he had done, and he remarked that he sustained greater temporal losses during that time than at any other, and concluded, whether rightly or wrongly, that Providence did not favour him as he had been favoured, because God's servants were not lodged as heretofore. He believed that when the ark of God was in his house, the Lord blessed him, or rather he prospered most when able to accommodate the prophets of the Lord when they passed that way. The conversations, the prayers, the counsels of the Lord's servants, might have stimulated him to lead a nobler life, which has promise of this life, as well as that which is to come; or perhaps Christ's promise was literally fulfilled, that "whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward." In a regular and conscientious manner Mr. Higman supported the funds of the Church, if not in the most liberal spirit. The giving was regarded as a duty, and done in the fear of God. Having reaped spiritual things, he gave his carnal things. He also realized it as a privilege, and proved that as he sowed, so also did he reap. For some years he taught in the Sabbath School, and evidently enjoyed taking a humble part in this most important branch of Christian work. After awhile, when teachers became more plentiful, he resigned his post to younger and, what he considered, abler hands. His attendance at the means of grace was almost unbroken for over thirty years. Rarely was he absent from the class meeting when health and circumstances permitted of his being present, and he often referred to those services as being among the most helpful and important. With joy, water was drawn from these wells of salvation. Though not a public man, nor one of the most prominent members of the Church, yet he was a consistent, useful, and valuable member. Seemingly feeble, yet vitally necessary; quiet, yet upright; and walking before God with sincerity as did Abraham.

The prophet's description of man's duty was by him most cheerfully performed, that of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking

humbly with God. Like David, he endeavoured to serve his generation according to the Divine Will. The description of Simeon may properly be used to describe Captain Higman, he "was just and devout." In his case, as in every other, you may mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of such shall be peace. "The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day." In the work of God he cherished a lively interest, and rejoiced in the prosperity of Zion. "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many," and chose for his companions those that feared God.

He had a family of eight children, seven of whom, with a widowed mother, mourn their loss. Samuel, the fourth son, was a local preacher of some promise, and preached with acceptance and profit in the St. Columb and Bodmin Circuits, but rested from his labours at Leveddon Mills, Bodmin, some few years ago. The strong desire which Captain Higman felt for the spiritual welfare of his family, was manifested in various ways during life, and burned even with intenser ardour as he grew more Christ-like, and got nearer heaven. Numerous engagements would not, it was thought, admit of daily family worship, *but the family was called together for prayer Sabbath after Sabbath, and it is recollected with what simple ardour he prayed with them all, sometimes evidently enjoying liberty of speech, at others, his voice quivered with emotion, and more than once he was so overpowered with feeling that he completely broke down, and wept what he could not speak, and groaned to Him who reads the heart, the unutterable prayer. A father praying with his family, and so praying until he was overcome with feeling in his desires for their conversion and salvation, was a sight truly affecting. The wish is thus unmistakably expressed: "Children, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you, is, that you might be saved." Real prayer is always answered, and the God of the families of all the earth will hearken to the prayers of parents for their families.

Nothing, at last, seemed to give him an uneasy thought, but that he did not see his house so with God, as David expresses it, as he desired. Again, and yet again the subject was spoken of, shewing that it rested like a cloud upon his mind, a burden upon his heart. He feared that all were not walking in the way to heaven, and this fear caused anxiety. He wished to warn, invite, and hoped to allure heavenward, because he was going there himself. After his decease a letter was found, addressed from a dying father, expressing the hope that each one would endeavour to meet him in heaven. Human feelings are not destroyed by spiritual

* This surely must have been a mistaken notion, and a loss, and an evil.—ED.

feelings. The more closely one resembles Christ, the more earnestly will he desire the highest welfare of those whom the Lord hath given him. An earthly father who knows and feels that he has a heavenly Father, cannot but most earnestly desire that his children should realize the same sacred relationship, and will pray, "Oh that they might live before Thee."

Physically weak, and the infirmities of age rapidly coming on, he retired from business about twelve years ago, and spent the greater part of his time in reading God's word, private prayer, and matters purely spiritual. All good men have sacred spots, and praying men must have places for private prayer. The deceased had a quiet corner to which he retired that he might pray to Him who seeth in secret, and he was openly rewarded. Being with Christ in the holy mount will enable men to speak of the sure word of prophecy. If the word of Christ dwell in us richly, and there be much closet prayer, there will be also much assurance, and "the peace which passeth understanding." This the deceased happily experienced. A gradual decay had been going on for some time, but about the middle of last March, a sudden change for the worse took place, and he was obliged to keep his bed; happily he retained his trust in Christ, and was truly submissive to the will of heaven. A telegram was sent to his youngest son, the Rev. S. Higman, of Swansea, apprising him of his father's illness, and that he wished to see him before he died. When he came, his father, like Jacob, strengthened himself, and sat on his bed, spake of his expected decease, gave directions concerning his funeral, and commandment concerning his body. He literally set his house in order, believing he would soon die; then said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for he appeared not only willing, but wishful to die. The race was run, and he wished to touch the goal. For heaven he had been living, and into it he now wished to enter. He had served imperfectly, but honestly, God for many years, and was now ready to receive his reward. In this state he remained for about a month; he was visited by Mr. Hocking, his pastor, and several friends, and on Thursday morning, the 15th of April, he seemed literally to rest his weary head on the Redeemer's breast. He went quietly home to God by falling asleep, and awaking to enjoy eternal life. Birds free and happy sang their morning songs, soaring heavenward, and angels came from heaven to earth, to bear a spirit to their glorious home in the sky. Day was opening upon earth, and for him opened a day that knows no night. "Blessed be God, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel."

N. H.

MRS. MARY ANN SWIFT

WAS born June 21st, 1800. Up to her forty-second year she "walked according to the course of this world," and lived in a state of complete alienation from God. In the year 1842, the Lord greatly revived His work at Woodchurch. On March the 10th in that year, Mrs. Swift's husband clearly saw and deeply felt that he was a sinner, believed in Christ with all his heart, received the blessing of forgiveness, and experienced the joy, peace, and rest of salvation. About the same time Mrs. Swift became concerned about the salvation of her soul, and came in contrition to the Lord Jesus, who not only heard her sighs of distress and saw her penitential grief, but answered her heart-felt prayer, by turning her dense darkness into radiant light, her hard bondage into glorious liberty, her bitter sorrow into ecstatic joy, and her agonizing groans into thanksgiving and praise to our redeeming Lord. Great and blessed was the change which the Holy Ghost wrought in her. The joy of forgiveness, of salvation, of holiness, is "joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" joy arising from the union of the soul with God. Great is the joy of the miner when he finds a valuable lode; of the artist, when he finishes a beautiful picture; of the poet, when he completes a sublime poem; of the mariner, when he comes to the end of a stormy and perilous voyage; but greater far was the joy of Mrs. Swift when, by faith, she brought her soul into contact with Christ, and became united to Him. Her union with Him was close, and permanent, and productive of great good. By living a godly life for nearly forty years, she clearly evidenced the genuineness and thoroughness of her conversion. I believe that during the whole time she "walked with God," until He took Her to live with Him in His glorious dwelling-place above.

After her conversion she passed through some heavy trials. In the year 1851 she lost one of her daughters by death; but the sorrow was relieved by the fact that she died in the Lord. Soon after, one of her sons was summoned away. In the year 1860 she had a still greater trial, for then her husband died; but her temporary loss was his eternal gain; for he was a Christian, and to the Christian death is gain—immense, inconceivable, eternal gain. And in November, 1872, she lost another of her sons. He had been a support and comfort to the aged pilgrim, and hence his death was to her a great trial; yet she was sweetly submissive to her heavenly Father's will; and the Lord gave her a large portion of His Spirit, and greatly comforted her in her tribulation.

In the life of our dear departed Christian friend, the crowning grace of love was beautifully exemplified. Intensely she loved her Lord, and hence her love to her fellow-creatures was great. Being "rooted and grounded in love" Divine, her life was pure and attractive. Because her love for souls was deep and intense, she longed to see her unsaved friends and neighbours turn from their "evil ways," and begin to live a holy life. She was "patient in tribulation," and patience added to the lustre and beauty of her character, to the nobility and usefulness of her life. Sometimes very weak, and called to endure much pain, she was generally patient, and in her last illness she manifested great patience: she "waited patiently for the Lord" to come and take her to live, and reign, and rejoice evermore with Himself.

Generally, Mrs. Swift was remarkably cheerful. Out of the fulness of her glad heart she often said, "Bless the Lord: He is good. Praise His holy Name," while her face beamed with delight. Her love to God was great, her devotion intense, and her gratitude deep: she so fully manifested the Spirit of Christ that it was both pleasant and profitable to converse with her. With her I held many a profitable conversation on spiritual subjects. She was very happy, because she lived near to God, and was "filled with the Holy Ghost."

Sometimes she was fiercely tempted, and much depressed, as the best Christians occasionally are ; but generally she was joyous. By her cheerful smile, her kind words, her gentle ways, and her Christ-like disposition and deportment, she strongly recommended the religion of Jesus. To her the house of God was a hallowed place, and though for several years it was very fatiguing and painful for her to walk a mile and a half to chapel, yet she often attended in the spring and summer months. So highly did she value the means of grace, that she would not let little things prevent her from enjoying them. Very attentively she listened to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. When the preacher spoke of the power and readiness of Christ to save sinners, of the fulness and freeness of Divine grace, of the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Bible, of the nearness and preciousness of Christ to the believer, or of the exaltation and glory of "the spirits of just men made perfect," tears of joy flowed freely from her eyes, and words of praise fell from her lips. She gave liberally to the support of the Lord's cause. She denied herself that she might assist in increasing the Circuit and other funds. Visiting her last November, a few hours before the Missionary meeting at Warehorne, she made me take something for the collection. For many years she had a Missionary box, and her name is to be found in several of our Missionary Reports—in the next her name will appear for the last time. She has finished working for the Lord, and is now living with Him. Great is her reward in heaven.

Her last illness was short. She kept about as long as she could. She then sent for one of her daughters, and, perhaps conscious that her departure was at hand, expressed a wish to be removed to her home. But she was too feeble to be taken from the house in which she had lived for fifty-nine years. When I last visited her she was very weak, and rather restless, but her soul was happy in the Lord. As I stood by her bedside she smiled, and said, "I am so glad to see you." She told me that Satan had fiercely assailed her in her weakness, but that, through Christ, she had resisted the tempter, and he had fled from her. I prayed with her, and left her with the impression that I should not see her again on earth. From that time she gradually sank. When asked if she wished to see any friends, she said, "I want none but Jesus." For some hours before her death she said but little. At last, like a tired child at evening, she fell asleep in the everlasting arms of Jesus, by whom her sanctified spirit was taken from earth to heaven, on Thursday, February 5th, 1880, in the 80th year of her age.

Br. J. Lisle writes : "It is more than seventeen years ago that I first became acquainted with Mrs. Swift, and from my knowledge I fully believe she was a sincere, humble, genuine follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. She walked in the sunshine more than in the shade, and generally wore a pleasant, smiling countenance ; happy in herself, and endeavouring to make all around her happy, too. Hence I believe she was beloved by most who knew her. She highly esteemed the ministers of the gospel, and was always delighted with their company, prayers, and conversation. She much appreciated the means of grace, private, social, and public. As to the sanctuary of the Lord, the language of her heart was : 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple.' Hence her seat in the Lord's house was seldom vacant when she could possibly attend.

"During the eleven or twelve years I have had the pleasure of preaching the gospel at Warehorne, I have often been cheered in my work by seeing the smiling face of our dear friend, while her soul appeared to be eagerly drinking in the living stream of the Divine Word. I have had many precious seasons with

her, both in the house of God, and at her own home; and I hope soon to meet her again, and to spend a blissful eternity with her, in our Father's house above."

Br. J. Cottle writes: "It was my privilege to have some acquaintance with Sister Swift for about four years. You could not be in her company long without being impressed that her piety was above the ordinary type. Her attachment to the house of God was evinced by her regular attendance. In my visits to her house when she was laid by, I always found her very happy, and very inquisitive as to how we were getting on at the chapel; and when it could be said that the attendance was good, or that the efforts made were successful, it would be a source of great joy to her. I have been with her in the class-meeting, and in the sick room, and always found her a very happy Christian. In her removal, the society at Warehorne has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and one of its most consistent and useful members. She contributed to the support of the cause of God above what could be expected. It was, to her, a luxury to give. I doubt not her safety. I have had many pleasant conversations with her of heaven, and she always appeared ready and willing to depart and to be with Christ, whenever it should please her heavenly Father to terminate her sufferings below. She bore her affliction with great resignation. I never heard her complain of her trials being too many, or her sufferings too great. She believed that all things would work together for her good. Failings she might have had, but as I did not detect them, it is not for me to speak of them."

On Sunday evening, February 15th, I preached her funeral sermon in Warehorne chapel, to a crowded and attentive congregation.

R. HAWKEY.

THE LATEST FROM CARDIFF.

SINCE the publication of the *Echoes* which appeared in December we have plodded on, and while not realizing all the results fondly anticipated, gratifying progress has been made. Having no heating apparatus till late in the winter, the severely cold weather, for two months, sorely affected our congregations. But the falling off was only temporary. The attendance revived, and has since gradually increased and consolidated.

If "angels' visits are few and far between," our special efforts have been very *unangelic*. Not a month has passed for the year, without one or more special attempts to benefit the people, and raise funds. All have *not* succeeded, and those which failed cost as much toil and care as others which greatly prospered. Failures are *often* as laborious as success, and *always* harder to bear. Taking our efforts in the *main* they have yielded encouraging results, and aided us to get the large sums required to support the circuit fund, and keep the estate fairly afloat. The pastor's *begging campaign* has been continued amid all.

The Missionary services, March 14th and 16th, were much enjoyed. Mr. Tremelling, the deputation, did admirable service. Mr. R. Coad preached and lectured for us March 21st and 22nd, with telling effect. The missionary tea and Juvenile missionary meeting, Good Friday, were, every way, the most successful we have yet held. Mr. Higman's services in April were well appreciated, and £11 raised for the College. But the *crowning* services of the year were those at the

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHAPEL,

June 6th, 7th, and 8th. Mr. Bourne kindly engaged to attend, and his visit was eagerly and prayerfully anticipated; and believing *this* anniversary would give a

colouring to *those* for years to come, every means we could devise, to win brilliant success, was vigorously used. Friends of various sections rallied round us; the Sunday congregations especially, were very good. In the evening the chapel was more than fairly filled—over 600 persons being present. Mr. Bourne preached splendidly, morning and evening, and Mr. J. Cynddylan Jones (Calvinistic Methodist Minister) gave a most interesting and profitable sermon in the afternoon. Rich influences pervaded the services, and the collections were £15 6s. 9d.—*more than double the amount ever got in the chapel on a Sunday before*. Monday evening, Mr. Bourne lectured effectively on “The Romance of Evangelism,” illustrated by the life and labours of Mr. William Bailey. J. Ramsdale, Esq., presided, and evinced great heartiness. About 220 present. Collection, £4 13s. 3d. Tuesday, at 5 p.m., the tea-meeting took place, which 130 persons attended. Public meeting at 7.30. In the unavoidable absence of W. T. Edwards, Esq., M.D., Councillor E. Beavan presided, and did his work well. Mr. Smallridge offered the opening prayer. The writer read the report, of which the following is an epitome:—“We are grateful to be permitted to celebrate the first anniversary of the chapel. Our gratitude is the more fervent because the premises lately had a narrow escape of destruction by fire. Nearly a year has passed since the opening of the sanctuary. The months have swiftly fled, but they have been fraught with anxious toil. We have preached the gospel earnestly, begged money diligently, and given 2,400 families tracts with a list of services, and an invitation to attend them. A Missionary Association has been formed to deepen and maintain zeal for spreading the gospel throughout the world, and promote larger monetary support to the Bible Christian Missionary Society, chiefly by systematic giving. A monthly missionary prayer-meeting is started, and 100 regular subscribers are got for the mission fund. The minister’s house has been furnished, and the garden created. To fertilize the latter, thirty loads of good earth have been brought from the site of the Calvinistic Methodist chapel in Newport-road. We thought it wise *thus to incorporate a little Calvinism* to prevent our Arminianism running wild. Surely the ministers—eating the potatoes and cabbages grown in Calvinistic soil—will be “*sound in the faith*.” Perhaps if the garden were watered occasionally from Bethany or Tredegarville Baptistry, Diamond-street ministers would be admitted, on all hands, to be the most orthodox in the town.

“Twelve lectures, on various subjects, and two literary and musical entertainments have been given.

“Every department of the good work has advanced. We have ninety-seven full members in the Church, and the Sunday-school is so large that four classes have to meet in the chapel. We have not suffered from the opening of the Broadway Wesleyan chapel, which has rather provoked us to emulation, and the attendance and offerings have improved. Healthy competition promotes religion as well as commerce. Since *our* chapel was opened we have secured, with a grant, £403 towards the building fund; and *altogether* got over £1600 for that fund. Still, the debt is over £2050, and *must* be reduced to £1000. Ordinary receipts for the ministry have increased from £51 to £88. Missionary money from £20 to £23 10s. Total receipts—apart from grant—for the year, about £550. £390 raised by special effort. Among the donations recently given is one of 6s., saved by seven weeks abstinence from smoking, and the friend means *for ever* to keep from the dirty habit. A good example worthy of imitation. £220 being still promised by the Missionary Society and friends toward the estate, we want *you and your friends* during next year, to give us £83c more. ‘Give that and you will do noble service. Then the church will be self-supporting, and able to give proper attention to the great work demanded by the pressing needs of the thou-

sands around. I James, the *prisoner* of DEBT, beseech you, Remember my bonds."

Mr. Winks (Baptist minister) spoke on "Preaching and Hearing." The address was deeply spiritual, very incisive and practical, and could not fail to stir the pulpit and pew. Mr. Waddy (Wesleyan minister, a son of the late Dr. Waddy) dealt with "True piety, the first condition of successful Christian work," and gave a fervent speech which told the more effectively through being spiced with humour. 'Tis not wise to be seriously unhearable. J. F. Fawckner, Esq., the architect, gave a capital address on "Lay Evangelistic work," eminently adapted to stimulate laymen to work for souls. Mr. Bourne, being accustomed to work with various sections of the Church, was quite at home with his theme, "Christian Union," which he treated with great felicity, ardour, and impressiveness. Each speaker seemed to say exactly what the people needed, and a delightful influence pervaded the whole meeting. There were about 250 persons present. Collection £6 7s. 7d. Total of collections, £26 7s. 7d. Gratitude was expressed to the various friends who contributed to the success of the anniversary, in which ministers and other gentlemen from six Denominations took part. Mr. Miller closed the meeting with prayer.

The tea meeting accounts not being closed yet, the *exact* money result cannot now be stated. The proceeds will be about £33, and the profits £23 or £24.

Cardiff, June 9, 1880.

W. F. JAMES.

Chapels.

HATHERLEIGH.—The Bible Christians formed a congregation at Hatherleigh about half a century since, but it was not until 1857 that they assumed a prominent position in the town. In that year they became the purchasers of a block of property, on one portion of which they erected a chapel, and subsequently a minister's house. As the whole of the site was not required for these buildings, the houses occupying the remainder of the land were allowed to stand, and the rent they have brought in has been sufficient to pay the interest on the debt of £400 or £500 that was incurred by the purchase. The chapel that was erected was plain—very plain; architecturally it was noticeable but for one thing, and that was its severe simplicity. Having been contented with this for nearly a quarter of a century, the community have determined to go in for a new chapel. Three cottages adjoining the minister's house have been pulled down, and a site has thus been provided for the new building, the foundation stone of which was laid on Wednesday. The building will consist of two storeys. On the ground floor there will be school and class-rooms, and above these the chapel. The school will give accommodation for about 150 children, and in the chapel there will be close upon 250 seats. The chapel will be forty-eight feet long, twenty-seven feet broad, and its height will be twenty-two feet. The roof is partly open. The light will come through three lancet windows in the west front, and two at the east end; between the eastern windows the rostrum for the preacher will be erected. The walls will be stuccoed and coloured. The seats will be of pitch pine. The building will be constructed of Hatherleigh stone, with white brick dressings; some of the old materials will be used, but the congregation will have to find £500 to pay for the work they have now taken in hand, of which sum about £200 will probably be obtained, considering the sum already secured. The architect is Mr. S. Halls, of Dolton, and the builder Mr. T. Bulleid, of

Hatherleigh. The Earl of Portsmouth consented to lay the foundation stone. By the hour fixed for the ceremony a large number of persons had assembled, and his lordship was heartily cheered as he appeared on the platform, accompanied by his son, the Hon. Gerald Wallop, Lieut.-Colonel Thompson, Revs. W. Hawken, J. Gammon, A. Trengove, and other gentlemen. The proceedings were opened by singing, after which a chapter in the Bible was read by Rev. W. Smith, and prayer was offered by Rev. A. Trengove. Previous to the lowering of the foundation stone Mrs. Hawken deposited a bottle in the cavity beneath. This bottle contained a copy of the minutes of the Conference of 1879, the fifty-eighth annual missionary report, the circuit plan bearing the names of the forty-one local preachers, and a statement of the date of the foundation stone laying, with the names of the principal personages present, as well as the names of the trustees and the circuit and society stewards. The stone was then lowered, and declared by Earl Portsmouth to be duly laid.

The Earl of Portsmouth, who was loudly cheered, then said—Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been a very great pleasure to me to come here to-day, and as a neighbour to show my sympathy with those of this town and neighbourhood in the good work which they have undertaken for the advancement of God's service. As one holding strong views on the matter, I must say that I regard religion as a blessing that is not meant for any one class or any one creed—(hear, hear). God means it for all, and I hold it to be the duty of every Christian to advance the cause of religion and to do everything in his power to advance the knowledge of that which is good. Therefore, although some of us may differ upon certain matters, yet we cannot but feel that the promotion of knowledge derived from the Scriptures is a work with which every one of us can sympathize—(applause). Of one thing we may be certain—"Great is the truth, and it will prevail," and there is no doubt that those whom I am addressing have done a very great deal to advance the truth—(applause). The Protestant religion of England owes a very great deal to the ministers of this and other Nonconformist bodies who, moving about among the poor, and speaking to them in kind and homely language, have carried the pure Word of God into a very large number of households, and have spread religious knowledge to the very great spiritual advantage of this country—(applause). Allusion has been made to an event that has just taken place—I refer to the change in the Government of this country. As the Chairman of the North Devon Liberal Association, I cannot but recognize the fact that this change is in no small degree due to the attitude and action of the Nonconformists of this country, and to the confidence which they have shown in that great man who is now the Prime Minister—(applause). In the great struggle which Mr. Gladstone has led the Nonconformists of this country have been his staunch supporters, and I do not doubt that you will receive from his hands a further extension of religious liberty—(cheers). Of one thing I am certain—that there is no man who has greater sympathy with the people than the man whom the people have called to the proud position of Premier—(cheers). The Nonconformists have in this election set aside what I may term "fancy politics." They have shown their unfaltering confidence in Mr. Gladstone; and as they have trusted him in the past, so let them trust him in the future, in the confidence that one whose sympathies are so thoroughly with the people will do that which is really for the good of the country—(applause). Bear in mind that what you have to look for is a policy of "practical politics," and it is neither wise nor expedient to endeavour to hamper a Ministry by making demands for that which is impracticable—(hear, hear). It will not be to their true advancement if the Nonconformists or any other body attempt to force the Government to take up measures which the country will not

stand, and it will be well for everyone to remember that the great change that has taken place is due to the voice of the country at large, although undoubtedly the Nonconformists bodies have taken a very prominent part indeed in bringing about this change—(cheers). Whilst speaking on this subject I think we may certainly anticipate legislation upon one matter which is of very great interest to the Nonconformists, for I venture to prophecy that before very long we shall see Mr. Osborne Morgan's motion on burials become the law of the land—(applause)—so that those who have lived in a certain faith may be buried according to the rites of that faith—(applause). Religious equality will thus take another step forwards—(applause). Passing from the region of politics, I may say it gives me very great pleasure to assist in this work to-day, because it seems to me that nothing but good can come from it. The Sunday-school associated with the chapel will promote the extension of religious knowledge among the rising generation. Thanks to the system of national education, the sons and daughters of the great masses of the people of this country are being better educated in secular matters than were their fathers before them, and schools of this kind will give a knowledge in spiritual affairs corresponding to the improvement that is taking place in general education—(hear, hear). Some persons may be inclined to say, "You differ from those who worship in this chapel, why do you come here?" Ladies and gentlemen, my reply is that I come here because I sympathize with all who are endeavouring to elevate their fellow men—(hear, hear). As there is free trade in corn, as we receive the fruit of other countries, so there should be free trade in religion, in the sense of our being glad of the help of all those who seek to increase the supply of religious knowledge—(applause). A minister who labours in a chapel, who, inspired by the love of his Master, preaches the Gospel to those who surround him is quite as much a servant of God as any other minister, and he is deserving equal support in the efforts he is making to advance religious knowledge, and to turn men from sin—(applause). As the Bible Christian community have done much good in this country in the past, so I hope and trust they may do great good in the future—(applause). The last time I had an opportunity of joining in your proceedings was in connection with the College at Shebbear. It is sometimes said that your ministers are not highly educated, but by the establishment of that College you showed your determination to meet that objection, and you gave a very decided indication of the earnestness and vitality which animates your community—(applause). The proceedings of to-day are a further proof of that vitality, and I am glad to be here to pay my tribute to the good work, to express my good will and to wish you God speed in your labours—(cheers for Earl Portsmouth, followed by cheers for Lord Lynton).

The Hon. Gerald Wallop, who was called for and received with cheers, said—Ladies and Gentlemen,—Pray accept my heartiest thanks for the very kind and cordial manner in which you have received the names of my dear brother and myself. In wishing you God speed in your undertaking I am but re-echoing his sincere sentiments—(hear, hear). As a member of the Established Church of England and as one attached to her, I cannot but feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to Nonconformity, for on looking back over the history of this country, we see that the church owes her very existence to those Nonconformists who had the courage to avow their principles and their dissent from the Church of Rome even though that avowal brought them to the stake—(applause.) It was to the Nonconformists of old that we owed the light of Protestantism, and I believe that it is to the Nonconformists of the present day that we owe the light of Liberalism that is shining so brightly at this moment—a light that will illuminate the pleasant paths of peace and industry which this country will again tread under

the guidance of William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest English patriot and statesman—(cheers). Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to again thank you most cordially and from the bottom of my heart for the kind manner in which you have been good enough to receive the name of my dear brother Lymington, and myself—(cheers).

Lieut.-Col. White-Thompson, who was also received with cheers, said—Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel that in the very few words I have to say I cannot add anything of importance to that which has been said by Earl Portsmouth and his promising son. My appearance here to-day is due to a very pleasant visit I received from your respected minister, Mr. Hawken. I am a very attached member of the Established Church and have great respect for the large majority of her ministers, but I do not consider that that should in any way prevent my attendance here, to show that I heartily sympathized with the good work which you are carrying on—(hear, hear). I do firmly believe that the spirits of all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ are running in one stream, and although the surface may be disturbed by passing gusts, yet at the bottom the stream flows steadily on, and that in the main object the spirits of all good men are united, whether those men are members of the Established Church, whether they are Nonconformists, or further still whether they are Romanists—for no one will deny that there are good men in the Roman Church—or members of the Greek or any similar Church—(applause). All who desire to promote the cause of Christ are heartily united in spirit, whatever outward differences there may be—all are being carried along the stream which is running to the great sea of unity in the spirit of our Lord—(applause). I therefore come here to-day with the greatest pleasure, for although I am loyal to my Church, yet I can equally be loyal to you as Christian men, and I wish you God-speed in the work which you have undertaken—(cheers.)

Rev. A. Trengove, in moving a vote of thanks to Earl Portsmouth for laying the foundation-stone, remarked that the work of to-day was one of considerable importance. In providing better accommodation for carrying on the work of educating the children in religious knowledge they were fitting the rising generation for the better discharge of their duties as citizens. It was most important that the Church of Christ should undertake the spiritual education of the young. Sunday-schools were never more needed than at the present time. A century since, when Robert Raikes started the movement in Gloucester, his idea was simply to keep youth from mischief on the Sunday; but the work had greatly advanced since then, and now they had before them a definite task—the spiritual culture of the young—(hear, hear). That was the object of the noble band of voluntary workers who were engaged in the Sunday-schools, and this new building would give the Bible Christians of Hatherleigh better accommodation for that work—(applause). The portion of the edifice above the school would give suitable provision for the preaching of the Word of God. The Bible Christians were not strangers in Hatherleigh. They originated in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, they first carried on their work amid the villages and hamlets of North Devon, and it was felt that in the town of Hatherleigh they ought to have a chapel worthy of the people. They had now started their new chapel. The new chapel, however, would not mean the introduction of any new doctrine. Man's malady—sin—was an old one, and must be met by the old remedy—the saving power of Christ. In the new chapel as in the old, the fulness of the Gospel would be preached in all its freshness, and in the school beneath the children would be trained to a knowledge of spiritual things—(applause). In assisting in this work, Earl Portsmouth was acting in harmony with the traditions of his honoured house.

In the past the house the noble Earl represented stood forth in defence of religious liberty—in defence of Richard Baxter, and the glorious truths found in his works—and now they found the same house still showing the same desire to restrain wrong and maintain right—(applause). Not long ago they saw that when Lord Carnarvon found he was unable to restrain wrong he determined to sacrifice place rather than principle, and he accordingly retired from the Cabinet—(applause). As in their sphere in the Legislature the Earl of Portsmouth and his son would do their best for the country, so in the humbler walks of life those connected with this chapel would strive to do that which they believed to be best for their fellow men, and in the future as in the past the Nonconformists of North Devon—and the Bible Christians especially—would always be found true to the cause of civil and religious liberty—(applause). He was sure all would support his proposal of thanks to Earl Portsmouth, and all would join with him in congratulating the noble Earl on the splendid promise of future distinction which was given in the ability and high principle of his sons—(cheers).

Rev. J. Gammon, in seconding the vote, was very pleased at their having secured the presence of Earl Portsmouth, because extended acquaintance with his Lordship did but deepen the honour in which he held him. At Shebbear one son of the Noble Earl assisted at the ceremony of laying the College foundation-stone, and he was very proud indeed to have now listened to another son endowed with similar readiness of speech, and holding views of equal liberality—(applause). He could not but hope and believe that the talents possessed by these young men would be devoted to the interests of the country, and he felt confident that Lord Lyvington and his brother would make their mark in the Legislation of the nation—(applause). Whilst on this topic he might say that he rejoiced at the results of the general election, and his rejoicing was crowned by the appointment of Mr. Gladstone as Premier—(cheers). He trusted God would give the Premier strength for the great work he had before him, and that peace and prosperity would now return to this country—(applause). In conclusion he most heartily seconded the vote of thanks, and was very glad indeed to find members of the Established Church showing such deep interest in the proceedings of Nonconformist bodies—(cheers).

Mr. J. Powlesland (Circuit Steward) in supporting the motion, recognised the breadth and liberality always displayed by Earl Portsmouth, and expressed the gratitude which all felt to his Lordship, and to so good a neighbour as Col. Thompson for their attendance that day—(applause). He looked forward to the time when there would be still greater unity, and when all who were really links of the one great chain would together come forward in their advocacy of freedom and advancement—(applause). He was very glad indeed that a new chapel was about to be erected here, and trusted that prosperity would attend it—(applause).

Earl Portsmouth, in acknowledging the compliment, remarked that he agreed with those around him in the very great importance of Sunday-schools, and he was exceedingly glad that those engaged in this great voluntary work would have better accommodation in Hatherleigh for the task that was before them. He was very happy indeed to join them in their efforts to make the rising generation better and happier, because he felt that all engaged in this work deserved support. There was nothing exclusive in connection with the word of God. There were some people who held very exclusive doctrines, but the true spirit of Christianity is found in the observation of Bishop Stanley—father of Dean Stanley—who, when the Nonconformist minister was mentioned, remarked, "I look upon him as one of my curates"—(applause). Nonconformists and Churchmen were alike

engaged in the same work—one helped the other. It was idle to attempt to establish protectionist ideas in connection with religion. Neither a monopoly of knowledge nor a monopoly of religion could be found among any one class or any one sect, and all who devoted themselves to spreading a knowledge of the Word of God were doing God's service. Those who assisted in the removal of ignorance and vice assisted to make Britain a greater Britain still. Although mists seemed to still hang about her, yet as the sun dispersed the Dartmoor fogs and revealed the beauties of the moor, so bye-and-bye education would remove the mists that now hung over England, and a still brighter future would be revealed—(applause). The Sunday-schools would greatly assist in promoting the true greatness of England—(cheers). He was glad that the Nonconformists, who had done so much for England, were alive to this fact, and he trusted that great results would arise from the work that had to-day been inaugurated.

On the motion of Rev. W. Hawken, seconded by Rev. W. Smith, a vote of thanks was given Col. Thompson, and a similar compliment was paid the Hon. G. Wallop. Both gentlemen briefly acknowledged the compliment paid them and the proceedings were terminated with prayer by Mr. Hawken. The Earl of Portsmouth, Hon. G. Wallop, and Colonel White-Thompson, (who had joined with the Committee in a luncheon provided at the minister's house), left the town amid loud cheers soon after the foundation stone ceremony had been concluded.

Subsequently there was a tea in the old Chapel. At the tea satisfaction was expressed at the sympathy shown by the noble Earl in the work the congregation have taken in hand, and a hope was expressed that the example set by Earl Portsmouth would be followed by other noblemen. In the evening a largely attended public meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, the authorities having kindly placed that building at the disposal of the Bible Christians for this purpose. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Hawken, A. Trengove, J. Gammon, the subject being Church polity and Connexional doctrine, J. Coles, J. Rawlings, and other gentlemen. Rev. W. Rouse was prevented by illness from being present. A word of hearty praise is due to the choir for the service they rendered. The proceedings of the day passed off very successfully, and Church and Non-conformity being on excellent terms in Hatherleigh, general interest was shown in the event of the day.—*From the Western Times, chiefly.*

PENZANCE.—The first anniversary services were held on Whit-Sunday and Tuesday. Excellent sermons were preached on the Lord's Day by our highly esteemed President, and the Rev. H. Jones (Wesleyan), Chairman of the Cornwall District. Congregations good—a full house in the evening. Collections for the day, £10. On the Tuesday afternoon five of our lady friends prepared the requisites for a tea, and about 120 persons were present. The evening meeting was presided over by A. H. Michell, Esq., of Penzance (Wesleyan), and able addresses were given by the President, E. Turner (of Breage), J. Johns (of Helston), T. Richards (Wesleyan), J. Tancock and J. N. Russell. The circuit ministers also took part in the meeting. The efficient choir belonging to the chapel, under the conduct of Mr. R. H. Thomas, rendered valuable aid both on Sunday and Tuesday. The proceeds of the tea were upwards of £5. The collections, with a few donations, amounted to £25 4s. The entire services were of a highly interesting and encouraging kind. The chairman and speakers at the public meeting spoke in the highest terms of the substantial, commodious, and attractive character of the premises, and the President, as well as others, was at a loss to understand how such admirable premises could have been secured for so low a figure as £2,160.

As no notice appeared in our Magazine in relation to the opening services, perhaps the following figures may be of interest as showing the cost of premises, and what our friends have raised, and also the position of affairs at the end of our first year's experience in the new premises:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cost of Site	200	0	0	Donations at time of Purchase	13	0	0
Auction Fees, Deeds, &c.	19	5	0	Ditto, Foundation Stone	72	5	0
Purchase of Right to Wall, &c.	22	13	0	Ditto, Opening	140	8	11
Mr. H. Carne's Contract	1,675	0	0	Bazaars (Five)	258	4	3
Ditto Bill of Extras	38	7	0	Lectures, Services of Song, &c.	66	3	9
Mr. H. White's Bill as Architect	85	13	0	Collections and Tea—Foundation Stone ..	59	16	2
Various Working Expenses, Fitting up School Room and Vestries..	119	11	7	Ditto, Opening	90	16	5
				Collecting Books	29	11	0
					730	5	6
				Grant from Conference ..	100	0	0
					830	5	6
				Debt at time of opening..	1,330	4	1
	£2,160	9	7		£2,160	9	7

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Seat Rents*	49	7	4
Anniversary	30	9	6
Other Income	39	2	6
	£118	19	4

FIRST YEAR'S WORKING:—

DISBURSEMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Interest†	49	0	0
Insurance	1	3	0
Quarter Board	2	0	0
Principal paid off	30	0	0
In hand of Treasurer	10	7	5
Other Expenses	26	8	11
	£118	19	4

* Three quarters only in New Chapel, one in Old Chapel.

† This includes Interest for £150 on Old Chapel.

It may be interesting to know that since we have been in the new premises our weekly offerings have averaged £1 per week. The society have sent £20 per quarter to the Quarter Board. The seat rents have advanced from £4 10s. per quarter to £15. The receipts for Missionary Society have advanced over £8, and proportionate advances have also been made in the Sunday-school and Band of Hope departments. We have also had a new harmonium for the chapel at a cost, with music, books, &c., for the choir, of £45, towards which there has been raised the sum of £33. A few interesting conversions have been experienced, and we trust that still better things are soon to be realized.

Penzance, June 5th, 1880.

W. G.

SPREYTON.—The friends who have a knowledge of the Chagford Circuit will be pleased to learn that we are building a new chapel at this place. For many years we have been subject to great inconvenience, having had no suitable place of worship, and for a long time had tried in vain to get a plot of land in the village on which to build. John Heathman, Esq., of North Beer, some time since very kindly offered to give an eligible site about a quarter-of-a-mile out of the village, which has now been accepted. On Monday, May 14th, 1880, the contractors commenced their work, and by the end of the week the foundations were completed. On Monday, May 24th, at three o'clock p.m., when the walls were about

three feet high, the ceremony of laying corner-stones took place. The Rev. J. Dymond, the President of the Conference, gave out the first hymn, and offered prayer; the pastor of the circuit then introduced four ladies—Mrs. Heathman, of North Beer; Mrs. W. Perryman, of Yeo; Mrs. Brock, of Coombe; and Miss Heathman, of North Beer, who (assisted by Mr. J. Crocker, architect, of Exeter) laid the stones; and two bricks were laid by twin brothers about five years of age, sons of Mr. Hill. The various parts of the circuit were well represented. Mr. Dymond preached an excellent sermon in the open air. At five o'clock tea was provided in a barn at Coombe Farm (by the kind permission of Mr. Brock). About 160 persons sat down, and they appeared to be perfectly satisfied. Great praise is due to Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Hill, Miss Tucker, Miss White, and Miss M. Tucker, who so ably presided at the tables, and to all the friends who waited on them. The arrangements were first-rate, and were carried out well. After the tea a public-meeting was held. Mr. W. Perryman, who was called to the chair, performed his duties in an able manner. Mr. J. Dunning, of Ash, Throwleigh, presided at the harmonium, and addresses were given by the President and the writer. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Heathman for the land; to the ladies and the little boys who laid the stones and bricks; to the ladies who presided at tables and their helpers; and to the Rev. J. Dymond for his very excellent services. The proceeds of the day, in aid of the building fund, amounted to £32 3s.

T. C. PENWARDEN.

NEATH.—The anniversary of Hope Bible Christian Chapel, Melincrythan, was celebrated on Sunday and Thursday, June 6th and 10th. On Sunday three sermons were preached, in the morning at eleven, and in the evening at six, by Mr. R. Coad, of Ilfracombe, in the afternoon by the Rev. G. Hawker. On Thursday the tea was held in the Melyn schools, kindly lent by Mr. P. W. Flower, where about 350 sat down, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Kimble. The report was read by the secretary, Mr. D. W. Roberts. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. Bridgman, A. T. Wharton, and J. Collings. The net profits of the anniversary amounted to £25. The meetings were, as usual, characterised by considerable earnestness and sincerity, a cordiality of feeling making the anniversary one of the most agreeable gatherings ever held by the members since the first establishment of the church at Melincrythan.—*Local Paper.*

NOTES BY J. CREWES.

(Continued from page 285.)

Tuesday, 2nd.—Last night I stayed up with the old Scotch gentleman. He sat in a corner of the saloon. He hadn't been in a bed for several years. I whispered several texts of scripture to him, he seemed to enjoy them much. Afterwards I said:—

“Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

“There,” he said, “see that, what could be like it, ‘O receive my soul at last.’” At about a quarter to three this morning he died, with his head in my hands. At half past eight, just six hours after the death, I read the burial service over the corpse, and we committed it to the deep.

Saturday, 6th.—Wednesday and Thursday we were thinking and talking about and preparing for landing. We had a supper given to us on Tuesday night, which

indicated that we were not far from port. Yesterday we came into Melbourne soon after two o'clock. I left Mrs. Crewes and the baby on board, and went with Mr. Hosken to find Mr. Hosken. Br. Hosken was not expecting me—he hadn't heard what ship I was in. However, we found him, and he very kindly received us. This morning the brethren Hosken and Chenall came to the vessel, and took Mrs. Crewes, the baby, and myself to Br. Hosken's, where, thank God, we once more enjoy a home on *terra firma*.

Saturday, 20th.—Since I last wrote, we have passed through great changes. We stayed in Melbourne several days. Melbourne is a magnificent city. Many of its buildings are fine, and its public gardens are vast and enchanting. On the Saturday afternoon I walked with Br. Hosken through the Fitzroy Gardens. The sun was shining very fervently, but the shade of the trees, the song of the thrushes, the greenness of the grass, the freshness and the fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, with the music of a band that discoursed appropriate harmony at intervals, were delightfully charming. In fact to me, just having left the ship, it seemed almost heavenly. On the Sunday I preached twice, once at Hotham, and once at Gore Street. We have a good church at Gore Street,—I mean the building—and the society and congregation are good also. I am sorry that we haven't a half-dozen such churches in that great city. I felt quite at home, and very happy in the pulpits. On the Monday, Mr. Hosken and his daughter took Mrs. Crewes and myself, with our young friends, the Downs, to the Zoological Gardens. These gardens were much larger and better than I expected to see there. In the evening we met Br. Evans, and all took tea with him at Br. Chenall's. After tea we heard Br. Evans lecture—subject, "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." Very good lecture. On the Tuesday I went with Br. Hosken and the Messrs. Down to see our luggage placed on board the "Ringarooma," for New Zealand, and afterwards went with the brethren Chenall and Evans to the Victoria House of Representatives. When I went to the House of Representatives, Mr. Hosken took Mrs. Crewes to the Museum, a much quieter place I presume. In the House that afternoon Mr. Berry (Chief Secretary) announced that His Excellency the Governor had consented to a Dissolution of Parliament, and that the Parliament would be dissolved as soon as practicable. Then followed a scene such as I never had witnessed before. Honourable members became alternately red and white in their faces; they called each other curs, pups, liars, traitors, and I wot not else, while a dignified looking old gentleman, with about the worst voice in the world, I should think, tried to shriek into order this turbulent lot of lawless legislators. Of course it is only right to say that a few respectable men on each side behaved well, and that Mr. Hosken declared that such conduct was exceptional. However, let men say what they will about Darwin and Darwinism, the behaviour in the Zoological Gardens was very much better than the behaviour in the House of Representatives when I was there. On Tuesday evening I again heard Br. Evans lecture, the subject I cannot state precisely. During our stay in Melbourne we received great kindness from Br. Hosken and his excellent wife and family, we thoroughly enjoyed the company of Mr. and Mrs. Chenall and Mr. Evans, and we greatly admired the many objects of interest with which the Australian London abounds.

We left Melbourne on Wednesday, the 10th, in the small steamship "Ringarooma." We had not been out many hours when a head wind sprang up, which opposed our progress for several days. The little vessel pitched and rolled so that most of the passengers were in a bad state. Dismal voyage this.

On Tuesday, the 16th, we arrived at the Bluff, our first landing-place in New Zealand, and sent a telegram to Br. Keast. On Wednesday, the 17th, we

arrived at Port Chalmers, where we were met by Mr. Pharaoh Thomas and his wife, who, having a letter with them from Br. Keast, constrained us to go to Dunedin for a few days, in the hope that Br. Keast would come down and meet us there. On Friday, December 18th, having received a telegram from Br. Keast to come on immediately, as he was unwell, we left Dunedin, and journeyed to Christchurch. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were extremely kind to us, and made us very happy during our stay with them.

At the Christchurch railway station we were met by a deputation appointed to welcome us. Br. Keast was at the head. The first look at him produced opposite emotions. I was delighted to meet him, but was very sorry to see that he was in a very delicate state. With him were the brethren Reed, Knipe, Glass, and Smith. Standing near were the Messrs. Down, who had come on the day before, and Mr. Bennett, whom I knew a year or two ago at Gunnislake, in the Callington Circuit. When riding from the station to the house provided for us, we saw Br. Peek, from the Callington Circuit, whom I was very glad to meet again in Christchurch. Having arrived at a neat little villa just outside the North Belt, we were welcomed by several ladies, who had laid out a sumptuous repast with exquisite taste, which we had been well prepared to enjoy. After tea two of the brethren led us to the throne of grace, and all present heartily thanked God for our safe arrival on what we hope will be to us a field of great and successful labours. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

February 10th, 1880.—P.S.—I forgot to say that we had no more pig killing on Sundays after the memorable service described above; and that all the persons who were injured by accident on board were improving or well when we left the ship. Br. Down was well, or almost so. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, from Holsworthy, with their child, were also well when we left Melbourne, but they went to Sydney. They have come to Christchurch since, and I regret to say their little one died on the voyage from Sydney to Christchurch. Br. Martin, his wife and family, and his brother and some others, arrived soon after we came.

Now, though my article may be worth but little, I will give a word of advice that may be worth a great deal. My dear readers, when you come to New Zealand, don't bring your money in English bank notes. Several have ignorantly brought theirs in notes, even Bank of England notes, and have had to pay a shilling off each pound for changing. Gold is worth as much here as in England.

J. C.

[Br. Keast has preached but two or three times since Br. Crewes has reached Christchurch. A letter from him a few days since, written in bed, states that he is very weak, but happy and resigned. The sympathies and prayers of all lovers of Missions is earnestly desired for the agents and friends of our New Zealand and Queensland Missions.]

TORQUAY.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—Permit me to make a correction and an addition to the report of Zion chapel, kindly inserted, on page 276, in the last issue. Mrs. Warren's box £1 os. 1d.; Mr. W. Warren, Jun., book £2 2s. 6d. Thus making the total receipts £115 13s. 5d., with a balance of £107 11s. 1d.

M. BROKENSHIRE.

WEEK ST MARY.

THE annual circuit tea-meeting was held, as usual, on Downenny Green, on Whit-Tuesday, May 18th, 1880. Br. J. Dale preached two very excellent sermons. A public tea was provided, provisions given. Proceeds of the day, £16 3s. 6d., while the expenses will be only 15s. or 18s. Votes of thanks were passed to all who had helped to make the day a success.

J. BENDLE.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £1,333 3s. 11d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Debtor to Mercy, through				Mrs. Walters, 1st instal..	0	2	0
W. B. R.	10	0	0	Miss Trelease, do. ..	0	2	0
CARDIFF—				Common Moor, col. ..	0	4	4
John Cory, Esq., J.P. ..	5	0	0	St. Cleer, col.	0	14	1
TRURO—				A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. W. Searle	0	10	0	Two Friends	0	5	0
Mrs. Mundy (1st instal.)	0	10	0	WOOLWICH & FOREST HILL—			
A Friend	0	2	0	Woolwich, Miss Bridges,			
Collection	2	10	9	(1st instal.)	1	0	0
LISKEARD—				Eltham, Friends	0	6	0
Railway Terrace, col. ..	0	3	10	SHEBBEAR—			
Cheriton Cross, col. ..	0	4	4	H. Down, per Miss Elliott	1	10	0
Miss Fursman, don. ..	0	2	6	Mr. John Gammon (2nd			
Miss C. Fursman, don. ..	0	2	6	instal.)	1	5	0
Pensilva, collection ..	0	5	7	An I.O.G.T.	0	2	3
				Mrs. Pounder	0	5	0

Through some mistake, the time for opening the College Bazaar was said in your last issue to be July 12th, but the time is not yet fixed.

Yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, Treasurer.

W. HIGMAN, Agent.

Brief Notices of Books.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. C. Kegan Paul & Co. (Price 12s.)

THIS goodly volume includes the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. The Exposition is by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History in Oxford University, the Homiletics being undertaken by the Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A., the Rev. G. Wood, B.A., and the Rev. Prof. J. R. Thomson respectively, while no less than nine various authors supply Homilies for the volume, which is a noble contribution to Biblical study and exposition, and nearly all, we imagine, that most preachers and teachers will require.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Vol. XI. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 7s. 6d.)

WE can only repeat our recommendation of the *Expositor*, which must be, we think, every studious minister's favourite periodical. The contributions of the Editor, Dr. Morison, Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, and one or two others in this volume are specially noteworthy.

From Death into Life; or, Twenty Years of my Ministry. By Rev. W. HASLAM. Morgan & Scott. (Price 5s.)

THIS is a most precious piece of autobiography. It recounts many striking incidents, the key to which is to be found in Mr. Haslam's own deep and wonderful experience. Regarded simply as an illustration of the Power of the Gospel, the book is very striking. One chapter Mr. Haslam devotes to Billy Bray, which will cause his work by many of our readers to be all the more prized. Next month we may deal with it more fully.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador. Primitive Methodist Book Depôt. (Price 2s.)

ANOTHER capital number, and while all the articles are good, some are of special excellence.

Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical. By MORGAN DIX, LL.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York. New Edition. R. D. Dickinson.

A VOLUME of sermons, remarkable for beauty of expression and heart-searching power. We find just a sentence here which we cannot approve, and a sentiment yonder with which we cannot agree, but for the most part the perusal of this volume has been to us as delightful as it has been instructive.

The Apostles of our Lord. By ALEXANDER M. SYMINGTON, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume has the great merit of strictly answering to its title, and no higher praise can be given it. *Studies*, indeed, we have, and eminently *practical* too.

NOTE ON THE MONTH.

THE advent of Mr. Gladstone to power, which quickly awakened an interest and activity everywhere, has already brought some changes which may be hailed with delight. The two matters in which we feel the greatest interest are, the introduction of a comprehensive Burials Bills into the House of Lords, and the passing of Sir Wilfred Lawson's "Local Option" Resolution by the House of Commons. It is true that amendments have been introduced into the Burials Bill which greatly diminish its value, but there is no doubt that in the Commons it will be restored to its original shape, and possibly simplified and made a more complete measure, which the Lords, if they are wise in their generation, will certainly accept.

The Liberation Conference, which was held in June instead of at the usual time, was largely attended, and though we noticed the absence of that intense enthusiasm which marked some previous gatherings, there was a calm earnestness, which no less than the notable progress the Society has made in the few years, may justly be regarded as an augury of final success, and probably at a not very distant period.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:O:—

"REMEMBERED STILL."

THERE is a touching and a wonderful story to be read in human faces, and he who has watched the multitude of expressions mirrored there, must have realised how subtle and how deep is the pathos of human life. Passing, however, from this superficial test of character, and penetrating still farther into the principles and motives of men as faintly suggested by their life and conversation, we might and do gather greater experiences of the infinite variety which exists, and often reap to ourselves a fuller harvest of sorrow. But below the depths which are available to the outer world, each individual possesses layers of half-realised ideas, impressions, aims and desires, unknown very frequently even to their possessor; seen only by the omniscient eye of God alone. How profoundly suggestive, then, and startling, must be the naked view of a single human spirit as looked upon by the searching scrutiny of One who is pure without blemish, holy without any admixture of evil! It is a solemn thought that no single thing enters the mysterious entity which we term "the soul," but it is treasured in some secret chamber, becoming a part of the laboratory of the mind, whence, though seemingly forgotten, it can be brought to light, and display its nature with sudden distinctness and energy. And it is in this peculiar characteristic of our being that we may discern proofs of our immortal destiny; reading as it were the alphabet of our complicated but glorious powers; powers which cannot here have their full development or free exercise.

The words of my heading suggest a wealth of poetry to the mind; they fill the heart of writer and reader with many and varied feel-

ings. "Remembered still." They carry back the thoughts over many a rugged path; they create scenes over again which thrill with delight; they summon as with the magician's wand photographic pictures we would willingly let fade into oblivion; sorrowful experiences that have scarred our brows deeply, and burnt their history into our lives. I have said that no amount of Time or Change really effaces from our remembrance the series of dramas in which we were the central figures, and this is a truth exemplified by any great crisis occurring in our histories, as it also is illustrated a thousand times in each day's reflections and musing reveries. Well for us if we can remember that shadowy past without a heavy weight of remorse; happy for us if we have no bitter regrets with which to accompany the review that drags out of the dusty chambers of bygone years the sayings and doings for which we are responsible!

"Remembered still." Ah! I touch with these two words a string that vibrates in every heart; I unlock a flood of memories in every reader who has lived many years in this weary world. Have we ever forgotten the time when we frisked about in the joyousness of our early life; when every morning seemed the earnest of a new day's pleasure, every evening a peaceful sinking to slumber with a cherished toy in our little grasp? Can we cease to recollect how innocent we then were; how full of simplicity and gentle trustfulness? Tears rise unbidden when we see little ones whose gambols too truly remind us of that far away period; whose prattle too touchingly tells us of our own childhood, gone for ever! It is not that life has no zest for us, but where is the dewy freshness which once seemed to sparkle upon everything we saw and experienced? Remembered still, but only as a vision too beautiful to last: yes, my brother and sister, we may have suffered much, we may have fought hard battles with the hardships of the world, and perhaps have come out "purer gold" from the furnace, but I think that somehow or other the tiny figure away there in the past—our former self—is envied with a thorough earnestness even yet! Then we thought everyone as guileless and true as ourselves; we knew nothing of the world's duplicity; we cared little for its contempt or its sneers. Safe and secure in the love of dear ones; pleased with simple pleasures, we had no cause for envy, no need for empty ambition. We clung with the pure faith of childhood; we loved with all the precious power we possessed. Life was then a rosy picture; sunny laughter, woodland beauty sprung up around our footsteps, and we thought not, knew not that even then the storm clouds of trouble were gathering about us to darken the prospect! Where are the hands we clasped so tenderly then, where the heaving

breast on which our little heads were pillowed, where we dreamed our tiny sorrows away? Where is the voice which instilled our earliest lessons; where the beloved figure which was our only counsellor in times of perplexity? It may be that years now vanished have swept them all out of our lives; but they are remembered still, and will be, in spite of all the vicissitudes that chequer our lot; for no hurricanes of misery, no tempests of rapture can efface them from our heart of hearts!

It is a strong inducement, a stirring and a powerful reason for being gentle and sympathising in our dealings with others, that we can never know what depths of feeling or founts of bitterness may be reached and loosened by harshness or unkindness. We can never tell what injustice may be done by the thoughtlessness of our manner, or the unfeeling tone we adopt in addressing those about us. I am sure that some would shrink away in disgust did they but see how they sometimes wound the susceptibilities of others by conduct which has little of the leaven of Christian charity to recommend it. Oh, let us not plant thorns in the memory of any man, for each has a burden to bear, heavy enough without any addition from those around, who are not able to peruse the inner life which is sealed within them. It would be a great thing, would it not, if we could learn this noble lesson of tenderness to others; kind consideration for all who come within reach of our sympathy? John Bright once said very truly—"You want gentleness"—and he uttered a truth few realise or put in practice. How much of the world's inharmonious jarring might be obviated if we adhered to his counsel, and spread the sweet savour of a gentle life both at home and abroad! Those words we utter so sharply and censoriously are *not* forgotten, they are remembered still, long after we have let them slip from our minds. They have, it may be, done a great deal towards saddening a lonesome existence; added somewhat to the gloomy tints of a landscape already sombre enough, and brought sighs from a heart already full to the bursting!

Well, it is a trite commonplace to say that years have not swept from our minds the scenes of long ago; but in that simple statement we have the essence of much deep philosophy, from which we may extract lessons of the highest moment. We do not unveil our hidden selves to the world's gaze; and few, perhaps none but our Maker can thoroughly and minutely know the motives and feelings impelling us to action, or the yearnings which are convulsing our souls in secret. Do we, for instance, always carry out our threats when we say in our short-sighted anger that we will never think again of such a one, who has perhaps wronged us? I think not. I can personally vouch that the opposite is the truth.

God be thanked that after all some remnants of divinity are yet to be found in every human soul ; some of the shreds of that glorious garment bequeathed from above, some remains of that sublime forgiveness which is perfect only in the Father of repentant humanity. No ! we have *not* forgotten the one who did us an injury, we have not shut that figure out of our memory, but can we keep alive the fire of anger once raging in our breasts ? Sometimes we sadly turn to the past, and we wonder how it was that we were so bitter, so fierce in our malice, and we say to ourselves, " Were that scene to be enacted again we would stretch out the hand of forgiveness and condone the wrong ; " but alas ! we are not able to undo the past, though we may uselessly lament its results. Remembered still, are the pleasant features of that severed friendship ; still before the mind are the sweet joys which a ruthless quarrel dashed out of the cup of life. How often do we in our anguish cry—O friend, brother, who hast been for many years estranged, who hast not grasped this hand or gazed on this weary face for so long, why cannot the gulf between us be bridged over ? Remembered yet are the voice and the manner ; yes, with a peculiar significance, with a pathetic sadness. Why were we such foes to our peace ; such enemies to our noblest impulses ?

Remembered still : Ah, the grassy fields where we formed our little friendships, the glorious summers that opened up our first panorama of this world's beauty are not forgotten. We do not seek to linger over such recollections as speak of our practical usefulness, so much as to dwell upon the spots where we saw our first primroses and violets, and to muse over the charm of exquisite novelty which filled our young hearts with thankfulness to God. Mothers, fathers, who are reading these words of mine ; do they strike no responsive chord within ? Alas, I fear they touch only too surely heartstrings which are yet vibrating for the little angels whom your Father has gathered to His bosom with infinite tenderness ! Remembered still ! There lie the tiny shoes ; there cluster the broken toys ; yonder is the grassy mound—remembered still, with a love strong as death ! A hard blow has smitten you ; a bitter pang has rent your spirit with agony, and you can hardly look up and stammer—" God's will be done." Dear friends, even as these little darlings were precious to you, and are now remembered with unerring fidelity,—so also shall you be remembered by Him who has them in His keeping, till you meet on the shores of the eternal city. Tiny hands shall then beckon your weary selves to a joyous reunion, and a sweet voice whisper a loving " welcome " without a farewell note to spoil its gladness !

Is there not a graver and more pathetic side to the words of my

heading? It is a strange and wonderful truth that I may without irreverence transfer this touching phase from earth to heaven, from humanity to Divinity, and yet speak a most thrilling truth. Much as we may marvel at the thought, it is yet mystically true that no man is absolutely forgotten of God; not one of the vast human family is deserted by Almighty Power; not a solitary sheep of the flock has escaped the watchful eye of the Good Shepherd. Do I not speak with the authority of the Word of God itself when I say to the lowest of men—you are remembered still? Yes, my reader, there is no doubt of it, and if so, how tremendous is the significance of such a suggestion? Tracing us through every one of the mazy paths to which we have wandered in our folly and recklessness, the hand Divine has not lost its hold, the heart of love Supreme has not ceased to regard us with pity and longing! I think that if men could be brought to look at this fact with solemn earnestness, it would lift many a one out of the mire of gross worldliness, and send a pure ray of spiritual light into their dark souls.

Remembered still. Oh! poor pariah of the great city, the world has long since forgotten you, cast you aside as a useless encumbrance, a stain upon its benevolence, but God has not ceased to think about you, or care for you; you are still before His omnipresent majesty; still within the grasp of His all-reaching mercy! The earth may have closed all its avenues of comfort, but you can yet discern a rift in the heavens above, through which a streak of pity and love comes to visit you in your gloomy sadness. We have a warrant for it that God has not forgotten the vilest of mankind, for while life lasts a door of return stands open! Strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence; and sometimes we see instances of marvellous interpositions in favour of wretched outcasts whom God has plucked as brands from the fire; who will assuredly wear a crown yonder in place of the rags and poverty of their lot on earth!

Remembered, O remembered still! Even in the sadness and the grim terrors of the night, we are not left desolate; bright visions come to cheer the spirit; and even midst the discordant noises of the world's harsh clamour, we may detect strains so sweet that they might have come from the better land. Let us then cherish these aspirations which well up from our nobler instincts; let us fan the feeble spark of heavenly desire till it become a flame of devotion within us. Let us bear ever before our minds the goodness of Him who heeds the least as well as the greatest, keeping the thought alive that His strong hand, which has led us hitherto, will not desert us in our direst trouble or sorrow. O to remember still the claims of eternity even when harassed by the demands of Time;

not forgetting that there is in the dim future a land which to possess is worth more than all the tinsel and glory of earth ; a land in which we cannot dwell unless our souls are fitted to enjoy its purity and holiness ! Remember that this is *not* our rest ; only a passing and a brief interlude in the great march of unending ages of existence ; and study so to breathe the tainted atmosphere of our mortal life, that the sinless world of the future may be entered with joy and courage. May we be able to remember there and then that all these light afflictions which, as the apostle nobly says, " were but for a moment," and have brought to us a " far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ! "

E. J. S. C.

FRIZ'S SHADOW CHASE AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

I WAS sitting in the quiet eventide in mid-winter fronting the fire, while truant thoughts like fairy ghosts kept flitting before my mental vision, eluding every attempt at seizure and mocking every command to be still : pitching the whole brain machinery into a state of semi-bewilderment, and the furniture of the mind all " topsy-turvy." The fire-light flung shadows of many shapes and sizes on the walls, whose restless motions caught the eye, and excited the playfulness of my comical Welsh kitten, and sent her with swish of tail and flash of eye leaping and springing around the room, first to this side, then to the other, &c., doing her nimblest and best to catch the imaginary enemy, that she might have a feast before supper-time. At length young Friz found, to her dismay and disgust, that she had been chasing dancing shadows, and not real mice : spending her strength for that which was not food. Cooled down with the fruitless endeavour, Velvet-paws put away her prickles, sauntered back matronly-like to the warmth and welcome of the cheery fire, and soon rounded herself in snug and comfortable repose on the hassock staring at the grate—having had *fun* if not *game* ! Puss's manœuvres scared all the fairy sprites away, and when the mental confusion righted itself into " apple-pie order," a tribe of varied suggestions, treading one upon the heels of another, came stalking in from Friz's shadow-chase, offering themselves for active service. I passed them by in review, cursorily examining each, giving the nod of acceptance to the most striking and practical, and the shake of rejection to the residue.

SUGGESTION No. I

was a man having just passed his fortieth milestone on life's highway : countenance pale as the sheet of " cream-laid " on which I

write : wan and worn with the conflict of hope and disappointment : eyes sunken deep in their sockets, the lustre of youth-hood's ruddy and brilliant fire being quenched ; with nerves unstrung and tensionless as the cat-gut strings of a superannuated fiddle. The thatch upon his over-wrought brain was prematurely turned from black of ebony to silver white ; and the towering brow—the temple-dome of thought—deep-rutted with anxiety's hard usage.

His history with bated breath he stammered out. Ere he had passed out of his " teens " he was seized by a delirium of ambitious desires, which despite the cost and the hazard he was determined to fulfil. High up on the glacier summit of Alpine difficulty and idealistic eminence, he saw the glittering spires of Fame's mystic Palace, with banners of won-honours floating from its windows in the breeze ; and heard in the hush of mental reverie the martial music of crowned hopes and rosetted ambition ! Nay, he saw himself a master-climber of the slippery ascent, embowered amid the fruits and flowers of this fairy paradise, enwreathed, rosetted, and diploma'd with Fame's superior honours. But he wot not of the terrible toil of cutting notches for firm foothold in the hard and numbing ice, up the steep to the apex : he dreamed not of the slips and slides, the " Ups and Downs " of scaling glacier heights, and the risks of un-mentionable dimensions ambitious climbers run. But what forethought had not done eastern experience made him prove : what reverie could not see, blinded by the dazzle of the down flashing palace glory, practical encounter speedily discovered. So that awaking from delirium's baseless dreams, he found himself wasting bone and brain, flesh and faith, life and manhood, time and opportunity in that which profiteth not ; puss-like in pursuit of flitting shadows which cheat the grasp and mock the effort ; while through the tears of his vexation and anguish he read the handwriting of a mystic finger on the twenty years of his ambitious chase and the skeleton remains of a withered and wasted physique—" what a shadow thou art, and what shadows thou hast pursued ! " Learn then, kind readers, that *Ambition*, worldly in all its threads, is of such " stuff as dreams are made of : " and that earthly fame and human honours are at best but shadows fleeting and vain ! Upon the life devoted to their attainment, even be they realized, must be written in bold capitals—*Vanitas Vanitatum* : " all is vanity ! "

SUGGESTION No. II

was one of the fair sex : with form slender and shadowy, over whom had swept a tithe more than a quarter of a century of years. The sparkle of merry girlhood had left the hazel eye : the colour had gone from the ruby lip : and the hectic flush on the pallid cheek bespoke the deadly work consumption was secretly doing. A

glance at the thin, white, dainty hand told me that the rub of work it ne'er had known; that to the touch of tapering fingers music had witchingly flowed forth, when not in fancy handicraft of wool or water-colours, of silk or cotton, of pen or pencil engaged. Her history is briefly told:—Fortune had fixed her entrance into the world through the golden gateway of affluence: rocked her in the cradle of roses: lapped her in luxury: robed her in finery: educated her in indulgence and indolent ease: made her a devotee of fashion and an inebriate of fiction, until by worshipping the one, and swallowing the other she was brought close upon the confines of a decorated simpleton! Before, and early after reaching her "teens" there were buddings of good common sense, and out-gleamings of strong and fertile intellect; but feeding so inordinately on novels nipped the former and dulled the latter, and toned her down with advancing years to a fictitious, sentimental, loquacious, useless piece of womanhood—squeezed by fashion and vanity out of shape, into early and incurable decline—fit neither for wife nor mother, ornament nor use, which stood out in "letters patent" to the sensible and worthy of the "masculine gender."

Ten years with noiseless footfalls had hurried by, since she stood in sobbing grief beside the death-locked remains of her widowed mother, and realized for the first time the loneliness and sorrows of orphanhood. And now, by sudden blast of misfortune—the unexpected collapse of the bank in which her material ALL is treasured—the stay and staple support of her life and living are gone beyond recovery. Grief feeds the already rooted disease, and cankering care with frenzied anxiety adds fuel to the consumptive fire. Parentless and penniless she is flung upon the cold charity of the world, and seeks at the parish officer's hand the paltry pittance doled out to grinding poverty. Now for the first time she awakes to truest consciousness, and sees what a bubble-life she has been living. Fashion rises before her gaze as the veriest folly, and fiction as the emptiest husks on which the human mind can feed. Memories of by-gone days of self-ease and luxury, gaiety and pleasure sweep the vision of the soul; while trooping on them in battalion-form are remembrances of the poor unrelieved, the afflicted unvisited, the young in Sunday Schools unthought-of, the Bible and duty, God and the soul, time and eternity unvalued, neglected, despised! The Alpha and Omega of her life have been *fashion* and *fiction*: and now with gaunt poverty gnawing, disease devouring, and eternity breaking on her vision, the out-look is dark, stormy, alarming, terrible! Fashion can do nothing for her: Fiction is helpless and unavailing: she is thrown on herself without any resources, and afraid to die because God is unreconciled. I speak the word, which never fails

to lift the cloud and hush the tempest raging when seized by the grip of faith; and as the spark flickers in the socket, she links the jewelled fingers of her faith in the finished work of Him who died and rose again: and with her feet touching the cold death-waters faintly she pronounced *Vanitas Vanitatum* on her Past, but immortal felicity on her Future!

Sisters! write it upon the palms of your hands, engrave it on the tablet of your hearts, that *FASHION* is a cruel goddess, and *FICTION* a bewitching and ruinous delusion, which will make your existence (puss-like) a Shadow-chase, and bring you to remorse, self-vituperation, and unhappy memories! Live not for Show! Self! Sense! for around such a life will coil the scorpion of a terrific dissatisfaction, creating a very hell in time! Live for the Real! the Pure! the Beautiful! live in *deeds* that shall ripen into golden sheaves for "your reaping by and by;"—feed on the words of Truth, and lean on the arm of God, so shall yours be the highest style of womanhood, and a heaven not in dream but grand reality.

SUGGESTION No. III

was a prim piece of *Episcopal Orthodoxy*—whose life-year had glided on to mellow October—the russet of autumn-sere and the shortening days of that season of wither and decay being prominently visible. His veneration "bump" had been so highly cultivated that it had flowered into superstition, while Charity had developed, under the illusion that works were meritorious, into an itinerant Brother of Mercy, a walking Pharisee doing his alms with an ostentatious flourish of trumpets and brag of words. Punctilious attention to ceremony became at length "second nature:" and at last by an occult process of evolution *Formalism* became a god! The prayer-book and church, the altar and choir, the vestments and crucifix, &c., &c., became invested by superstition with a sacredness and reverence lawful only to the Supreme! The altar candles, though no more sacred than the common dip in the collier's hat, or the blinking rush-light in the invalid's room, had been revered for their hallowed radiance, and undoubtedly valued more than the unsymbolled but inward shining of the reconciled countenance. Mechanical chanting had supplanted heart-melody: bowing at the Christ-name when mentioned, and towards the sun-rise, as if more holy than towards the sunset:—and a chatter of words stereotyped and fixed for "times and seasons," ordinary and particular days—the musty prayers of old-time worthies whose dust the grey-headed ages long ago gave to the worms—served for devotional exercises; in short, Form was magnified above Faith; Works above a Life; a Place above a Presence; an elaborate service above the sacrifice of a "broken and contrite heart;" an artificial round of gorgeous

ceremony above the humble, simple, genuine worship of a "band of men whose hearts God had touched." Mid-week this Orthodox Formalist could dance or get drunk, over-reach or cheat, curse or quarrel, back-bite or oppress, run with the hounds or be jolly in the theatre, anathematise the dissenter or condemn the poor! for a few reiterations of—"Have mercy upon us miserable sinners," with the observance of the whole Sunday ceremonialism—would obliterate the week's follies and sins!! Horrible and fatal delusion! So my friend No. 3 ultimately proved. Returning from a tour of "good works" one evening—it being an extra dose of good doing for an overdose of the opposite—having in stock just then a surplus of "charity," he condescended to join company on the way with a homely old Christián, whose reputation as such was beyond the breath of scandal or the tarnish of suspicion. A conversation sprung up between them on the "weightier matters of the law:" and a tough time they had of it on the grand old theme in the third chapter of John's Gospel, which puzzled a Hebrew Doctor, and from that evening, until interpreted by the canon of experience, troubled this Orthodox Formalist. While old John Faithful admitted that "doing good" in the shape of charitable gifts to the needy and afflicted was in appearance Christian, yet, he insisted that such "good doing" might *only* be a semblance of the true, nay, even a mockery and a sham where the motive was simply to "appear unto men" to be benevolent and good. Old John went to the roots of actions, and declared rightness of heart to be essential to righteousness of works; and that however numerous or righteous might be the "works," they were all devoid of merit, and would leave us at the end but "unprofitable servants." He emphasised the fact that human nature was rotten at the core, warped in the grain, depraved in every threadlet of its texture, which no amount of white-washing by "good works," or patching by formalism, or physicing by superstitious adoration of the church and its appendages could ever purify or renew! The absolute cure was prescribed by Physician Jesus—"Marvel not. . . . ye must be born again." This, Sir, said old John, is the only passport into the Church on earth, and the only certificate that will give us an admission into "the Church of the first-born" in heaven. They had reached the cross-way where parting was a necessity: John Faithful sauntered thoughtfully towards his humble cottage, glad that he had had moral courage thus to speak to the Squire; and the Squire went slowly to his mansion in the firm grip of the old man's words, trying to loose himself from their grasp, but unable. "Born again"—"Ye *must* be born again"—the "Master's cure"—not Church going, not charity gifts, not forms and cere-

monies, but "*Born again!*" Such were the broken sentences he muttered to himself as he went. The conversation had made such impressions on his conscience and heart, and some of the weighty words had rooted themselves so deeply in his memory, that neither the one nor the other could he rid himself of. Smitten as by a thunderbolt, or quivered as by the tramp of an earthquake his fabric of Formalism began to fall: while his imaginary fortress of meritorious works tottered too in the throes of certain demolition. He retired to rest at his usual hour, but sleep refused her soothing balm. In the deep places of his awakened soul sounded the words old John had quoted, "Ye must be born again." Visions of the past in panoramic order and vividness passed before his eye: he saw with terrible realness he had been deluding himself with religious fancies and whims, man-taught notions and empty ceremonies; that he had been chasing mocking shadows, leaving unsought and unprized the great realities; that he had been trusting to hollow forms and a superstitious delusion; and that had he been hurried into eternity with such a false hope, he would have had no light to illumine nor "staff" to lean on in the "Valley:" no certificate of admission to the King's Palace. Troubled, yet thankful that light had dawned upon his folly and ignorance ere the sun of life had set in death, he arose; and after a quiet perusal of the 3rd chapter of John, and the offering up of a short but sincere prayer without help of prayer book for the first time, he hastened off to seek another interview with good John Faithful. The day was not worn much when he returned home a new man—changed in mind, manner, spirit, life—no longer a rigid orthodox Formalist, but a "new creature in Christ Jesus," having done with unsatisfying and unsaving shadows, in possession of an enduring and invaluable substance—Vital Christianity.

My readers, don't forget that there may be a going to Church or to Chapel without a going to Christ! A name to live and yet be dead! An orthodox creed and Form with a heterodox life! A saying of prayers from a book without a praying of prayers from the heart! "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

SUGGESTION No. IV

was a semi-religious worldling, or rather the emaciated remnant of such, the bulk of him being wasted away by disease consequent on over-work and cruel haste to get rich. A few years ago he was as blooming a piece of "flesh and blood" as a blue-eyed damsel could sight: stalwart and strong, athletic and handsome, symmetrical in proportions and noble in development. With cheeks rosy as the flush of morning, voice musical and clear as a thrush, and auburn locks tumbling over the thought-clad brow in bushy beauty, and

floating from behind in the truant breezes. Strength at his bidding came from brawny muscles and toughened sinews in proportion to the demand. Agility of limb and activity of brain made work fly at his touch, and difficulties vanish before his schemes; and both together played the part of the philosopher's stone in turning push and plans to gold. Life was a drive with scarcely a day's relaxation from year-in to year-out; and business assumed such gigantic dimensions—branching out into so many channels—that it grew to an exacting serf-dom, running the day into the far night-hours, and the six days on to a broad margin of the seventh holy day! Care multiplied with cash, and worry with wealth. The expenditure of brain-force and nerve energy at length became commensurate with the extending ratio of the prosperity, which made observable inroads on the physical strength—blanching the cheeks, rutting the brow, snowing the hair, reducing the stamina and weight, staggering activity, and nursing incipient disease. No man however herculean can long stand the friction of perpetual excitement, nor the wear and tear of an unresting life. The wheels must halt in their revolutions to be oiled, or they will revolve themselves to a sudden smash. In the music of every life there must be the rest-bars: in the week of every toiler there must figure prominently the Sabbath of relaxation: in the round year of every existence there must be nature's pause-period—recruiting season—the winter-tide, or there will be no spring buds, nor summer blossoms, nor autumn fruits! but wide-spread decay and death.

This prospering madman kept at it in defiance of warning voices and threatening omens, at it until the candle of his being became alight at both ends, and pierced through the centre with a red-hot iron. Health spread her fair wings and flew away: disease worked with the unpausing celerity of its hapless victim: and being a wreck on the world's shore, laid aside to die, though only just got on the brow of the slope the shady side of life, he starts up to a terrific realization of his folly, and the imminence of his peril, and the nearness of the Great Beyond. He had worn for some years the cloak of a religious professor, which had neither adorned him nor the church of his choice. It was moth-eaten with moral sloth, and spotted like a leopard's skin with the world. It published in the novel type of wrinkles and creases that it seldom saw the light or knew the author's use, being folded carefully and laid aside securely in a mystic "chest-of-drawers" the majority of the months in the year!

It would be slipped on on some "red-lettered" day, such as laying the memorial stone of a new church, or the celebration of an important society's anniversary, or some distinguished Sabbath

in the calendar of his own church! But keen observers soon began to detect the holes eaten through by the above-named insect, and to talk loudly and sneeringly of its disfiguring spottedness.

Intoxicated with the desire to be rich, he neglected soul concerns. Infatuated with the gains of prosperity he lightly esteemed the gain of godliness. Self and business, aggrandisement and the world were first: God and the soul, the church and eternity last. But now had come the time when "the first became last, and the last first;" when on the pivot of affliction turned the whole aspect of things:—when what seemed trifles were seen to be the vastest realities and the truest riches, and what seemed of the highest worth and the weightiest moment appeared but shadows and gilded air-bubbles! From the border-land of eternity, as he stands wrapped in its shadows, with the dash of the rolling death-river sounding in his ears, he reviews the resurrected Past. He notes with heart-break sigh the turning in the life-lane where first he went astray: the moment and the circumstance when the flame of "*First Love*" dimmed, and the Saviour and the saved grew less attractive to him: when the world insidiously stole marches on him, until charmed by its glitter and fettered by its gains, he gave himself up to the materialising mania of amassing wealth and hoarding possessions—a "worshipper at Mammon's shrine"—so that now he sees he had long set a higher value on gold than he had on God, and had spent his best energies in the accumulation of *that* which was slipping from his grasp, which could afford him neither comfort nor satisfaction. Rich, yet, horribly poor! having treasures on earth, but treasureless as to heaven. "Of what avail *now*," he asks, "all my toil, care, push, haste to get rich? These riches cannot compensate for the spiritual losses I have sustained: they cannot quiet my remorse, silence my conscience, obliterate the dread memory of slighted privileges, neglected means of grace, misimproved and desecrated Sabbaths, an unpriized Bible, and an unloved Saviour. Oh, what a mistake, an irrevocable mistake my life has been! What a chase after shadows, what a hunt after that which mocks the hunger of my soul, and unsatisfies the cravings of my immortal nature! Would I had been laying up treasures in heaven! Alas! here I am, trembling on the margin of the grave, rich, and increased in goods, and standing in need of nothing temporally; but a *bankrupt* in soul, penniless spiritually, wanting everything!

"Regrets are vain: to the 'Cross' I long have slighted I turn my longing gaze, hoping to find mercy—sorry to give only the dregs of a worn-out life to Him who has given Himself for me—praying I may be saved though only by the skin of my teeth!"

So at last he made a deposit of faith in the bank of Heaven, thereby securing a seat among the glorified when no longer a denizen of earth, but unable to amass anything like glorious moral capital there, time being so short. Saved, but scarcely: ensured a crown, but without a jewel: won a heaven, but destitute of sheaves to present to the "Lord of the Harvest," when angels shall shout "The Harvest Home!" Reader, suspect the first encroachments of business on God's time. When the world keeps you from duty, or the sanctuary, Beware! the fate of this semi-religious worldling is in embryo with you. Trust not the world, it is treacherous, materializing, damning! It will sell your soul: barter your heaven: curse your eternity! "If riches increase set not your heart upon them," for "they profit not in the day of wrath;" "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

HOW TO WIN SOULS.

A VERY distinguished theological Professor lately remarked: "If I should return to the pastoral charge of a church, there are two things which I should do. I would spend no time on the rhetoric of my sermon; I should saturate my mind with Bible truth, and then deliver that truth in the simplest idiomatic English words that I could find. The second thing would be direct *personal* effort for souls, and more personal conversation with the unconverted."

Well and wisely spoken. The Apostles delivered the Gospel message to multitudes; yet the most suggestive, fruitful, and successful work recorded of them in the book of The Acts is their close personal work with individuals.

That wonderful book is not a history so much as it is a collection of biographies and personal incidents. What Peter and John did for a poor cripple at the gate Beautiful; how Stephen was martyred; how Saul was converted, and what good brother Ananias did for him when he went to talk and pray with the new-fledged convert; how Peter led Cornelius into the day-light, and how Philip instructed the Ethiopian treasurer with a "Bible-reading," and how Paul dealt with an anxious inquirer in the dungeon of Philippi—these personal narratives, and others like them, make up the body of the Apostolic record. It is a record of labour *by* individuals and *for* individuals. I have no doubt that one great reason for giving to the world such a book as "The Acts" was to teach Christians how to save sinners.

Soul-winning is an employment glorious enough for Gabriel.

But it is winning *a soul*, and not the mere offer of salvation to an indiscriminate multitude. Mr. Moody is so convinced of this that he regards his personal conversation with A, B, and C, in the inquiry room, as even a more vital work than the proclamation of the truth to a multitude. Miss Sarah Smiley said to me lately: "There is a great delusion about what is called *reaching the masses*. People cannot be saved in the mass; they must be reached and saved one by one. I can do more good by private interviews with inquiring souls, or by teaching a few in a parlour, than I can by addressing a miscellaneous multitude." The opinion of such skilful labourers is of great weight. It is a going back to the methods of the Apostles.

The difference between mass work and individual work is just the difference between shaking an apple-tree and leaving the fruit lying on the ground, bruised and battered, and picking off the apples by hand and putting them into a basket. The shaking process makes a great noise; it brings a temporary credit and *eclat* to the man who does the shaking. But it does not gather the "fruits of the Spirit," in the shape of intelligently-converted men and women, into the Church of Jesus Christ. Men may go down to hell by regiments; but they have got to be led to the cross and led into the kingdom of Immanuel one by one.

It is time that all Pastors and Evangelists and Sunday-school teachers were convinced that *one soul is a great audience*, and that to lead a single sinner to life eternal is an indescribably blessed achievement for the glory of our Lord. This personal process costs time, and it costs patience, and it costs trouble, and some inconvenience, to ourselves. It requires, also, strong faith, and in some cases a good degree of moral courage, to go and labour faithfully and lovingly with an unconverted person. Vastly easier and cheaper is it to rise and deliver a fluent exhortation in a crowded meeting; yet the exhortation which means everybody may move nobody into the pathway to endless life.

There is a goodly woman in my church who has more than once seen all her Sunday-school class converted to Christ. She did not rely on addressing them *as a class*. She talked tenderly with each one, and visited each individual for close conversation and prayer. God blesses such painstaking fidelity. Jesus Christ Himself set a beautiful example to us all when He laid out His Divine strength and love on such a seeker as Nicodemus, and such a sinner as the woman at the well.

Let us go and pray with sinners apart, and our Master will help us to win them to Himself.—*T. L. Cuyler, in the Christian at Work.*

TALKS ON TEMPERANCE.

NO. IV.—THE WEAPONS OF OUR WARFARE.

MOST people admit the fact that we have a great deal of drunkenness in our land, and they deplore its existence and extent. But when such an admission is made we are bound to go further; for if the evil is here we are under obligation to adopt means for its entire removal. Christian people are not in any way to support a bad system or even to grant it toleration; and the sacred religion which they profess binds them to deal with such a curse as intemperance. That man is strangely blind who cannot see in the drunken state of the people that which demands his serious thought and attention. First in the field and fiercest in the fight against the evil should be the church of Christ. However popular and prevalent the habit of drinking may be, Christians should lift up their voices in earnest protest and strong condemnation, nothing should silence them; but armed with Divine strength they should go forth to assail and overthrow this monster iniquity.

It will not do for Christians to say, "We cannot overcome this evil." If Christians cannot, who can, and where shall we look for deliverance? Does the world possess means for assailing evil of which the church is destitute? or can the ungodly win victories over vice and wrong, before which the saints of God stand helpless? Either the church is able to destroy intemperance or she is not; if able, then woe to the church if she fail in her duty; but if unable, then we must confess that there is a great curse for which Christianity has no remedy. This we do not admit, and we look to the Church, as we have a right to do, for help in this matter. If we did but gaze upon our suffering country, and behold the miseries and curses engendered by intemperance, and think of the magnitude of this God-dishonoring and man-destroying system, surely with impassioned, inflamed soul every Christian would hasten to help the temperance crusade.

In attempting the removal of intemperance we not only attempt that which is desirable, but that which is possible; and good men should ever endeavour, with Divine help, to make actual the blessings which are possible. The fact that there are towns and districts free from drunkenness proclaims the possibility of having our country free and sober. Even England may yet be wise enough to cast away for ever the cup of death and woe. But earnest, untiring efforts are necessary. As our great Dramatist says

"Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliances are relieved."

We must ascertain what means will be effectual to accomplish our end, and then we must be brave and true enough to adopt them.

Now, drunkenness being an effect flowing from certain causes which were indicated in a previous paper, it is most evident that if the effect, which we all deplore, is to cease, the causes must be removed; for while the causes remain the effect will and must follow. The existence of the cause *necessitates* the existence of the effect, and it is beyond human power to make it otherwise. We must, therefore, deal with causes, and in no other way can we achieve success. Being clear in relation to this we shall understand the philosophy of temperance, and shall be equipped with the weapons which alone will win victory.

First, then,—Drunkenness being occasioned by drinks possessing an intoxicating nature, abstinence from them is the common-sense course if we desire to remove intemperance. If a child which has been burnt by the fire, desires, in the future, to escape the pain of burning it must avoid the fire; for as often as it touches the fire it will be burned. And as the use of certain liquors by a community is evermore followed by more or less drunkenness, there must be abstinence from that which intoxicates, if we are to be free from the terrible curse. So long as men drink we shall have the effects of drinking; nor can it be otherwise while man and the drinks are unchanged in their nature. Now, in relation to total abstinence one or two questions must be answered before we may plead for its adoption. Is abstinence necessary? We think that the magnitude of the evil and the failure of other things to remedy it proclaims its necessity. Is it practicable? is it possible to abstain and enjoy health and strength? Well, experience has fully proved that abstinence is practicable and beneficial to every class and order of people. The smith sweltering at the forge, the ploughman in his furrow, the sailor on the stormy deep, the soldier on the battle field derive advantage from abstinence; and men of every position and of every clime find it both possible and profitable. And at last our scientists, finding themselves unable to destroy facts, have come over on the side of facts and now speak out in clarion tones that teetotalism is scientifically right and true. Is abstinence in harmony with scripture? Too many have thought it is not; they love to think of the marriage of Cana and of the case of poor Timothy: but he is a poor reader of the New Testament and is blind to the genius and spirit of Christianity, who fails to see that it is lawful, it is Christlike, to do well. The form of the well doing must be determined by the circumstances of the age in which we live. Abstinence is in harmony with the spirit of Him who pleased not Himself; and conscience will smite no man who abstains for the

sake of his church and country. If therefore, we are sincerely desirous of extirpating the curse of drunkenness, we must abstain ourselves and induce others to abstain. No other course will be effectual.

Second.—Inasmuch as custom and fashion have done much to develop and perpetuate intemperance, they must be changed. It has been fashionable to drink ; it must be made unfashionable to do so. A sense of duty must so fill the souls of good men with moral courage as shall lift them above the slavery of bad customs and fashions. When abstainers are blessed with worldly prosperity, when raised into positions of honour, let them dare to be brave and even singular. When in Rome don't do as the Romans do ; but do what is right, whether in Rome or elsewhere. Across the Atlantic we find that the President of the United States and his wife have set a splendid example in banishing all intoxicating liquors from their receptions and festive gatherings however brilliant and distinguished the company. The old custom of drinking has kept us drunken ; let us make new and better customs—let us make them beneficial and not baneful as now.

Third.—Ignorance concerning the nature and effects of intoxicating liquors has caused men freely to use them, hence, the truth must be taught. So long as people continue to believe in beer as being liquid bread, in wine as being the very support of life, in spirits as magic medicines, so long will they refuse to give up the use of them. Vast numbers are still woefully ignorant as to the nature and effects of intoxicants. The liquor traffic is a great cheat. Men have been spending their money for that which is not bread : expecting a fish, they have received a scorpion. The nation has been gulled and deceived about this drinking business. Men must be enlightened ; the truth must be taught ; the swindle must be exposed. John Bull must have his eyes opened to see how terribly he has been cheated, and then we shall have John buttoning up his pocket and declaring he will spend no more on such humbug. Let us remember that a movement founded in truth will succeed if its adherents are earnest and enthusiastic. Men have been ignorantly using these liquors thinking that they contained a blessing : it must be shown that the blessing is in leaving them alone.

Fourth.—Public houses are licensed temptations and traps to make the people drunk ; these must be removed. Increase public-houses and gin-palaces, and the increased facilities will be followed by augmented intemperance ; remove them and you will remove the curse. Many a man has tried to be sober—aye, has wished that the “cursed stuff” were a guinea a pint, but has been unable to

withstand the shameful temptations which abound. The salvation of tens of thousands lies either in taking the drink away from them, or in taking them from the drink. Which is the wiser course? But could we save all the men and women who are the drunkards of to-day, shall we allow the temptations to exist to make as many more in coming days? The law licenses men to sell; it must forbid them to sell. The privilege granted to the publican must be taken away, for the public good demands it. Legislative enactment is necessary to secure that for which the public mind has been prepared by moral suasion. Wales is fully ready for Sunday closing, and the vast majority of English people ask for such a boon; but we cannot secure that for which the people are anxious without the law being changed; and wherever a community is sufficiently enlightened and moral, so as to be earnestly desirous of removing those licensed temptations which make the people drunken, they should possess the legal power to obtain this right and blessing: in other words—the principle of Sir W. Lawson's Permissive Bill is just and equitable. A strong public opinion may be created in favour of removing the curse of drunkenness, but that opinion will be practically worthless unless it be crystallized into action, removing the liquor traffic, which may be called the Government drunkard-making establishment. If the facilities for drinking be allowed to remain—if at every corner, and along every street where the poor live, we have the glare and glitter of public-house and gin-palace—if grocers and confectioners continue to place themselves side by side with the pot-house keeper, then intemperance will sweep o'er the land like a desolating flood. The sale of that which maddens the people must be prohibited if the people are to be saved; for while that which makes drunkards exists we shall be sure to have them in sad abundance.

The intemperance in our midst is a removable evil, hence we are under obligation to sweep it away. Drunkenness arises from causes which are clearly ascertainable; we know, therefore, how we may accomplish our purpose: let us destroy the causes and the direful and ruinous effects will cease. The redemption of our land from the great drink-curse is a matter worthy the earnest and immediate efforts of all Christians. Let us arm ourselves for the great work, and with uplifted banner press bravely forward, for while we halt thousands perish.

J. LUKE.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY TO THE GRACE OF GOD.*

MR. HASLAM, in describing this volume, says it is not so much a history of his own life, as of the Lord's dealings with him. It is not as biographies generally are, an account of life on to death; but rather the other way—a narrative of transition from death into life. Altogether it is a remarkable book. Its literary merit is of a high order; the skill of narration displayed in the striking incidents with which the pages abound could, we imagine, be scarcely exceeded. The numerous cases of conversion recounted, with their life-like variety, and which are given as typical instances of multitudes witnessed during many years of an unusually fruitful ministry, must prove most gratifying and instructive to every Christian evangelist who acquaints himself with them. For a certain class of readers the volume will have an interest purely as a psychological study, since it details a number of startling dreams given to different classes of persons, and "the interpretation thereof" in the light of subsequent event and experience, together with instances of the pre-intimations of "wise" persons and their coincidence with what afterwards happened—phenomena which the author records as he observed them, without attempting in all cases to account for them, he wisely preferring to allow the reader for whom these phases of experience have an attraction, to frame his own theory as to their cause. As a narrative of the fervour and zeal of a young high church clergyman, in whom there was much to admire, and who with such light as he had, went about to establish his own righteousness, and of the way in which God quickened him by the Holy Spirit, and raised him into a new and spiritual life, and employed him as an instrument in the awakening and conversion of hundreds, the book will be instructive and stimulating to all Christian people who peruse it. It is a great contribution to the cause of evangelical truth as opposed to sacramental teaching, and priestly assumption. Nonconformist ministers, and adherents to the main lines of the theology of our reformers generally, will find in it much material to hand that may be made to do excellent service in their cause. On the other hand, observers outside the pale of the establishment who are apt to speak disparagingly of the the zealous and proselyting labours and daily church services of Anglican clergymen, will learn to think twice before they pronounce upon them words of unmitigated condemnation, since they will see, as in this particular instance, that such doings are

* "From Death into Life; or, Twenty Years of my Ministry." By Rev. W. HASLAM. Morgan and Scott. (Price 5s.)

often of a very self-denying and arduous nature, and are sincerely maintained according to the light given; and, moreover, they will not fail to note that these "labours more abundant," though in a very solemn sense radically wrong, mischievous and misleading, are nevertheless a rebuke to many Nonconformists—both ministerial and lay—who are only too frequently content to be right in theory and indolent in practice.

As a tribute to the saving grace of God, the volume is of surpassing interest; and will be likely to take its place among the class of monumental books to which Augustine's Confessions and Bunyan's Grace Abounding belong, and with which the church of Christ is being enriched from time to time.

In attempting to give a selection from the rich narrative of Mr. Haslam's pen, every page of which is characterized by movement and life, we will hear what he says about his condition as a zealous, though unconverted clergyman, in the early days of his work at Baldhu, which was his second sphere of labour, and the place where a beautiful church had been built and endowed, with vicarage, and grounds, all according to his plans, and cultivated taste. He says, concerning

THE TIMES OF THIS IGNORANCE,

"The more earnestly I wrought among the people, and the better I knew them, the more I saw that mere attachment to the church, and punctual attendance at the services or frequency of Communion, was not sufficient. I wanted something deeper. I wanted to reach their hearts in order to do them good. . . I, also, was beginning to see that I ought to care for the souls of my people—at least, as much as I did for the services of the Church. As a priest, I had the power (so I thought) to give them absolution; and yet none, alas! availed themselves of the opportunity. How could they have forgiveness if they did not come to me? This absolution I believed to be needful before coming to Holy Communion, and that it was, indeed, the true preparation for that sacred ordinance. I used to speak privately to the members of the Church Guild about this, and persuaded some of them to come to me for confession and absolution; but I was restless, and felt that I was doing good by stealth. Besides this, those whom I thus absolved were not satisfied, for they said they could not rejoice in the forgiveness of their sins as the Methodists did, or say that they were pardoned. . . I used to spend hours and hours in my church alone in meditation and prayer; and, while thinking, employed my hands in writing texts over the windows and on the walls, and in painting ornamental borders above the arches. . . . My thoughts dwelt very much on forgiveness and salvation, but I preached that these were to be had in and by the Church, which was as the Ark in which Noah was saved. Baptism was the door of this Ark, and Holy Communion the token of abiding in it; and all who were not inside were lost. What would become of those outside the church was a matter which greatly perplexed me. I could not dare to say that they would be lost for ever; but where could they be now? and what would become of them hereafter. I longed to save John Bunyan; but he was such a determined schismatic that it was impossible to make out a hope for him! Sometimes I was cheered by the thought that he had been duly baptized in infancy, and that his

after-life was one of ignorance; but this opened the door too wide, and made my theory of salvation by the church a very vague and uncertain thing. So deeply was the thought engrained on my mind that one day I baptized myself conditionally in the church, for fear that I had not been properly baptized in infancy, and consequently should be lost hereafter. I had no idea that I was lost now; far from that, I thought I was as safe as the Church herself. . . .

"I had many conversations with the earnest people in my parish, but they were evidently resting, not where I was, but on something I did not know." They talked to me "about their 'conversion.' I often wondered what that was; but, as I did not see much self-denial among these converted ones, and observed that they did not attend God's House nor ever come to the Lord's table, I thought conversion could not be of much consequence, or anything to be desired. I little knew that I was the cause of their remaining away from church, and from the Lord's table. One thoughtful man told me 'Cornish people were too enlightened to go to church! A man must give up religion to go there; only unconverted people and backsliders go to such a place!' Yet this was a prayerful man. What did he mean? . . . I made it a rule to visit every house in my parish once a week, taking from twelve to twenty each day, when I sought to enlighten the people by leaving Church tracts, and even wrote some myself; but they would not do. . . . The thought continually haunted me—What can this 'conversion' be? . . . But as far as I can remember, I wanted the information—not for myself; but because I thought I should then get hold of the secret by which the Wesleyans and others caught and kept their people, or rather my people.

"Soon after, my gardener, a *good Churchman*, . . . fell seriously ill. I sent him at once to the doctor, who pronounced him to be in a miner's consumption, and gave no hope of his recovery. No sooner did he realize his position, and see eternity before him, than all the Church teaching I had given him failed to console or satisfy, and his heart sank within him at the near prospect of death. In his distress of mind, he did not send for me to come and pray with him, but actually sent for a *converted* man, who lived in the next row of cottages. This man, instead of building him up as I had done, went to work in the opposite direction—to break him down; that was, to show my servant that he was a lost sinner, and needed to come to Jesus just as he was, for pardon and salvation. He was brought under deep conviction of sin, and eventually found peace through the precious blood of Jesus. Immediately it spread all over the parish that 'the parson's servant was converted.' The news soon reached me, but, instead of giving joy, brought the most bitter disappointment and sorrow to my heart. . . . The poor man sent for me several times, but I could not make up my mind to go near him. I felt far too much hurt to think that after all I had taught him against schism, he should fall into so great an error. However, he sent again and again, till at last his entreaties prevailed, and I went. Instead of lying on his bed, a dying man, as I expected to find him, he was walking about the room in a most joyful and ecstatic state. 'Oh, dear master!' he exclaimed, 'I am glad you are come! I am so happy! My soul is saved, glory be to God!' 'Come, John,' I said, 'sit down and be quiet, and I will have a talk with you, and tell you what I think.' But John knew my thoughts quite well enough, so he burst out, 'Oh, master! I am sure you do not know about this, or you *would* have told me. I am quite sure you love me, and I love you—that I do! but, dear master, you do not know this—I am praying for the Lord to show it to you.' He looked at me so lovingly, and seemed so truly happy, that it was more than I could stand. Almost involuntarily, I made for the door, and escaped before he could stop me. I went home greatly disturbed in my mind. . . . 'It is no use; these Cornish

people never will be churchmen!' I said. I was as hopeless and miserable as I could be. I felt that my superior teaching and practice had failed, and that the inferior and, as I believed, unscriptural dogmas had prevailed. My favourite and most promising Churchman had fallen, and was happy in his fall; more than that, he was actually praying that I might fall too! I was very jealous for *the Church*, and therefore felt deeply the conversion of my gardener."

HIS OWN CONVERSION.

"I had promised a visit to Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen. Soon after my arrival he asked me how the parish prospered. He said, 'I often take shame to myself when I think of all your work. But, my brother, are you satisfied?' I said, 'No, I am not satisfied. . . . These Cornish people are ingrained schismatics.' I then told him of my gardener's conversion, and my great disappointment. 'Well,' he said, 'if I were taken ill, I certainly would not send for you. I am sure you could not do me any good, for you are not converted yourself.' 'Not converted!' I exclaimed. 'How can you tell?' He said quietly, 'I am sure of it, or you would not have come here to complain of your gardener. If you had been converted, you would have remained at home to rejoice with him. It is very clear you are not converted!' . . . My mind was in a revolution. I do not remember how I got home. . . . On the Sunday, I was so ill that I was quite unfit to take the service. Mr. Aitken had said to me, 'If I were you, I would shut the church, and say to the congregation, "I will not preach again till I am converted. Pray for me!"' But "before I could make up my mind to put off the service, the bells struck out a merry peal. . . . Now the thought came to me that I would go to church and read the morning prayers, and after that dismiss the people. . . . While I was reading the Gospel, I thought, well, I will just say a few words in explanation of this. . . . So I went up into the pulpit and gave out my text. I took it from the Gospel of the day—'What think ye of Christ?' As I went on to explain the passage, I saw that the Pharisees and scribes did not know that Christ was the Son of God, or that He was come to save them. Something was telling me, all the time, 'You are no better than the Pharisees yourself—you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did.' I do not remember all I said, but I felt a wonderful light and joy coming into my soul, and I was beginning to see what the Pharisees did not. Whether it was something in my words, or my manner, or my look, I know not; but all of a sudden a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish manner

'THE PARSON IS CONVERTED,

The parson is converted! Hallelujah!' and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation. Instead of rebuking this extraordinary 'brawling,' as I should have done in a former time, I joined in the outburst of praise; and to make it the more orderly, I gave out the Doxology—'Praise God from whom all blessings flow'—and the people sang it with heart and voice, over and over again." When the 'voice of praise' "subsided, I found at least twenty people crying for mercy. They all professed to find joy and peace in believing. Amongst the number there were three from my own house; and we returned home praising God."

Before the evening service the news had gone far and wide that "the parson was converted," and that in his own pulpit; and by his own sermon; and the church could not hold the crowd of people who flocked to hear and see for themselves. Shortly after when Mr.

Haslam's conversion and the revival that had broken out thereupon had become the topic of general comment, a neighbouring clergyman rode over to see him, and to enquire whether the report was true that he had said that if he had died the week before he should have been lost for ever. "Yes," Mr. Haslam replied, it was true that he had said it; what he had said was true. On hearing this the clerical friend ordered his horse, saying that he would do all he could to oppose Mr. Haslam: and as he rode away he exclaimed, "Haslam,

"GOD STOP THE MAN WHO IS WRONG!"

Mr. Haslam answered "Amen!" and off he trotted. "On the Friday following he broke a blood-vessel in his throat or chest, and has never preached since. His life was in danger for several weeks, though in course of time he recovered, but I have heard that he has never been able to speak above a whisper. God has most undoubtedly stopped him; while He has permitted me to preach for the last nine-and-twenty years, on the average more than six hundred times a year."

From this time, and for three or four years continuously, Mr. Haslam experienced a revival in his parish of the true Cornish stamp. He would be occasionally aided in this work by Mr. Aitken who had been a great help to him in the crisis of his religious life.

MR. AITKEN'S VISITS.

"Oh, what tremendous scenes we witnessed whenever Mr. Aitken came to preach at Baldhu. The church which was built to hold six hundred, used to have as many as fifteen hundred packed into it. Not only were the wide passages crowded, and the chancel filled, but there were two rows of occupants in every pew. The great man was king over their souls, for at times it seemed as if he were endued with power whereby he could make them shout for joy, or howl for misery, or cry aloud for mercy. He was by far the most effective preacher I ever heard, or ever expect to hear. Souls were awakened by scores whenever he preached, and sometimes the meetings continued far into the night, and occasionally even to the daylight of the next morning."

CORNISH REVIVALS.

"Cornish revivals were things by themselves. I have read of such stirring movements occurring occasionally in different places elsewhere, but in Cornwall they were frequent. Every year, in one part or another, a revival would spring up, during which believers were refreshed and sinners awakened. It is sometimes suggested that there is a great deal of the flesh in these things—more of this than of the Spirit. I am sure this is a mistake, for I am quite satisfied that neither Cornish nor any other people could produce revivals without the power of the Spirit, for they would never be without them if they could raise them at pleasure. But, as a fact, it is well known that revivals begin and continue for a time, and that they cease as mysteriously as they began."

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

"'He that believeth not shall be damned. As surely as the believer is saved and goes to heaven, as surely is the unbeliever lost and must go to hell,' said Mr. Haslam one day, in conversation with a friend. 'Do you mean Gehenna, the place of torment?' 'Yes, I do.' 'This is very dreadful.' 'More dreadful

still,' I said, 'must be the solemn reality.' . . . 'Do you believe, then,' said my visitor, 'in the fire of hell? Do you think it is a material fire?' 'I do not know; 'I do not wish to know anything about it. I suppose material fire, like every other material thing, is but a shadow of something real. Is it not a fire which shall burn the soul—a fire that never will be quenched—where the worm will never die?' 'Do you really believe all this?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and I have reason to do so.' He remembered the anguish of soul he passed through when he was under conviction, and the terrible distress he felt for others whom he had misled. 'When our blessed Lord was speaking to the Jews, and warning them against their unbelief and its fearful consequences, He did not allow any *'charitable hopes'* to hinder Him from speaking the whole truth. He told them of Lazarus, who died, and went to paradise, or Abraham's bosom; and of Dives, who died, and went to hell, the place of torment.' (Luke xv.) 'But,' he said, interrupting, 'that is only a parable, or figure of speech.' 'Figure of speech,' I repeated, 'Is it a figure of speech that the rich man fared sumptuously, that he died, that he was buried? Is not that literal? Why, then, is it a figure of speech that he lifted up his eyes in torment, and said, "I am tormented in this flame." My dear friend, be sure that there is an awful reality in that story—a most solemn reality in the fact of the *impassable* gulf.'"

Mr. Haslam devotes a chapter to Billy Bray, in which he gives an independent account of his acquaintance with that renowned Cornishman, substantially the same as that given by Mr. Bourne in "The King's Son," with several additional piquant bits, perfectly in keeping with all we know of Billy. The only extract we have room for is one in which Mr. Haslam records

"BILLY BRAY'S ORIGINAL THEORY

of the bearing of dancing on the resurrection. At a meeting in Baldhu school-room, Billy appeared on the scene, and gave chapter and verse on the subject of 'dancing for joy.' He propounded his theory, that if a man did not praise God, he would not rise in the resurrection; if he only praised God with his mouth, he would rise like those things carved on the tombstones, with swelling cheeks and wings; if he clapped his hands (suited his actions to the words) he would have a pair of hands as well in the resurrection; and if he danced with his feet, he would rise complete. He hoped to rise like that, to sing, to clap his hands, dance and jump too. The worst of jumping in this world, he said, was that he had to come down again, but in heaven he supposed the higher he danced and jumped, the higher he would be."

This view will be new to many of us, and even amusing; but it is worth recording if only for the sake of its originator, whose name has won for itself an imperishable place in the lengthy calendar of Cornish saints.

Mr. Haslam's description of revival work witnessed far and wide for many years are most vivid and inspiring. Accounts are given of a protracted prayer-meeting held in the school-room at Baldhu for three days and three nights right off, and of a service in a neighbouring parish which was continued incessantly by different people night and day until the eighth day after it was begun, of

clergymen breaking down in the reading-desk in the middle of the service and crying out, "Lord, save me!" and of "signs and wonders" that excited the attention of the whole of the western part of the country. Frequently the new work commenced in new districts by God's blessing on Mr. Haslam's labours was driven to the chapels, and bore abundant fruits which the dissenting communities gathered, because of the coldness or hostility of the local clergy. Much opposition was shown in several directions. Many of the clergy were bitterly opposed to his work because it seemed to them that he was only playing into the hands of the Nonconformists, and betraying the interests of the Church of England. Some of the clergy looked upon him as

"KING OF THE BRYANITES;"

and one instance, at least, is given of a rector who, when he announced that he was "converted," was laughed at by his wife and his curate, and asked which of the chapels he would join, and who suggested that *he had better be a Bryanite*; from which it would appear that when a man avowed his conversion, he showed, in their estimation, that he was well fitted to join that community.

One of the greatest trials which attended revivals, as carried on by Mr. Haslam, in the Church of England, was the uncertainty, or even improbability, that the good work would be carried on by resident clergy after he had himself removed. This was, he said,

"THE SAD PART OF WORKING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

The people would say to him, "We have no security as in the chapels, that conversion work will go on, and living souls be fed and encouraged." "Even still," Mr. Haslam says, "there is much discouragement on this head; and too many living souls, who would not willingly go, are driven away from their own church, to seek teaching in other communions; but they cannot take their children and servants to witness priestly ceremonies, or to hear sacramental, as opposed to spiritual teaching; neither can they conscientiously give countenance to these things, by going themselves."

We commend this work to our readers, as a book quite of an unique order, and full of life and interest. We have read it from beginning to end, and have not found a dull or carelessly written page in it. The perusal of it we are sure will be attended with interest, and what is more, may be expected, by the Divine blessing, to fire the hearts of Christian workers of every order with a passion for souls; also to render their views clearer on the vital distinction which exists between evangelical truth and the doctrine of sacramental efficacy; and show them likewise that in these days of the

rehabilitation of Anglican dogmas and priestly pretensions, they have a *testimony* to bear on behalf of the *truth*; aye, and as being coincident with this, a *work*—an individual work—to do on behalf of *men who are perishing*.

J. H. BATT.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MRS. HENRY REED

WAS the daughter of Richard and Jane Geach, and was born at Pawton, in the parish of St. Breock, Cornwall, in the year 1802. Nothing particularly worthy of notice is known of her youthful days beyond the fact that in early life she became the subject of religious impressions, which resulted in decision for Christ, and led to a full consecration of her time and talents to the Master's cause. The reality of her change was manifested by a life of beautiful simplicity, and marked with steady and devoted attachment to Christ and to the high and important duties she was called to perform. Having given her heart to the Saviour, she at once gave her hand to the Church, and became identified with our Society at Whitecross, in the Padstow Circuit. This step incurred the displeasure of some members of her family, and for a time she had to endure something like strong and determined opposition. But encouraged by the loving sympathy of Christian friends, and graciously sustained by that Divine Father who is always specially near to His tried and tempted ones, she maintained her position with unwavering fidelity, and the plant of godliness, rocked in the storm, seemed to take in consequence a deeper root and to yield a lovelier fragrance. Conducting herself with integrity, and striving to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, she soon had the happiness of seeing her opposers won to the Saviour, and those who had tried to hinder her became her truest friends and her best helpers on the road to Zion; so true is it that if our ways please the Lord He will make even our enemies to be at peace with us. Having secured the salvation of her own soul through faith in Christ, she became at once anxious about the salvation of those around her. That most authentic proof of genuine conversion, namely, a desire for others to be made partakers of the same like precious faith, was very soon evinced by Miss Geach. Not only by regular attendance to the duties of the closet,

the reading of the Bible, and the ordinances of God's house; but, constrained by the love of Jesus, she sought, in company with Mrs. Blake, who afterwards became Mrs. W. Courtice, to win her fellow creatures to the Saviour by going forth publicly to warn them to flee from the wrath to come, and to implore them to be reconciled to God. The biographer of Mrs. Courtice says: "In this service they often experienced great delight, and were instrumental in accomplishing much good. Tired and weary they often were, but very happy in God, and when returning from their appointments they would frequently shout aloud the praises of the Lord." Being devotedly attached to the Denomination of her choice, and seeking by all the means at her command to obtain the knowledge which cometh from above, she continued to make proficiency in the Divine life, and to become more and more a pillar of strength to the church with which she was identified. By her fervent zeal for the salvation of souls, and her consistent deportment in dress, in conversation, and in all the concerns of life, she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and all with whom she came in contact saw she had been with Jesus and learnt of Him.

In the month of September, 1839, she became united in marriage with Mr. Henry Reed, Bible Christian minister, and her first sphere of labour as an itinerant preacher's wife was in the city of London. The change from a quiet country farm to the vast metropolis was certainly very great. But having the deepest sympathy with the object in which they were engaged, and a great love for the work of the Master in all its departments, she entered with heart and soul into the plans and purposes of her husband, and proved a true helper in the midst of all his labours and toils. During their two years' residence in London she gave birth to her only child, who survives to revere the memory of his honoured and sainted parents. As a minister's wife her time was spent successively in the London, Portsea, Ringsash, Gwennap, and St. Austell Circuits, but whilst in the last-named station, on the 19th of April, 1849, she was called upon to endure the greatest trial of her life, when he who had been to her one of the kindest and best of husbands was summoned by the Master from great usefulness, in the very prime of life, to that higher service which is carried on by the faithful in the temple above.

Some idea of her character as a Christian, and as a minister's wife, may be gathered from the following sketch, which has been kindly supplied by Br. W. Gilbert, who, as a colleague of Mr. Reed's in the last two circuits in which he travelled, and as a member of his family as well, had an intimate acquaintance with her. "My first appointment," he says, "by the Conference of 1846

to the itinerant work was to the Gwennap Circuit, with Br. H. Reed as superintendent and Br. T. Andrews as second preacher. The minister's residence was at Carharrack, and both Br. Andrews and myself had our home at Mr. Reed's. From the first I received from Mr. and Mrs. Reed the greatest kindness, and my recollections of the now sainted pair have ever been of the most pleasant description. I found Mrs. Reed not only devotedly attached to her husband and son, but a sincere, earnest, and active Christian, ever ready to lighten the burdens and to help her partner in the discharge of all his duties, and full of Christian sympathy and sisterly kindness towards Br. Andrews and myself. As a leader of a class, a visitor of the sick, a friend of the needy and the helpless, and a regular attendant at the prayer-meeting, to the success of which her cheerful spirit, happy countenance, and fervent prayers largely contributed, she sought to promote the best interest of Christ's cause. Though living nearly a mile from our place of worship, and having to travel over an open common for half the distance, seldom was Sister Reed and her son Henry absent from the means of grace. During their stay in the Gwennap Circuit gracious revivals of religion were realised, and Sister Reed was ever ready to promote the good work, and was very useful in encouraging and counselling the young disciples. My personal difficulties and discouragements were many and great, but Sister Reed's kind and Christian counsel greatly aided me in my work. My health for some months was not good, and during the year I lost my dear mother by death, and was not able to visit her in her affliction, nor attend the funeral. But I very gratefully remember the solace and sympathy received from Mr. and Mrs. Reed, as well as the Divine comfort and support realised in the time of trial. Our duties in that large circuit were such that we had not many opportunities for religious conversation, etc., of an evening, but our family devotions at morning and at noon, consisting of reading the Scriptures, singing a hymn, and prayer, were profitable and blessed; my remembrance of those hallowed seasons even at this time are distinct and precious. In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Reed removed to the St. Austell Circuit, where in a year after it was my good fortune to follow them, having my home again at their house until the following April, when Mr. Reed, after a short illness, passed away to his heavenly rest. I need scarcely say that I received from Mr. and Mrs. Reed the same Christian kindness at St. Austell which I had been accustomed to receive at Carharrack, and that the same spirit of genuine sincerity and devoted earnestness was manifested by Sister Reed to promote the cause of truth and godliness at our 'Zion' as she had formerly manifested at 'Great Deliverance;' and

from my acquaintance with her in the Gwennap and St. Austell Circuits, having had opportunities for marking her life and deportment in the domestic circle as well as in various relationships to the church, I have the fullest confidence in the genuineness of her Christianity, in her sincerity and fidelity, in her deep and fervent interest in all matters that bore upon the well-being of the church, and of her fixed determination to serve her generation by the will of God. At the outset of her Christian career she had considerable opposition, but when I knew her, her position and relationships were all helpful to a growth in godliness and to the development of true spiritual life. She made a diligent use of her opportunities, and by her life and behaviour she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour. Mrs. Reed's married life did not extend beyond nine years and a few months, but it was one of unbroken peace and joyousness; pure affection, oneness of sentiment, and kindred tastes and aims, conspired to make their united lives thoroughly contented and healthfully happy. When the summons came for the devoted husband, the loving father, the faithful servant of Christ and of His church, to go up higher, the tenderest and deepest affections of the bereaved widow were wounded, but the hand of God was seen in the taking as in the giving; her spirit bowed in humble submission to the will of her heavenly Father, and though the loss was felt to be very great, she meekly and trustingly said, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' One of my pleasantest thoughts amid the busy scenes of life is, that I may and shall meet such dear and true Christian friends in the kingdom of heaven."

The character which Mrs. Reed exhibited as a minister's wife depicted with so much loving respect in the foregoing sketch, she retained, as far as fidelity to Christ and love for His cause is concerned, in her long state of widowhood to the very end of life. The thought of one so dear having passed within the veil, and who though absent in the flesh she often fancied was present in spirit, was a thought which she often cherished with peculiar pleasure, and which greatly stimulated her to perseverance in the Divine life. Soon after the death of her husband she returned to the home of her brothers at Trevanion, for whom she acted as a faithful housekeeper as long as they lived, indentifying herself with our society at Wadebridge. Br. Gilbert says, "I have only had one opportunity of seeing sister Reed since I left the St. Austell Circuit in 1849, which was when travelling again in that circuit in 1859. We had our District Meeting at Wadebridge, Mrs. Reed was then living with her brothers, and their home was placed at my disposal during the sittings of the District Meeting. I found her resting by faith in Christ and pursuing the road to life and happiness."

In the year 1863 she removed with her brothers and son to Trequite, in the Parish of St. Kew, and from that time to the end of life, being at a long distance from any of our chapels, she was unable to mingle with her own people in the service of the sanctuary. But her interest in the cause with which she had been identified for so many years never flagged. The people of her early choice were always looked upon as her own people. The visits of the ministers who have travelled in the Camelford Circuit for the last sixteen or seventeen years have been highly appreciated, and the most hospitable kindness has been ever manifested towards them, which I am thankful to say is still continued by her son and his excellent wife. Though unable to worship with her own people, she retained her membership with us to the end, regularly contributing to the support of the ministry in this circuit, and to the missionary and other Connexional funds as well. The last six or seven years of her life were spent at Trevine, a pleasant and beautiful spot, in the parish of St. Minver, which has become the freehold property of her son, and there, surrounded with all necessary comforts, she calmly waited the coming of the heavenly Bridegroom. Prior to my coming to this circuit, now about three years ago, I had never had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Reed, but the first sight made me feel that I was in the presence of an aged Christian whose journey was nearly ended, but who by the gentle discipline of a loving Father had been trained for higher service, and was now fast becoming ripe for the Canaan above. Every subsequent visit not only confirmed but deepened that impression. The infirmities of age, and considerable distance from the sanctuary, almost prevented her for the last few years from attending any place of worship. This she felt to be a privation. But having a great love for the Bible, for Christian biography, for our own Magazine, and for communion with God in the closet, her time passed pleasantly away, and she always appeared to be cheerful and happy. She was possessed of that peace which flows like a river, and that happiness which abounds as the waves of the sea; with holy joy she looked for the accomplishment of the Master's purposes, knowing that for her "to live was Christ and to die was gain." On the 25th day of August, 1879, after months of painful affliction, borne with the utmost patience, and after surviving her husband for more than thirty years, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged seventy-six years. Her remains were interred in the graveyard of Innis Chapel, in the Bodmin Circuit, an impressive service being conducted by the brethren W. J. Hocking and J. Dale, and where, by the ashes of her husband, she sleeps until the resurrection morn. That the surviving friends, with the reader and the writer,

may have the happiness of rising with her in the first resurrection, and of sharing together in the glories of paradise, is the earnest prayer of

G. DANIEL.

MRS. A. MARSH,

THE beloved wife of our old and much esteemed friend, Mr. M. Marsh, died at Upton, in the Kingsbrompton Circuit, April 23rd, 1879. Her father was parish clerk, and of a good moral character, but her earliest religious impressions were received through the instruction and example of an uncle who lived under the same roof, and who was a local preacher and class-leader for many years. She left her father's house at the age of sixteen, and began to regularly attend religious services conducted in a cottage on Brendon Hill. The word had a saving effect on her heart, and she was truly converted, now more than forty years ago. She was rather reserved in manner, but her confidence in God was never shaken, and she was a consistent member of the Bible Christians (joining the church immediately after her conversion) until her death. She was married in 1845. Four sons and four daughters were born of the marriage. She did her best to train her children for Christ and Heaven, and four of them became decided Christians before her death, and the other four have been converted since. Her interest in the Lord's cause was deep and constant, and notwithstanding the pressure of her domestic duties, she delighted to entertain the servants of Christ. The old chapel had got so out of repair that it was almost falling down, and the services had to be removed to a cottage, and through the death of Mr. Blake Mr. and Mrs. Marsh removed a mile or two farther away. For twelve months they tried in vain to secure a spot on which to build a new chapel. When at length that was secured, and near her new home, Mrs. Marsh's joy was very great, and all the people set earnestly to work. She lived to see the chapel built and opened, and she worshipped in it a few times, but her health soon failed so much that she was unable to attend. Deprived of the means of grace, she was often much cheered when her children sang much to her during the long winter evenings. About a week before her death her weakness greatly increased. All her children gathered to see their mother die. Her husband asked her a few questions; "All is well," she calmly answered, and pointing upwards she said, "I shall soon be there, glory, glory be to God!" She clasped her hands, and passed away to her rest and inheritance in the skies.

MARIA RANDALL

DIED at Bridgewater, in the 18th year of her age. She was always of a delicate constitution, but for the last year and a half so weak that she could not endure the confinement and application of mind required in the profession for which she had been preparing. It was hoped, however, that by care her health might be re-established till about three months previous to her end, when it became evident that she was not long for this world. As is nearly always the case with patients of her affection, she felt that she was "*getting better*," and always going to recover; and all her natural inclinations held to life, though plainly she was sinking fast.

The state of her mind, as to trust in Christ, was most difficult to ascertain, in consequence of her disinclination to converse. Neither minister nor pious friends, father, mother, brother, or sister could get her to open her mind till near the

closing scene. She was always an obedient and affectionate child, of a meek and quiet spirit, and as long as she had sufficient strength attended the house of God, and even in her illness wrought for the cause of God by making articles for the bazaar. But when she came in sight of heaven, her tongue was loosed and her heart was opened. She said, "I have the victory! I have Jesus! I shall go 'Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb.'" She would sing—when her dying struggles would permit—

"I can believe," and "Come, sing to me of heaven," &c.

A needlework picture, bought at the bazaar, with the motto "I will give thee a crown of life"—the work of an excellent Christian lady—was purchased and hung on purpose for her dying eyes to look upon. She read it till death shut her sight, and repeated the words till death silenced her tongue.

She spoke severally to all her brothers and sisters, urging them to promise to meet her in heaven, and, to impress them more deeply, kept reiterating, "MIND YOU DO!"

Her sufferings were terminated by the rupture of blood-vessels, which caused great difficulty from Saturday, May 29th, to Friday, June 4th, when she expired at three in the morning.

Dear, darling Maria, good-bye for the time,

We shall not be parted for ever;

We'll met thee again in the happier clime,

Where sickness and dying are never.

Thou art not up so high, but we see through the sky

Thy features enamelled in light;

'Twill not be many days ere we join in thy praise,

And walk about with thee in white.

We shall still hear thy call, "Mind you do, brothers all,"

And still shall we hear, "Mind you do, sisters dear;

"And you, mother, too! mind you do! mind you do!

"Mind you meet me in heaven! mind you do! mind you do!

"And, father! the Lord will be true to His word,

"*You'll* meet me in heaven I know!

"For me you have prayed; for me you have sighed;

"You've loved him and served him below."

Chapels.

BENNACOTT.—The new chapel was opened for divine worship on Friday, June 25th, 1880. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Br. Dale, of Bodmin; a public luncheon followed. Messrs. T. Perry, sen., N. Reed, North-hill; N. Reed, Curry; W. Rawlings, Bridgetown; James Treleaven, Launceston; and T. Rowe, Boyton, presided at the tables. At two p.m. the bazaar was opened. Misses Reed, Skinner, and Perkin rendered good service. A prayer-meeting was held in the chapel in the afternoon. Tea was provided in Mrs. Gubbin's barn, kindly lent for the occasion; nearly 400 taking tea. The following ladies superintended: Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Werren, Mrs. Perkin, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Davey, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Bailey, the Misses Reed, Perkin, Rowe, Gubbin, Skinner, Bray, &c., &c. A public meeting followed, under the presidency of T. B. Hender, Esq., and addressed by the brethren J. Dale, J. C. Bassett, S. Caple (Methodist Free Church), T. C. Jacob, and the writer. The

buildings include a chapel, school-room, stable, and furnace-house. The design, the work, and the general arrangement reflect great credit on all parties concerned. The wood work was done by Mr. H. Parnell, and the mason's work by Mr. R. Squire, Warbstow, who have given general satisfaction. The buildings are much admired. The entire cost is about £316; raised towards it, £160; total amount raised on the day of opening and the Sunday following, when Br. J. C. Bassett preached two sermons, £44 4s. 2d. On Sunday, July 4th, Br. R. Spencer, from Kilkhampton preached to crowded congregations. The collections were again most liberal. The opening services are to be continued two more Sundays. The trustees and friends carted the stones, lime, and sand free of cost. Mr. Reed, North-hill, gave the site. Votes of thanks to Mrs. Gubbin and family, to Mr. Reed, to the chairman, and all other friends that had so kindly helped, were cheerfully given.

July 9th, 1880.

J. BENDLE.

WOOLWICH AND FOREST HILL. — *Woolwich*.—For many years our people have worshipped in a small, inconvenient chapel in Market-street. Its small accommodation and insignificant appearance have doubtless militated against prosperity. As the lease is nearly expired, and cannot be renewed, we cannot rebuild on the old site, and several attempts have been made in vain to secure another near the present chapel on which to erect a sanctuary adapted to our wants, and worthy of the Denomination. About eighteen months ago a freehold plot of land, in a good neighbourhood, was offered us on moderate terms, and although some distance from our present chapel, it was thought that we had better accept the offer, and we became the purchasers of it at a cost of £400. There is ample space for chapel, school-room, minister's house, and a nice garden. A kind friend—Mrs. Standing—had previously promised to *lend* the amount free of interest for at least one year. By the liberal contributions of our members, and by the efforts of collectors, the sum of £180 has been obtained. Another effort in aid of the same object has just been completed. A bazaar was resolved on some months ago, and on Tuesday, July 8th, and three following days, the sale of the large and varied assortment of goods which had been got together took place in the Alexandra Hall, Powis-street. The room was beautifully decorated, and the stalls tastefully arranged. At three o'clock, p.m., on Tuesday, the bazaar was opened by the Rev. Dr. Raitt (Presbyterian minister), who was supported by several other friends. After singing and prayer, the Doctor gave a thoroughly humorous and interesting address. The bazaar formally opened, a brisk sale commenced, and was fairly sustained throughout. The result of the effort was as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bland and daughters' stall	33	18	2
„ Oates and Miss Wood's do.	25	0	0
„ Lambert and Mrs. Harmer's do.	20	0	0
„ Hillier and daughter's do., assisted by Miss Wright	13	17	0
„ Gurney, Mrs. Toccock, and Mrs. Tucker's do.	13	11	10
„ Topley's refreshment do.	12	0	0
Sunday-school stall, presided over by the Misses Tucker, Little, and Chappell	8	0	0
Mr. Chapman's galvanic battery, and other contributions through him	3	10	6
Sale of tickets, not returned in goods purchased, as per arrangement	4	6	6
A donation from G. M. Smith, Esq.	1	1	0
Total receipts	135	5	0
Disbursements	12	5	0
Net profits	£123	0	0

Great praise is due to the friends who, from first to last, have worked with all their might. We have been much pleased with the spirit displayed by all in this matter. To numerous helpers outside our own church we are much indebted. But above all we desire to thank Him from whom all blessings flow, and to Whom all praise belongs.

Eltham.—This pretty village is situated about eight miles south-east of London Bridge. Its population is about 5,000, and is constantly increasing. To meet the spiritual requirements of the people, as far as places of worship are concerned, there are two Episcopal churches, a Congregational, and a small, uninviting Bible Christian chapel,—in all, affording accommodation for less than half the population. We regret that the present places are far from being filled. Even our own chapel, small as it is, is but thinly attended. But it is not surprising that we have failed to attract many hearers considering the surroundings of our present chapel. For a very long time it has been felt that a better sanctuary, in a better situation, was needed; but our members have been so few, and our resources so small, that the difficulties seemed well-nigh insurmountable. But at length a freehold plot of land was offered for sale in a good situation. After due deliberation it was determined to purchase, and build as soon as possible. The site cost £310. For nearly three years our friends have been struggling in order to commence building. Collecting books were issued, and a bazaar was held, and as the result of these efforts something like £150 came into the treasurer's hands. A further sum of £150 is expected to be available on sale of the old premises, and we were therefore encouraged to make immediate arrangements to build. Plans were accordingly prepared, and after much consideration and many delays adopted. Tenders were then invited, and finally the contract was signed. On Monday, June 28th, we witnessed what had been anticipated for years. The foundation had been previously laid, but memorial stones were then placed in suitable positions in the walls, which were being raised. The weather was everything that we could desire, and the assembly as large as we could reasonably expect. The chief stones were laid by G. Müller, Esq., J. P. and D. Gow, Esq., both of Eltham. After the singing of a hymn, and prayer by Br. S. Allin, of Waterloo-road, and the reading of a portion of Scripture by W. Oates, Br. W. Lee, in an appropriate address, presented Mr. Müller with a trowel as a memento of the occasion, and asked him kindly to lay the first of the "chief stones." This done, W. Oates introduced Mr. Gow, and presented him with a trowel as a small token in remembrance of his laying the other "chief stone." Mr. Gow, also, in a business-like manner, did the work assigned him. Other stones and bricks were then placed by W. D. Pearson, Esq. (Circuit Steward), Mrs. F. W. Bourne, Mrs. Standing, Mrs. Topley, Mrs. Oates, Mrs. Offenden, Mrs. Paradise, the Misses Owen, Wadsworth, Kingdon and Purvis, and Master H. Jay. Br. F. W. Bourne then delivered an able and effective address. A collection was then made, and after the doxology had been sung and the benediction pronounced, we repaired to the Congregational school-room, kindly lent, where tea was provided. The public-meeting was held in the Congregational church, presided over by Mr. Lambert, our other Circuit Steward. Addresses of an interesting character were delivered by the Revs. S. Allin, E. J. Penford (Congregationalist), W. Lee, W. Luke, and F. W. Bourne. The Brethren Shilson, Matthews and Cann were also present. The whole affair passed off most satisfactorily. All seemed delighted with the services rendered by our brethren, and with the success of the effort. The monetary results of the day were about £120, inclusive of a donation of £50 from James Spicer, Esq. The tea was given by Mr. and Mrs. Hart. The building of this chapel is a vast and responsible under-

taking for a few people; we therefore solicit aid from all persons who are in full sympathy with a handful of people who are working hard and making sacrifices to help themselves. The treasurer, W. Oates, Victoria Place, 46, Sandy Hill-road, Plumstead, Woolwich, will thankfully receive and promptly acknowledge any contributions.

THE COLLEGE, SHEBBEAR.

FRIENDS of the College will be glad to hear that two of the pupils have recently passed important examinations very successfully—Master Cooper for the Naval Engineers, being sixteenth in order of merit among a large number of competitors from Great Britain, and Master Tonkin for the Home Civil Service, standing twelfth for the United Kingdom. Master G. P. Dymond and Master H. W. Horwill have also passed the Matriculation examination, London University.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged - £1,358 13s. 1d.

BIDEFORD—				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.			
Mrs. Smale's book, 1st audit				0	5	0	LOOE—									
TORRINGTON—								Mr. J. E. Minard				-	0	5	0	
Mr. Friendship				-	0	1	0	WEEK ST. MARY—								
A Friend				-	0	5	0	Mr. Worden, 2nd instal.				-	5	0	0	
J. Coles				-	-	1	0	0	Miss Morris				-	0	14	0
J. Datson				-	-	1	0	0	TRURO—							
HOLSWORTHY—								Mr. Roberts, 1st instal.				-	5	0	0	
Sunday School				-	0	10	0	Mrs. Pillow, thro' F. W. B.				-	1	0	0	
A. Uglow				-	-	1	0	0								

Torrington, July 12th, 1880.

DEAR MR. BOURNE,—I herewith send you a short list of sums given to the College fund. I can but hope the friends will not judge of the good done by the money returned.

I have got boys to attend the College, etc., etc.

Yours truly,

W. HIGMAN.

ABERAVON CIRCUIT.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—In gratitude to our heavenly Father, and in compliance with the request of several friends, I send you these few lines. Through the lovingkindness of our God this has been to the Aberavon Circuit a year of great prosperity. A little before Christmas we commenced special prayer-meetings, and in a short time Jehovah answered our united supplications, and graciously poured His Spirit upon us. But just as the work began, Br. Collings was taken unwell, and necessitated to leave the circuit, which seemed for the moment to make against us. But still the good work went on. The President, in compliance with our request, sent Br. Bird to our help, whose labours have been much blessed in gathering souls into the church. At the Midsummer quarterly meeting we reported an increase on the three quarters of 130 full members, and 14 on trial. The funds also advanced in proportion, so that the quarterly meeting considered the pastor's report the most cheering they had been able to present

for many years. And if ever the Doxology was sung with spirit it was on that occasion. At Skewen and Briton Ferry especially the receipts to quarter board have considerably improved, and the societies throughout the circuit are in a much healthier condition.

Soon after Lady-day, our friends at Aberavon, spurred on by the pastor, decided on giving their chapel a thorough renovation. Nothing had been done to it for many years, consequently it presented a very unattractive appearance. After deciding on what should be done, we advertised for tenders, and soon the work was let—the contract being £40 10s. The galleries were omitted at first, except graining the front, but when the rest was done, we found, as the contrast was so great, that these had to be done also. And now friends declare the “glory of the latter house to be much greater than the former.” Sermons at the reopening (Sunday, June 27th) were preached morning and evening by Br. R. Edgcombe, and in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Jenkins, M.A., of the Welsh Methodists. The services were duly appreciated by attentive and intelligent audiences. On the following Monday evening a public meeting was held, the mayor (T. W. Jenkins, Esq.) in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. Edgcombe, W. Jenkins, M.A., C. Bridgman, J. Collings, A. H. Bird; Mr. W. Jackson and Mr. H. J. Stokes. The chairman struck a fine key-note, and all the speeches were in keeping with it. The meeting was a good one. But how about the finances? That is certainly a very important question. The following is the result:—

Expenses	£54 10 0
Raised by subscriptions	£48 9 0
Reopening services	8 6 0
Total	<u>£56 15 0</u>

Leaving a small balance on the right side. Several persons who took an active part deserve honourable mention, but lest unnecessary pain should be given to any who may be forgotten, we know we shall best carry out the wishes of the most zealous by omitting all names.

On Thursday, July 1st, the annual tea was held on the sands, Port Talbot, under a spacious marquee. Rain for several days before, and nearly every day since, but, fortunately for us, Thursday was fine. About 350 persons—the number was considered a success—sat down to a refreshing cup of tea. All who took part in the proceedings did their work well. About half-past nine, p.m., we retired from the scene, grateful that every thing had gone off so pleasantly.

C. B.

TORQUAY OPEN-AIR MISSION.

DEAR BR. BOURNE,—I believe there is a growing desire on the part of the readers of our Magazine to see reports of work done; I, therefore, take my pen to help, in a small way, to gratify this laudable wish. I have nothing to say about money, nor, as far as appearances go, of conversions; but I think, sir, you will agree with me that I can speak of work, good, earnest *Christian* work. A few weeks since I suggested to our friends the propriety of holding open-air services, and furnished a programme which was readily adopted, and advertised by a thousand handbills. The following comprise the series:—Saturday evening, June 5th, a prayer-meeting was held in the school-room, conducted by Mr. S. Gunn, who gave a good address on “Christian Work.” Sunday, 6th, a prayer-meeting at 7 a.m.

At 10 o'clock we met at Upton, and commencing at one end of the street we marched and sang to the other end, where a service was held. Br. W. Burns preached a most suitable sermon on "Naaman the leper." Thence we sang to the chapel, where I conducted the usual service. At 2 p.m. a large number met at Tor-square, where a service was held, conducted by Br. J. Scawn, and addressed by myself. We then sang our way to the chapel, where Br. A. T. Blamey gave a very timely address on "The True and False." At 5.30 we assembled at the upper end of Mason's-row, near our old chapel, and sang down the street to the point where it is intersected by Church-lane. After singing, and prayer by Br. Warren, senr., Br. R. H. Pelmeare preached a well-arranged, appropriate sermon on the "Gospel Feast." From this place we also sang to the chapel, where a fine congregation assembled to hear the Word. I conducted the evening service, which was followed by a good prayer-meeting.

Our friends are greatly cheered by the efforts of the day, and intend continuing, at suitable intervals, these interesting services. The afternoon and evening services were attended by large numbers of persons, many of whom rarely ever hear the gospel. I believe, sir, in order to realise the success with which our fathers were favoured, we must take to the *open-air*, and make aggressions on the territories of the devil. A respectable religion that can thrive sitting on pitch pine only, will never convert the world. I find that the only courage that is wanted is to begin. I never felt happier in my life than while singing the gospel through the streets. I believe there is a grand future before the people that will in this way take England for God. Shall we not do it? Why, 'sir, the church's greatest victories have been achieved in the open-air.

Torquay, July 2nd, 1880.

M. BROCKENSHIRE.

TENTERDEN CIRCUIT.

WAREHORNE.—Soon after the last Conference, our few energetic and persevering friends here purchased for their chapel a new fifteen-guinea harmonium, neat in appearance and excellent in tone. By a collection in the chapel, by sale of the old harmonium, and by several pounds which Mr. A. Parsons obtained by subscriptions in the immediate neighbourhood, they raised the money required. They have also just paid off £10 of the chapel debt. Led by Br. C. Parsons, the friends here, on the whole, do well.

BIRD'S ISLE.—On Sunday and Good Friday, March 21st and 26th, 1880, the chapel anniversary services were held. Mr. E. Godden (Primitive Methodist, of Marden) preached two good sermons on the Sunday. He also preached an eloquent sermon on the "Intercession of Christ," on Good Friday afternoon. About 200 persons sat down at the tea which followed. A public-meeting was held in the evening. Mr. D. Swaffer ably presided, and Messrs. J. Lisle, E. Godden, W. G. Vile, W. Kedward, and R. W. Davis gave earnest and powerful addresses, principally on Christian work and the power of the gospel. Each service was characterised by a rich Divine influence.

On Wednesday evening, April 21st, the choir gave a service of sacred song, entitled "Jessica's First Prayer," Miss Dance presiding at the piano, which she kindly loaned for the occasion.

On Sunday afternoon, July 11th, we held an open-air service; many felt much of the power of God, and the audience was very attentive. At the evening prayer-meeting, the mighty influence of the Spirit came down, and out of the eight who went to the penitents' pew, five professed to find the Lord. Praise God!

R. H.

District Meetings.

BODMIN.—The ministers and representatives of this District met at Meadrose, on Tuesday, June 22nd. In the afternoon, the brethren on probation were set to work. On Wednesday morning the District meeting proper was formed. T. E. Mundy and W. Brown were elected secretaries. The statistics showed an increase of 201 members. The circuit receipts had improved £28 17s. 8d. But in the missionary receipts there was a falling off of £18 1s. 11d., owing chiefly to agricultural depression. The probationers and candidates passed their examinations very creditably. The public services went off well. On Tuesday evening we had an enthusiastic temperance meeting, addressed by E. Faull, W. Jeffery, and J. Dale. Captain Williams, one of the representatives of the Bodmin circuit, took the chair, and did his work admirably. Wednesday morning, Br. V. H. Culliford and a candidate preached two good sermons. In the evening, Br. S. Pollard gave us a sermon on Isaiah lii. 13. This was a sermon. The preacher discoursed grandly on God's great redemptive work which He has accomplished by His Son. On Thursday morning two candidates preached, and did very well. The experience meeting in the afternoon was exceedingly good. We were all in real earnest—whether we are always in such real earnest is a question I will not attempt to answer—but we were all in real earnest then in our purpose to do God's will, and glorify His name. We enjoyed the public tea that followed, and looked out for a good closing meeting: which we had. J. D. Balkwill spoke on "The best method of conducting a revival." T. E. Mundy on "What is it to be a Christian?" G. W. Angwin on "The necessity and advantages of religious literature," and W. Brown on "How to make class-meetings more attractive." Seldom do we hear such excellent speeches at our annual gatherings. But excellent as they were, the chairman in his own felicitous style supplemented them with a few weighty and suggestive words. A resolution, which had been passed by the members of the District meeting was then read, expressing their hearty thanks to the friends at Meadrose, who had generously entertained us.

E. FAULL.

DEVONPORT.—This meeting was held at Haddington-road chapel, Morice Town. The pastors of circuits met on Tuesday, June 22nd. to make preliminary arrangements for the conduct of business; and the probationers were set to work on their examination papers. On Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, the District meeting was regularly constituted. Br. I. B. Vanstone was elected secretary, and Br. J. Bendle journal secretary; and C. Ware and S. T. Thorne were appointed reporters. The superintendent then gave his brethren an affectionate greeting, and referred to the *spirit* in which the business should be conducted; the spirit which he contended should animate men in all their affairs, secular and religious alike. The remarks of Br. Dymond elicited a hearty, sympathetic response. The meeting then settled down to business. Much regret was felt at the absence of Br. P. R. Broad, through severe illness; and a resolution was subsequently passed of deep sympathy with him; and expressing a hope that he would be graciously sustained in his affliction, and speedily restored to health.

The statistics showed that there was a decrease of 15 approved members, but an increase of 17 on trial. During a brief conversation, some regret was expressed that greater progress had not been made; it was felt however that the spiritual condition of the district had considerably improved during the year, and was on

the whole gratifying; and a resolution was passed to that effect, There was an increase of 177 in the admissions during the year. A resolution was also passed expressing general satisfaction with the financial position of the district; there had been an increase of £119 12s. 8d. in the contributions to quarter-board, the other funds being about the same as last year. The Sunday-school report elicited a lengthy discussion, one outcome of which was the adoption of a resolution, proposed by Br. J. H. Michell, that on account of the difficulties in the working of many schools, it was expedient to hold Sunday-school conferences in all the circuits in the district, and that there should be a better observance of the Connexional rules. The report of the chapel secretary was heartily received. A resolution was read from the Looe Circuit, asking Conference to appoint a single man as pastor to that station; but the meeting resolved to ask Conference to make Looe a mission station. The resolution on ministerial character stated that all the brethren had maintained their integrity. Resolutions of sympathy with the three superannuated ministers in the district were also passed. The two brethren present replied in a deeply affecting manner; while they were speaking the meeting was the subject of overpowering emotion.

On Thursday the probationers and candidates came before the meeting. The brethren, T. G. Vanstone and T. C. Jacob, have completed their term of probation, and after a searching examination, in which the brethren acquitted themselves with great credit, they were heartily recommended to the Conference to be received into full connexion. Br. W. H. Alford was recommended to be received on probation; and Br. H. Gimblett to the College. Br. S. T. Thorne, great grandson of William O'Bryan, who was received as a candidate last year, but had no appointment, was present, and was highly recommended. A congratulatory resolution on the result of the late General Election, and the appointment to the Premiership of Mr. Gladstone, was carried with great enthusiasm, as was also one approving the principle of the Burials Bill, viz., that Nonconformists should bury their dead in the national graveyards with services most agreeable to themselves; but deprecating the limitations and restrictions which the House of Lords had grafted on the measure. During the sittings an agent of the Liberation Society was introduced and delivered an address, which was well received, respecting the principles and objects of the Society, and the measures now before Parliament relating to religious liberty.

The following public services were held:—On Tuesday evening a temperance meeting, presided over by Br. I. B. Vanstone, and addressed by Brs. J. Bendle, J. Stephens, and S. T. Thorne. The brethren were full of humour and earnestness. On Wednesday morning a sermon was preached by Br. W. H. Alford, from Romans i. 16. A favourable impression was produced; the thoughtfulness, naturalness, and general ability displayed in the discourse afforded a good degree of confidence as to the brother's fitness for the work of the ministry. In the evening the sermon to the district meeting was preached by Br. J. H. Michell; a discourse of great appropriateness and power, on "Preaching Christ," text, 2 Cor. iv. 5. The brethren testified their appreciation of the discourse by unanimously requesting him to have it published in the Magazine. On Thursday morning a sermon was preached by the other candidate on "The Profit of Godliness," text, 1 Tim. iv. 8. The service was enjoyable throughout. The afternoon meeting for Christian experience and the Lord's supper was a remarkable season; the influence that prevailed was melting, subduing, overpowering. Br. Dymond observed that he rarely felt as he had that afternoon. After a public tea came the last service. The superintendent spoke of the refreshing seasons they had had during the time they had been together. They were now met

together in a twofold relation. Those on the platform had come to *confer* benefit, and this was the greatest of all privileges. Preachers of the gospel were engaged in communicating good to others, and there could be no greater honour than theirs. The congregation were there to be *benefited*, and he hoped they would listen with an earnest purpose, that they might get real benefit. Br. J. Finch spoke on "Christian Privilege." He dwelt first on the thought that it was a great privilege to be a Christian, and then enumerated some of his distinctive privileges: 1. *Divine friendship*; 2. *Undoubted assurance of acceptance in the Beloved*; 3. *Participation in the Divine benevolence*; 4. *Christian service*. Br. I. B. Vanstone next spoke on "Efficient Preaching." He said that the topic would hardly have been proposed if there had not been its opposite. The pulpit was the great moral elevator. After defining what preaching was, he spoke of the preacher; the combination of natural, educational, and moral qualifications that he needed in order to produce the desired effects. In order to efficient preaching they must have—(1) *the right text-book*, (2) *the right spirit*, and (3) *the right conduct*. Br. J. Morris spoke on "Abiding Power." The speeches were characterised by great earnestness and power, and the meeting was appreciative and enthusiastic throughout. Business was resumed at six o'clock Friday morning, when it was soon completed and the journal read; and after votes of thanks to the friends, a most interesting and profitable District meeting was brought to a close.

C. WARE.

SHEBBEAR.—This meeting assembled at Holsworthy. There were present 22 ministers and 13 laymen. In the District there are 239 local preachers, 101 chapels and other preaching places; 49 members have died during the year, 11 more than last year; 24 have emigrated, 15 more than last year; 249 have removed to other districts, 37 more than last year—showing a total loss to the District of 322. The total number of members in the District is 3,149, showing a net decrease on the present year's returns of 32. The number of members on trial is 81, an increase of 32. 421 persons have been admitted on trial during the year. All the society's funds have suffered a decrease. In the missionary receipts there is a falling off of £146 12s. 7d., while in the circuit funds there is a decrease of £142 11s. 8d. The total decline in all the funds, with the exception of the chapel and school fund, is £305 15s. 4d.

In the Chapel department the receipts for the year amounted to £1,935 14s. 7½d., and the expenditure to £2,137 11s. 4½d. This shows a decrease of £153 15s. 4½d. in the receipts, and a decrease in the expenditure of £40 2s. The report of Sunday-school work showed that in the District there are 849 teachers, a decrease of nine in the year; 4,255 scholars, an increase of 18. The total number of schools is 84. The money raised for carrying on this work has been £450 8s. 9d. Twelve schools have libraries, with a total of 912 volumes. During the year £104 5s. 8d. has been spent in books, and given to the children as rewards. Of the children 1,326 are members of the various Bands of Hope, and 227 of them members of Society, 108 having been added to the church during the year. Nine ministers and nine laymen were appointed to represent the district in Conference. Four young men presented themselves as candidates for the ministry, viz., Messrs. Balkwill, Pett, Drew, and Hortop, and after examination it was resolved to recommend them to the Conference. Resolutions were passed, recommending the Conference to appoint the written examination of candidates to take place in May, and the answers to be forwarded to the Examining Committee, and the number of marks awarded to each be reported in time to be read at the District meeting. Resolutions were passed and ordered to be sent to the Members of Parliament sitting for Devon approving of the Sunday Closing Bill and Sir Wilfred Lawson's Resolution on Local Option.

On Thursday afternoon a fellowship meeting was held. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper followed; over 200 communicants present. The public tea was largely patronised, many friends from a distance attending. The college agent presented a report showing the cost of enlargement and furniture and the old debt to be £6,167 11s. 9d.; of this amount £1,073 4s. 1d. had been collected, leaving a debt at the last audit of £5,094 7s. 8d. The first religious service was conducted by J. Hender, who preached an able and powerful sermon. The sermon to the District meeting—by J. Horwill—was well received, and the following morning Mr. Horwill was urgently requested, by a unanimous vote of the meeting, to have it published in the denominational organ.

The morning service on Wednesday was conducted by Messrs. Balkwill and Pett, and that on Thursday by Messrs. Drew and Hortop. All acquitted themselves in a way that gave general satisfaction.

The public meeting on Thursday was presided over by the chairman of the District. J. Gammon delivered an eloquent address on "Scriptural Holiness;" W. Higman treated on "Temperance and its effects on the Christian Church." He said the late venerable James Thorne was the first who established a temperance society in Devon. As far as he (the speaker) knew, every minister in the Denomination was a teetotaler. W. Hawken spoke of "The Masses, and how to reach them."

On Thursday the ministers of the town dined with the District meeting by invitation, and many fraternal greetings were exchanged. The meeting was brought to a close on Friday.

EXETER.—This meeting was held in Zion chapel, Ringsash. On Tuesday, June 22nd, the brethren on probation met to fill up their examination papers, and the pastors to settle accounts with the District superintendent. At the formation of the meeting on Wednesday morning, all the circuits were represented, and all the ministers in the District were present with the exception of Br. S. Crocker, who was absent through illness, and with whom a resolution, expressive of sympathy, was passed at a later period of the meeting. Br. W. B. Reed was elected secretary; Br. W. Perryman journal secretary, and Mrs. J. Luke and W. T. Penrose, reporters. The statistical and financial returns were not of a very encouraging character: comparison with those of last year, showing a decrease in many respects. Though 119 persons have been admitted into fellowship, we report a decrease of 6 full members, and 44 on trial. The circuit receipts are £6, and the missionary income £52 less than last year's; £8 10s. of the latter, however, may be accounted for by the transfer of Okehampton to another District. The chapel report, which showed that £726 10s. 0d. had been received, and £704 5s. 1d. expended, including £108 5s. 6d. debt paid off, was considered satisfactory. The Sabbath-school department did not present such encouraging features as could be desired, as we are 3 teachers less, and only 26 scholars more than last year, with but *few* conversions. The spiritual state of the District formed the subject of an interesting and profitable discussion. A higher spiritual life is felt to be the great need of the various churches. A favourable report was presented on the examination and general conduct of the two brethren on probation. Br. Churchill was recommended to the Conference to be received, and Br. Webber passed on to his third year.

The public services were interesting and profitable. At the temperance meeting on Tuesday evening, the brethren R. Grose (in the chair), J. Luke, W. Perryman, and T. C. Penwarden delivered stirring addresses, after which about twenty persons signed the total abstinence pledge. Br. W. H. Webber preached on Wednesday morning from Isaiah xliii. 4: a refreshing season, though those who know

our good brother felt he was not enjoying his usual liberty and power in speaking. The sermon to the District meeting was preached on Wednesday evening by Br. Brokenshire from Daniel iii. 25, a discourse marked by characteristic originality and freshness of thought, and delivered with a good measure of the heavenly unction. A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks, with a request for its publication, was passed the following morning. On Thursday morning, Br. Churchill preached a thoughtful sermon that did him great credit: his text was 2 Cor. v. 19. The meeting for the relation of Christian experience and the observance of the Lord's Supper was a blessed one. Believers were cheered by the testimony of the brethren, accompanied as it was by gracious manifestations of the Master's presence. The public meeting in the evening was crowded, and the repeated applause testified to the interest and appreciation by the audience of the addresses which were delivered. Br. T. C. Penwarden made some appropriate opening remarks. Br. Rattenbury's address on "Three prominent characters in human society," was, perhaps, rather too argumentative; Br. Reed's on "The power of Christ in the practice of the Church, was earnest and practical; and Br. Hicks' on "Important spheres of Christian work," was of course amusing, but contained withal, words of counsel and advice as Br. Hicks knows so well how to give. The usual votes of thanks brought this interesting meeting to a close, and on the following morning the brethren separated, and, we hope, stimulated by this season of mutual fellowship, to increased devotion to the Master's service.

W. T. P.

BRISTOL.—This meeting was held in the beautiful new chapel at Draycott, in the Weare Circuit. All the ministers were present with the exception of Br. James Bartlett, from whom a letter was read, expressing his deep regret that his feeble health prevented him from attending. Messrs. W. Terrett, James Vowels, W. Reeves, Richard Shapland, John Allen, F. T. Adams, T. Dashwood, and Charles Perrett were in attendance as lay representatives. Resolutions of sympathy with the superannuated brethren, James Hinks, James Bartlett, and T. Wooldridge were unanimously passed; also resolutions of condolence with late ministers' widows.

The returns show that in the District there are 96 lay preachers, 1,147 full members, and 30 on trial for membership. There had been 176 persons admitted during the year; and there were in the Sunday-schools 222 teachers, and 1,912 scholars.

A lengthy and deeply interesting discussion followed the reading of the reports of the spiritual state from the quarterly meetings. Some very good speeches were made; particularly one by Mr. Terrett, in which he deprecated the frequent use of the doleful phrase, "*commercial depression*," when it was adduced as a reason for small success in the various departments of Christian work, and strongly denounced the practice of ascribing to it the cause of SPIRITUAL DECLENSION. He argued that no man's spiritual fervour need be less on account of temporal loss. Admitting this to be true, it was held by two or three brethren that temporal difficulties—pecuniary embarrassment—did militate against spiritual prosperity. Other aspects of the spiritual state of the District were ably discussed; and that too in a most excellent spirit. The discussion can hardly fail to have a beneficial effect. Indications of prosperity are discernible in most of the stations, and a cheerful view is taken of the spiritual state of the District.

The finances also have improved on former years to an encouraging extent, there being an increase of £180 1s. 8d. to quarter-board, while the missionary and other funds have been fairly well sustained.

Nearly all the stations request the re-appointment of their ministers; a fact which proves that a good understanding exists between ministers and people.

The proposed changes in the financial working of mission stations and weak circuits received serious attention, and, after an earnest and prolonged discussion, was agreed to; various material modifications were however recommended. The young ministers, J. C. Sweet, R. S. Alford, and J. H. Cliff, who had fulfilled the third year of their probation, creditably passed their examination, and were heartily recommended to be continued the fourth year; and James Henry Blackwell was as heartily recommended as a candidate for the ministry.

The public services were of a highly edifying and profitable character. The first was conducted by Br. R. S. Alford, at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening. The sermon was from Rom. v. 7, 8. A good discourse, with many fine points, and accompanied by a sweet heavenly influence. On Wednesday, at 6 a.m., Br. J. C. Sweet preached from 2 Cor. iii. 18. This sermon was lucid in exposition, admirable in arrangement, choice in diction, and deliberately delivered. On Wednesday evening Br. A. Trengove preached the District sermon, his text being 2 Cor. iv. 6. A discourse full of sound teaching, tending to confirm believers, to stimulate zeal and activity, and to impress all—ministers particularly—with the exceeding greatness and glory of their high vocation. A good sermon well delivered. Br. Trengove was encouraged next morning by a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks for his excellent sermon. On Thursday morning Br. Blackwell—candidate—conducted the service, and preached a sermon of considerable merit, correct in doctrine, the topics excellently well arranged, and delivered in appropriate language; and, what is best of all, a rich influence pervaded the whole service.

On Thursday, at 2.30 p.m., the members of the District meeting related their Christian experience. It was edifying and refreshing in the highest degree to witness the *variety* of experience, and the "*Unity* of the faith," as the brethren did severally, "each in his own tongue," declare "The wonderful works of God." One was so "eaten up" with zeal for the Lord's glory, that he could even (not that he *did*) wish himself a child again, that he might devote *another*, and a *whole* life to the work. Another said he would not choose to have his life to live over again for several reasons; two in particular. First, he would not have the troubles, dangers, conflicts, losses and crosses, &c., &c., to go over again. But his greatest fear would be that, notwithstanding his many errors, if he had to go through his career again, there would be danger of his making a still greater failure. Then again, a good brother said that such was his confidence in the Lord that he had often felt to say, when in trial and under temptation, "Come on, devils! I am your match." While another, who spoke later in the meeting, said concerning these, that their room was better than their company, and that if they would but go away he would never call them back. Every one enjoyed assurance of present acceptance. One thing was specially observable throughout the whole meeting, namely a confident expectation of very great spiritual prosperity. This happy meeting was closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper, in which a large number of friends joined; amongst the rest were two Baptist ministers, one of whom offered the concluding prayer.

A public tea followed, attended by 150 persons—a smaller number than had been expected, owing to the exceptionally fine weather, and the great amount of hay-making. But at the public meeting, which commenced at 6.30, the chapel was crowded. Br. Labdon occupied the chair. The opening prayer was offered by Br. T. W. Garland. The chairman presented the audience with an epitome of the results of the year's work, both in the District and the Connexion, as far as

accounts had been received. This course was highly appreciated, and is to be commended, only care must be taken that too much of the time of the meeting be not absorbed by the chairman. In this respect we were all safe in Br. Labdon's hands. Mr. W. Terrett was the first speaker. He did not expect to be called upon; but he gave us a good earnest speech on "Self consecration." Urged us to be followers of those who now inherit the promises. "Where," he enquired, "is the spirit that animated the Fathers of the Connexion?" We felt that, whoever had lost the zeal of the "old men," Br. Terrett had not; and that the "Fathers" will not *all* be dead while *he* is alive. Br. Carvath followed with a good speech on "Soul-winning." We felt to pray that not only he, but also all of us, may not only be able to make good speeches on the subject of soul-winning, but be soul-winners on a large scale. Br. Trengove then discoursed on "Spiritual Manhood." A speech full of genuine Christian sentiment, stirring us to duty and to diligence. Then a speech on "Signs and Wonders; or, Miracles and their Lessons," by Br. H. Ellis, the reporter, who of course finds his own speech altogether beyond his power of description; and if any considerable number of your influential readers have a very ardent desire to know what sort of a speech it was, he will have no objection to deliver it again at a convenient time. Well, altogether, this was a most enthusiastic meeting. All the public services have, we venture to say, been exceptionally good, and will, we are confident, result in permanent benefit to our cause at Draycott, and other parts of the circuit. Thanks to the friends who entertained us free of charge brought this intensely interesting meeting to a close.

I am afraid the report is too long; but I cannot close without saying that we had to meet at six on Friday morning to settle sundry small matters, and to commend one another to God.

CHATHAM.—Our meeting this year was held at Sheerness, June 23rd, and 24th, and under the presidency of our superintendent, passed off pleasantly and successfully. Br. S. Jory, was elected secretary, R. Squire, and T. P. Oliver, 2nd, reporters. In going through the list of preachers it was found that all the brethren had been preserved with unblemished characters, which called forth a resolution of acknowledgment and thankfulness to Almighty God. The two superannuated brethren, J. Lisle and W. Calloway, were not able to be present on account of increasing infirmities, the latter stating in his communication that he had completely lost his hearing. A resolution of sympathy with them was passed, and they were remembered in our prayers. Mr. Davey, having resigned during the year, Br. T. P. Oliver, 2nd, was the only probationer. After reading his essay, and answering the questions put to him to the satisfaction of the meeting, the Conference most heartily recommended to pass him on to his fourth year, the resolution passed declares that his sermon, preached during the sittings, and his essay, gave evidence of diligent and persevering study and research, and did credit both to his head and heart. The numerical returns were much more pleasing and encouraging than the financial. After filling up the vacancies occasioned by deaths, removals, emigrations and unfaithfulness, we report an increase of ninety-two full members, with fifty-two on trial. But we were sorry to find a falling off of over £24 in the missionary receipts; this, it was thought, might be accounted for, in great measure, from the extra pressure put upon the friends last year. The chapel secretary's report showed that Mr. Wickham had given £50 to Sheerness chapel, and thus enabled the Trustees to lessen the debt by £45 10s., Kingsnorth chapel (Tenterden Mission) has been completed and opened, and the debts in other stations reduced. The state of the Trust Property in this District is, on the whole, satisfactory. It was cheering to

learn from the school secretary's report, that several of the young people in our Sabbath schools, have been converted during the year, and that there is a considerable increase in the number of scholars, but the fact that there is a decrease of teachers, proves a great lack of interest in the young on the part of the church. When will Christian people awake to their duty and responsibility in this respect? The public meetings were as follow:—On Tuesday evening an enthusiastic Temperance meeting, was presided over by a Good Templar, and addressed by T. P. Oliver, 1st, R. Squire, and T. P. Oliver, 2nd. Every reference to Sir Wilfred Lawson's victory in the House of Commons on the previous Friday, elicited from the audience immense cheering, which shows how popular is the Local Option Resolution. On Wednesday morning, Br. Oliver, Jnr., preached a good sermon on Rom. i. 15, 16, and in the evening, his worthy father gave us a timely and profitable discourse, text John i. 41, 42. On Thursday morning, Br. T. Spillett, preached, taking for his text Heb. xii. 22, 24, and gave us a capital sermon. The thought was rich, the delivery graceful, and the influence good; we left the chapel much benefited and blest. In the afternoon the members of the District meeting related their Christian experience, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. It was good to be there; we found it a spiritually refreshing season. We feared that the wonderfully vivid lightning, the tremendously loud thunder, and the torrents of rain which followed the above meeting would greatly interfere with the tea and evening's meeting; but when the elements ceased their raging we were reassured. A fair number sat down to tea, after which we assembled in the chapel for the always most popular meeting of the series. The chair was taken by our superintendent, and addresses delivered by S. Jory, J. Brenton, and R. Hawkey. The brethren spoke exceedingly well, and it was a good meeting throughout. A well-deserved vote of thanks was passed and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Down, and the Sheerness friends, who, during our short stay among them, "showed us no little kindness."

R. SQUIRE.

NEWPORT.—This Meeting was held at Cardiff. The splendid and commodious chapel, the large and spacious schoolroom, and the neat and convenient preacher's house, form one of the most commanding blocks of buildings in the Connexion.

The whole of the brethren felt that a work had already been accomplished which, with careful attention and judicious management, would become one of the grandest successes of our missionary operations.

The District meeting was among the best we have ever attended. The business was conducted by the chairman with calmness and vigour, wisdom and kindness. We all felt with greater force than we can express, "How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Matters of grave and serious import were duly considered, and resolutions passed which expressed hope that ere long the clouds of financial depression will pass away; the District meeting being convinced that strenuous efforts must be everywhere made to remove the present monetary difficulties.

The first item of business, after the meeting had been duly formed and the officers chosen, was the receiving of the reports from the various circuits. We were exceedingly grateful to find that in most of the stations success had been more or less realised, whilst some of them had budded and blossomed like the garden of the Lord. During the year, 347 persons have been admitted, and after making up for removals, emigrations, deaths, &c., we report a net increase of 158 members. We were deeply pained to find that notwithstanding this prosperity our Connexional funds have suffered a decrease, but it is only just to state that this arose from the peculiar circumstances of one of the stations, where

at present great distress exists. The chapel report was presented by our excellent brother, the Rev. J. O. Keen, D.D.: it was felt that greater prominence must be given to the letting of seats, and collection of seat rents. Hearty thanks were given him for his valuable services. Br. W. F. James presented the Sunday-school report, of a very gratifying character, there being an increase of 234 scholars, 1 teacher, and 134 scholars had been converted during the year; Aberavon reporting the greatest number. Cordial thanks were presented to Br. James.

The young men on probation passed their examinations in a creditable manner. Their essays were reviewed by several of the brethren, and satisfactory reports presented. Br. J. Collings, who has fulfilled his term of probation, was most heartily recommended to be received by the Conference..

The public services in connection with the District meeting commenced with a temperance meeting on Tuesday evening, W. F. James in the chair. He gave the members of the District meeting a cordial welcome to Cardiff, and spoke of the firm adherence of the Denomination to total abstinence, almost, if not quite, every minister being a pledged abstainer. Br. G. Holmes spoke on the "Ill effects of the moderate use of strong-drinks;" J. Gifford, on "The social aspect of the question;" and Mr. E. Davies, of Newport, on "The legislative side of Temperance;" the facts and arguments, and appeals of the brethren, produced a great effect upon the audience. On Wednesday morning a thoughtful discourse on Psalms xcii. 13—15, was given by Br. S. Pascoe. In the evening the chairman of the District delivered a practical and powerful sermon on Haggai, ii. 4, after which the communion service was held. The next morning a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded the preacher for his able discourse. On Thursday morning, Br. J. Collings spoke with great fervour on Luke iv. 32. It was a good discourse, containing many excellent points. In the afternoon the members of the meeting related their experience; we felt it to be a mellowing time, but should have enjoyed the service better had some studied brevity. A public tea was provided, after which a meeting was held, presided over by the superintendent of the District. After a few choice words he called upon Br. G. A. Joslin, who delivered an effective speech on "The realization of the Divine presence." Br. J. O. Keen, D.D., then gave a powerful and telling address on "Church-success power." The writer followed with an address on "The general characteristics of the Bible." A cordial vote of thanks, which had been passed at the District meeting to Mr. and Mrs. James and the friends having been read, Br. James made a suitable reply, and the meeting closed.

R. EDGCOMBE,

LONDON.—This meeting was held in Bristol-road chapel, Brighton, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 23rd and 24th. Probably there is no place in the Denomination where our progress has been more pleasing than in this fashionable and important town. The beautiful and commodious chapel, and the large school-room, afforded every facility for our meeting. And may we hope that at no very distant day it may be found suitable for holding the annual Conference therein. All the ministers in the District were present. Twelve representatives were deputed by their respective Quarterly meetings to attend—two of whom were unable to fulfil their obligation through unexpected press of business: Crondall sent no representative. The other circuits were very efficiently represented by the following brethren:—Jubilee, G. F. Treverton and A. E. Wittey; Waterloo-road, J. Hardwick; Kilburn, W. B. Luke (son of the chairman); Forest Hill, W. D. Pearson; Brighton, T. Humphreys and J. Goddard; Sevenoaks, J. Bowen and A. Holden; Lee, T. Green.

The first public service was held on Monday evening, when Br. W. Oates preached a thoughtful and seasonable sermon on "The everlasting Gospel," Rev. xiv. 16. The following morning at seven o'clock, the writer occupied the pulpit, selecting for his topic, "The Christian's present position and privilege, and his wonderful prospects in the eternal future," 1 John iii. 2. Business commenced at 9.30. Our excellent chairman took his place, and in a few hearty and cheerful words bade all welcome, and advised the brethren to bend at once to work, which advice was responded to with great alacrity and delight. Br. W. Lee was elected secretary, and Br. W. B. Luke (representative) journal secretary, and J. Jeffery reporter. The proceedings of the first day's sittings were of a very interesting character. The returns showed that 209 persons had been admitted on trial for membership, leaving an increase of 90 full members. The funds generally have

been well sustained. A slight decrease on the chapel and educational funds; missionary receipts only a few pence in advance of last year's, but the quarter-board income showed the encouraging increase of £56 os. 1d., and Worn-out Preachers' fund, £1 3s. 8d. A long and earnest discussion on the spiritual condition of the circuits followed the reading of the statistics; strong confidence was expressed in the future welfare of the District. The circular on the Mission grants was the next important matter to come under review. The speakers, one after another, spoke of their sympathy with the Missionary Committee in the present difficult position of the Society: but it was feared that the scheme proposed could not be carried out in its entirety. Finally a resolution of approval, but recommending that special cases should have great consideration, was unanimously carried. After two hours of rest and recreation the evening service began. Br. Bourne was the preacher; our expectations of a rich treat were very high, and were fully realized. The passage chosen was Matt. iv. 1-11. The sermon was full of monitive truths, and precious assurances to the servants of Christ. Such a discourse could not fail to produce searchings of heart, and the strengthening of the faith of all who fill important and prominent places in the Lord's vineyard.

On Thursday morning, Br. G. Matthews gave a well arranged and earnest sermon on "Fervent charity," 1 Peter iv. 11. After breakfast the business was resumed. Five ministers and an equal number of lay representatives were duly appointed to attend the Conference. The two young brethren, W. H. Cann and G. Matthews, after a careful and thorough examination, were recommended to Conference to be continued on probation the second year. The chapel secretary presented a carefully prepared report from which we cull the following items:—That two new chapels have been opened since the last year's report was given; one at Kilburn, the other at Crondall. There is a considerable improvement in the seat-rents, being £57 14s. 2d. in advance. Attention is called to the large amount annually paid as interest on borrowed money; but this we fear is an evil not easily remedied. Our friends are urged to endeavour to reduce the chapel debts that the interest may go into some more productive channel. The school secretary's report gave much pleasure, there being an increase of 24 teachers and 217 scholars. We would suggest that we celebrate the Sunday-school Centenary by providing the pastors of circuits, and district secretaries, with suitable books in which to record the yearly returns. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the chairman, secretaries, Mrs. and Mr. Botheras, and the kind friends at Brighton for their kindness and hospitality.

The experience meeting, and the Lord's Supper, were seasons of refreshing. Whilst the brethren were recounting, happy reminiscences of early days in their Christian life, and declaring their unabated love for God and the Saviour's work, our hearts burned within us, and we were ready to take up the grateful and joyful refrain of the Psalmist, and shout forth, "Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion, bless the Lord, O my soul."

At five o'clock a public tea meeting was held in the schoolroom, which was attended by about 150 persons. This was followed by a large public meeting. The chairman of the District presided, and delivered a good opening address. Br. J. Shilson gave an excellent speech on "The necessity of presenting Christ to the world." Then followed Br. Wittey with some pertinent remarks on "Going forth to reach the masses." The next speaker, Br. S. Allin, eloquently dilated on "The means, method, and motive of Christian labour." Br. T. Green who was introduced as a young recruit in the Connexion, was quite at home with his subject, "Our responsibility in relation to the failure or success of our own work." Br. Lee favoured us with a speech full of important and encouraging truths, calculated to stimulate to more earnest efforts to make the world thoroughly Christian. Br. Bourne was the last speaker. Long will the recollection of this happy District meeting linger in the memory. So pleasant was the intercourse between hosts and guests that we shall not be surprised to hear soon that arrangements have been made for another such meeting. We close this hastily written report with an earnest prayer that the blessing of heaven may richly rest upon the hearts and homes of our good friends in Brighton.

J. JEFFREY.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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*THE STORM ON THE LAKE.**

MARK iv. 37—41.

CHRIST came from heaven bringing with Him credentials of His authority, and the proofs were manifest to all observers that He came from God, His miracles being themselves sufficient evidences of this. Those, then, who would not believe on Him were inexcusable, for, said He, "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloke for their sins." (John xv. 22.) Those works were wrought as occasion required, and were beneficial to the recipients. That they should be of this nature was not necessary to prove that He had a message from His Father, for they might have been destructive, instead of saving. But they were the latter, because He had a message of love to deliver, and further, He Himself brought salvation to mankind. His miracles, then, were consistent with the great object of His coming. Moreover, they were not only for the benefit of those then living, but there are lessons taught by them of permanent interest. They were of various kinds and may be classified. He wrought some by which the disorders of the body were counteracted; in others He manifested His authority over the powers of darkness by casting out devils; again, He entered the realm of the grave, and snatched therefrom some of its victims; further, His creative energy was put forth in others, and once more, He triumphed over nature and its terrible moods, and proclaimed Himself its Lord. To the latter class the miracle

*A Sermon preached in the Congregational Church, Oakhill.

belongs which we have selected for our meditation and improvement.

The disciples, notwithstanding all their faults, loved their Master, and were concerned at the abundance of His labours, afraid that His burning zeal would consume Him; they therefore, more than once, endeavoured to restrain His ardour. After instructing the multitude, he felt it necessary to go across the water to the other shore, and at a hint given by Him, the watchful followers made ready to depart. But there were many hindrances (Matt. viii. 19—22), and it seemed that they would have to remain where they were, until the impatient disciples hurried Him to the ship after they had sent the multitude away, just as He was, without giving Him time for preparation, that He might take the much needed rest.

I.—THE STORM.

The Sea of Tiberias is a beautiful lake to the north of Palestine, about the same area as the Lake of Geneva on the Continent. It is a mountainous district, and is partly enclosed by hills. Though usually placid, it is subject to sudden and violent commotion, as all mountain lakes are. The lower stratum of air becomes heated, for the water is six hundred feet below the Mediterranean, and the colder upper air rushes down the steep ravines and gorges cut in the course of ages by streams and torrents on their way to the Lake and lashes it into incredible commotion.*

2. But some suppose that this particular storm had a supernatural cause.† The country on the other side, and which was the place our Saviour was about to visit, was particularly exposed to Satanic inflictions. The little vessel had the Representatives of the Kingdom, and they were destined to counteract the works of darkness. Now there was an opportunity, as it seemed, for engulfing the infant Church in the sea by drowning its Head and members. So the storm, as some suppose, was raised by devils with such an object in view. But whether this be so or not, the lessons we learn from the whole subject are the same.

3.—For we are all on the sea of life, which is sometimes smooth, calm and pleasant; but often stormy winds blow, and the waters become tempestuous, and threaten to overwhelm us. The troubles of life are often compared to tempests, as in the forty-sixth Psalm: "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." This life is never invariably

* See Geikie *in loco*.

† So Lange.

smooth, but changeable as an April day, or the blue waters of Galilee. Sometimes calm, and then, ere we are aware, the aspect of affairs changes, and the waves rise, the wind roars, and sorrow enters the soul. Surely if anyone might have been expected to pass safely and smoothly over the sea, the Master would have been He. The same might be supposed of the Lord's people, but they never have been nor ever will be exempted from trouble. "Time and chance happeneth to all." We must not judge by any rule of this sort who are Christians. As Jesus was tossed on the angry billows, His followers must not think it strange if they suffer in the same way.

4.—But storms are tests of faith. It would not be true to say that "untried faith is no faith;" but it is a fact that faith until it be tried is not manifest. It may be very strong, and able to bear a severe test, but untried faith brings neither glory to God, nor profit to man. God does not give His people grace to trust in Him for their own sakes merely; it must therefore be evidenced, and He has various methods of drawing out their confidence in Him. The severer the storm, and the greater the danger, the more ample the opportunity for the exhibition of this virtue, as well as the more signal the deliverance when it comes. But the disciples' faith did not shine in this emergency, they being overcome with fear. This ought not to have been. If they had felt some natural perturbations at first, their souls ought to have been buoyant like the lifeboat, which rides the stormy waves right nobly. When Cæsar was at sea in a storm, the sailors were afraid, but he said to them, "Why should you fear?—you have Cæsar aboard with all his fortunes." Jesus the Lord was aboard, and many miracles had been wrought in the presence of His disciples, and these they should have remembered now, but nothing makes people forgetful like unbelief, nor is there anything so enervating as cowardly fear.

5.—Misgivings are often felt concerning the Church of the living God; the cry that it is in danger has often been raised. We use the term church in its primitive and proper sense, not as applied to a building, nor to any denomination. Christ said, "The kingdom of God is within you," and all who have this in them are members of the true church, which is invisible and indivisible. It is always secure; however violently the winds of opposition may blow, and however high the waves of trouble may rise, it cannot sink, and is as safe as in a calm. For as Jesus was in the ship on the Lake so He is with His people always, and with "Christ in the vessel" ought we not to "smile at the storm?" Heretical sects may diminish and come to naught, unfaithful churches may prove recreant to their trust, and come to grief, but the Church of

Christ never! Hell with all its legions may try to sink the vessel by raising storms, but though trouble may ensue, and sorrow be greatly experienced, Jesus is in it, and as soon may He perish as that. We now come to

II.—THE APPARENT UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF JESUS TO THE DANGER.

He was sleeping, for He soon found repose when the ship had launched forth. After a day of toil, one spent in doing good, He was weary, and slept soundly. No unpleasant dreams disturbed Him, and He had no upbraidings of conscience, His sleep was

“Like infant’s slumbers, pure and light.”

There was another, who long before slept in a storm, for he was weary. He had been commissioned by Jehovah to go to Nineveh, but he fled to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord and thus endeavoured to release himself from his responsibility. “But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea,—so that the ship was like to be broken,” (Jonah i. 4.) In that storm Jonah was fast asleep, but he did not deserve that rest, for it was not the reward of labour accomplished. The sleep of the prophet was reprehensible, that of Jesus well earned. “And he was in the *hinder part* of the ship, asleep on a pillow,” (v. 38.) This is evidence that this account is given by an eye-witness, doubtless by Peter. This gospel is generally supposed to have been his, for he supplied the information, though Mark was the transcriber. The vessel, it is most likely, was Peter’s, and he, with a careful hand and a loving heart, cleared a place in the “hinder part of the ship,” and placed “the coarse leather boss of the steersman’s seat”* there for a pillow. None but an eye witness could have given these particulars.

2.—Here we have evidence that Jesus was truly man. Like another who works either mentally or physically, or both, He needed sleep and found relief in “kind nature’s sweet restorer.” His divine nature did not sustain His humanity, as to raise Him above, and render Him independent of physical requirements. That He was God is true, but that He was man is equally so, and we must not lose sight of either fact. Often the two natures are manifested on the same occasion. He was a helpless babe in Bethlehem, but angels sang in honour of His birth, and homage was paid Him by princes from afar; He was baptized as a man, but the Father proclaimed His divine nature from heaven; He wept because of His love for His friend Lazarus, but He with a commanding voice as one who had authority in the realm of death and the grave says, “Lazarus, come forth,” and he who was dead is alive; He was

* Geikie.

dying on the cross, and was in an extremity of human suffering with the life blood ebbing out of Him, but there was a cry, "Lord, remember me," and He plucked a wretched sinner from the mouth of hell, and made him an heir of glory; and the miracle which is now our theme supplies another instance. But it is a source of comfort to every believer, that He was thoroughly human, and that He is a brother who knows, and can and does sympathise. We may be sure He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way to escape.

3.—The disciples could not understand why Jesus should sleep on, when they were all in great peril, as though He either was not aware of the danger, or was unmindful of it. And this has its counterpart in the experiences of His people now. Troubles come like a wild deluge, and our Lord seems to forsake His servants in their extremity, and to leave them to their own resources. These prove unavailing, and they cry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? and is His mercy clean gone for ever?" The atmosphere is darkness itself without a ray of light, or hope; there are no signs of deliverance, and to perish seems inevitable; the storm is too strong for the mariners, and the bark is too frail to outlive such a sea; prayer seems to be of no use even if the darkness of the soul should admit of its exercise. There have been times in the history of the Church when it has been like this, and the faithful few, who have felt desolate and forsaken, upon whom the fury of the wicked, and the hell hounds of persecution have been let loose, have been ready to give up in despair like Elijah, or they tremble for the safety of the Ark of God as did Eli. But at the worst, Jesus is only asleep, He is not dead; He but hides His power, He has not lost it; for a little moment He may seem to forget, but in much mercy will He remember. Church history supplies so many instances of this, that we think it unnecessary to give any here, and the experience of every Christian is rich in proofs of the same.

III.—THE RESOURCE OF HIS DISCIPLES.

"Trouble teaches men to pray," and it is well if they think of God then, and call upon Him in earnest. Many who were bold in infidelity and blasphemy when all has gone well, have in times of danger been cowards, and have cried out through fear. So it was with Volney, the author of the "Ruin of Empires," who when at sea was reckless enough in a calm, but when a storm arose was the first to be afraid, and, with abject terror, deprecated the vengeance of heaven, and asked for the preservation of his life. But it is far better to pray when everything goes well; and so when danger arises, or the heart is sad, prayer shall be the natural language of the soul. The disciples had been accustomed to this exercise, and

Jesus, at their request, had taught them a simple, beautiful, and comprehensive, though brief model prayer. It was no strange thing for these men to pray when all went well; and their only resource was to go to the Master in supplication now that death seemed inevitable.

2.—When we compare the various accounts we find that there are verbal differences. Yet they agree in the sense. In Matthew we read, “Lord, save us, we perish”; in Luke, “Master, master, we perish”; and in our text, “Master, carest thou not that we perish?” Perhaps they all spoke together, and in great agitation, each intent on his personal safety, using different words. They had a little faith, but O how little! for Jesus said, “How is it ye have no faith?” A little faith in some, is as dishonouring to Him as no faith would be in others. The disciples were always with Him, and had opportunities of receiving heavenly instruction above others, and of witnessing His great works of almighty power and grace, therefore to fear for their own safety was inexcusable, and though they awoke Jesus and asked Him to save them, their faith was not in lively exercise, and therefore they deserved the rebuke, which was a gentle one, “How is it that ye have no faith?”

3.—The words which one or more spake were these, “Master, carest thou not that we perish?” Does He not care, and is He ever really indifferent to us, to our interests, our trials, our dangers? We have manifold proofs to the contrary. He came from heaven, leaving His glorious throne, and took upon Himself the form of a servant; He was full of compassion to the sorrowful, the afflicted, the bereaved; He healed the sicknesses and diseases of the people; He preached the good news of salvation; all these things prove that He *did* care for those ready to perish. Did He not allow Himself to be betrayed into the hands of wicked men by whom He was crucified and slain, that we might not perish but have everlasting life? “For God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.” There can then be no excuse for mistrust, but every encouragement to place confidence in Him. His willingness to deliver His people is always as great as His ability.

IV.—THE CALM.

When our Saviour awoke He did not tremble, nor did His cheeks blanch with fear. The tempest was great, the danger to the vessel and all on board imminent, but all this was nothing, for the Lord of nature had arisen, and He who holds the wind in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, was not dismayed by the agitation of this little inland sea. How strikingly the majesty of our King is here set forth! “And he arose and rebuked the wind,

and said unto the sea, Peace, be still." If He had been merely a man these words would have been presumptuous: yet they were in keeping with other expressions He used when He worked miracles of different kinds, for He "rebuked the deaf and dumb spirits;" He rebuked the devils who had taken possession of the bodies of men; He also rebuked the fever of Peter's wife's mother, and here He rebuked the winds and waves as His creatures; or if the storm had been caused by evil spirits that rebuke was meant for them. But of what use is it to command the sea to be still? King Canute, it is said, was so abominably flattered by his courtiers that he determined to reprove them. They had tried to persuade him that he was as much lord of the sea as the land, and that if he commanded, the former would yield to his authority. He ordered a seat to be placed on the beach when the tide was flowing, and there he spake to the waves that they should retire, nor wet his royal feet, but the water flowed on higher and higher, and he was at length obliged to move. How powerless was this king, and what a contrast to the poor teacher of Nazareth! For as soon as He spake the wind ceased, the waves no longer tossed the ship about, and the waters were peaceful. "He maketh the storm a calm, so he bringeth them to their desired haven."

2.—There was a miracle. Admit that the wind and waves became quiet at the same time, and you admit the miracle. It is always some time after the wind goes down before the sea ceases its agitation, sometimes this will continue for days; according to the previous violence of the storm so will be the length of time before the waves subside; but at once "there was a *great* calm." One moment there was peril, the next moment safety; the storm when our Saviour arose was of the most violent kind, but when He spake there was a hush of the elements, and scarcely a ripple on the bosom of the lake. Is it then not impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the words spoken by Jesus and the ceasing of the tempest were cause and effect?

3.—The influence of this miracle on the disciples is worth noticing, for "they feared exceedingly." This is otherwise than what we might have expected. That they should fear when the storm was raging we do not wonder, but that they should fear "exceedingly" *now* seems strange. But it was another kind of fear, for they said one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" This was the most surprising work of Jesus they had yet witnessed, and it made a deep impression upon them. They were waking up by degrees to a right apprehension of the dignity, the power, the greatness, and divinity of their Master, and this proof was more than they could well bear, for they

could not think of it with equanimity. They feared not now for themselves, but there were solemn feelings of holy awe which came over them, they were deeply impressed, and very thoughtful, for surely it was a solemn thing, as well as a responsible one, to have such a powerful Being with them for their Instructor and Friend.

Christ gives to all His people the same blessing—peace. “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” This blessed legacy has been left for all believers. If He had left money or houses or lands, they would have ceased to have been theirs at death, but this enemy cannot rob them of that. “Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” Is there one tempest-tossed here to-night; have you not rest? Well, come to Jesus for peace, and if your unquiet state be through a guilty conscience, or because of the troubles of life, or the result of anxious care, have faith in Him and you shall have rest, and that peace shall dwell in you which is perfect in its nature.

We all are on a sea—the sea of life. It is calm and pleasant sometimes, but more often stormy. There are dangerous rocks and banks on which many have been wrecked, and have perished. The young especially, who are beginning the voyage, are in great peril. But there is a pilot who is all-powerful and skilful, He who calmed the lake of Galilee; He knows all the dangers; He can keep thee safe amid all storms, and if needs be, give peace to the troubled waters; He knows thy destination, and He alone can steer thy little vessel in safety, and give to thee a feeling of perfect security. If He is not with thee already, take Him on board, for having Him all will be well, but without Him ruin is inevitable. Have Him for thy pilot, and then at the close of the voyage of this life, He will guide thee into the haven of endless rest, where

“Billows never beat, and tempests never roar.”

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

I ONCE stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the Vispbach Valley to a height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top; but I said to myself, “Oh, it will only require one step at a time.” Before noonday I stood on the summit enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me; and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to scale by taking one brave step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a school-boy, he got discouraged over his mathematics. But one day he found on the waste-leaf of the cover of his text-book a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was, "Go on, sir; go on." "That little sentence," said Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily until he became the greatest mathematician of his day by mastering one step at a time.

This is a vital point with every boy or girl who sincerely desires to be a Christian. Do not despise the day of small things. A noble Christian life looks very difficult, and it cannot be reached at a single jump; it is just a series of right steps, one at a time. Learning such a Bible verse as, "My son, give me thy heart," is one step; praying to Jesus Christ that He will accept your heart and cleanse it is another step; giving up a bad habit is another step; and saying "No" to some wicked temptation is still another. Everything you do to please the loving Saviour helps you forward. It was by such steady steps that Joseph made his way up from being an ill-used lad at Dothan, until he became the noble, righteous ruler of Egypt. If all Joseph's trials and temptations had come on him at once, they might have crushed him; but they came one at a time, and God helped him every time to conquer. Just as certainly will He help you if you ask Him by prayer.

When my daughter begins to embroider a piece of worsted, she does not expect to finish it with one dash of the needle, but by adding stitch to stitch for many winter evenings. If she drops a single stitch, it makes an ugly spot in the embroidery. So a Christian character is made up of a great many good acts that please Christ; but even a little sin leaves a bad spot in the workmanship.

When you read in your Bible this promise of God, "My grace is sufficient for thee," it means that God will give you strength to take each step when you come to it. He can help you also to bear hard trials bravely. He knows what is best for you.

"Thus, step by step, let's onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that we shall always have
Help for just one step more."

—T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

GLANCES ABROAD.

HAVING just returned from a most interesting cruise, I will endeavour to give you a brief description of the places we have visited. We left Malta last month, the vessel having just been re-commissioned. Malta itself is a rocky island, strongly fortified, and is some 14½ miles long by 8 miles broad; it lies about 60 miles S.E. of Sicily. The surface of the island, originally barren, has been covered by the natives with earth brought in ships from Sicily, so that a sterile, rocky desert has been converted into a fertile country. The Grand Harbour affords a splendid anchorage for shipping, and is the general rendezvous for the British Fleet on this station. The island has been successively in the hands of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Normans, Germans, and Knights of St. John. It was taken by the French in 1798, and surrendered to the British in 1800. Most of the buildings, churches, forts, garrisons, &c., were erected by the Knights, who were ruled by one of their own number, called the Grand-Master. The palace of the Grand-Master is well worthy a visit; the grand staircase, mosaic floors, rich tapestry, and ancient armoury are not easily forgotten. There, among others, is the armour of one doughty Spanish knight who must have stood 6 ft. 10 in. in height, and whose helmet weighs 36 lbs. "There is nothing new under the sun," it is said. Well, here may be seen a *breech-loading* gun some hundreds of years old, and here also might have been obtained the idea of a strong inner tube for cannon, for there is a very old field-piece made of an inner copper tube, surrounded by mortar or plaster, kept in place by a lashing of spun-yarn. This was taken from the Turks by the Knights. St. John's Cathedral is near to the Palace, and, like it, stands in the city of Valetta (the name, by-the-bye, of one of the grand-masters). The floor of the Cathedral is entirely mosaic work, commemorative of the various knights who have found a resting place beneath. Around the sides of the building are spaces marked off by beautifully-wrought pillars, and which were allotted to the knights according to their nationalities. These spaces are called chapels, and thus there is the English Chapel, French Chapel, Spanish Chapel, and so on. Within the chapels are magnificent paintings, sculpture, and mosaic work, so that one stands enraptured with the works of art that meet the eye at every turn. The grand altar is very sumptuous, being constructed of various coloured marble and other ornamental stones. At either side of the choir formerly stood a pair of golden and silver gates. The latter are still there; the former were taken away with many other valuables

by the French, during their short occupation: but the ship in which these treasures were being conveyed to France was, as the verger will not fail to impress upon you, lost on its passage.

The Capuchin Convent at Floriana is generally visited for the sake of the "Baked Friars," as Englishmen call them. These are the bodies of dead monks arranged in order around the walls of the vault below the convent. The bodies are left until they fall to pieces; and as one goes round the place, lit up with the fitful glare of a taper only, it is anything but pleasant to look upon the grinning horrid remains that draw so many easy shillings from the sight-seers' pockets.

Some five or six miles from Valetta will bring you to St. Paul's Bay, the place where the great Apostle of the Gentiles is supposed to have been shipwrecked during his voyage to Rome. There is a small chapel built on the spot where the barbarians are supposed to have lit the fire. The building contains some old pictures illustrative of the events in the Apostle's journey. About five minutes' walk from St. Paul's Chapel brings one to the Catacombs—vast underground cuttings in the solid rock, forming streets or galleries in every conceivable direction. You enter these catacombs by descending some nine or ten feet of steps, and strangers are generally accompanied by a sacristan from the chapel, who will bring lighted tapers to guide the way. Many of the passages have been walled up to prevent strangers losing their way, as has often happened ere now. The belief at Rome is that these catacombs were made by the persecuted early Christians, and that the dead bodies found in them are their remains; and whenever, as occurs sometimes, a small bottle, or part of a bottle, tinctured with the remains of some colouring matter upon it comes to light, it is immediately seized, and declared to be the original receptacle of the blood of a martyr, and venerated as such. The probability is that these catacombs were built or excavated by the Phœnicians or Romans for a public burial place, and were afterwards probably used as hiding places by the persecuted Christians. If you require a relic, however, you can have the finger or toe of any saint you like to mention—of course, as Mr. Pecksniff, would say, "for a consideration." This reminds me of a yarn a messmate was telling me the other day. When in South America he visited a church in which the bones of Pizarro are supposed to be kept. The priest in charge offered a bone of the celebrated Spaniard, when my friend remarked to a companion, "There can't be much of Pizarro left if they offer some of his bones to every visitor." The priest smiled blandly, but it never entered into the head of my friend that the said priest could understand English, and so they went on yarning away and

making sundry uncomplimentary remarks on the credulity of those who paid for such relics. At length the priest, who appears to have been a jolly fellow, and who understood all they had been saying, ejaculated, pointing with his hand to the vaults below, "Plenty more Pizarros down there."

But let us get away from Malta and enter the harbour of Syracuse at the southern part of Sicily. As we enter there stands to the right the fortress from which it is said Archimedes burnt the Greek fleets with burning glasses; some three miles from the town, along a recently well-made road, past lemon groves and vineyards, we reach the remains of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, and a Grecian open air theatre cut out of the solid rock, circular in shape, the seats rising in regular order tier upon tier. In the former may still be seen the passage in which were kept the wild animals that were retained for fighting among themselves, or with gladiators, or possibly with the persecuted Christians. Close to these remains is the celebrated quarry known as Dionysius's Ear. It was originally quarried by slaves, who naturally took the softest part of the stone first, and so it came to form the shape of the letter S in its ground plan; it is some 10 feet wide at the bottom, closed over at the top, is 273 feet in length, and 73 feet high. It was cut some 650 years before the Christian era, and was used as a prison by Dionysius who used to listen at the upper end of the place, and so discover what the prisoners said among themselves.

There is the most wonderful echo in the place I ever heard, even the tearing of a sheet of paper gives back loud reverberation, while the firing of a pistol set up a noise like the discharge of the fire-arms of a whole battalion. Close to this is an ancient quarry into which were driven several thousand prisoners by the Romans; the prisoners were kept without food, and were so crowded that they were all dead in a few days. It is dreadful to dwell on the scenes that have been witnessed near and in this terrible place. Hundreds of slaves were kept here continually during the Roman occupation, and were never allowed outside the place.

What a life! nothing but the chiselling of the hard rock before and the whip of the task-master behind them. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty! Human remains are still found in the soil that has accumulated in these quarries. The town of Syracuse is not very lively, though it contains many ancient and interesting relics. Mount Etna can be seen in the distance from this place, but we obtained a more clear view from Catania, a place on the East Coast of Sicily; this place was visited by a shower of *iron* some two months ago, and I plainly saw steam and smoke issuing from the mouth of Etna that stands

immediately behind the town; of course it is farther off than it appears to be; some five or six miles I believe it is, to the foot of the volcano; but its snow-capped head seemed to be towering right above this place. The town is paved with lava rock, and the shore is lined with the black-gnarled remains of the lava that was emitted from Etna in 1669. The mountain is eighty-seven miles in circumference at the base, and 10,874 feet above the sea. The ascent is gradual, and the lower part or zones fertile and woody; the upper part or zone near the summit being a sterile, barren waste of scoria, ashes, and lava. The crater at the summit is two miles in circumference. The country round about is delightful, and many homesteads and country residences are dotted on the undulating expanse between the sea and the foot of the mountain. The streets of Catania are paved right across with lava rock, as are most of the towns and villages in the vicinity of the mountains.

G. T. C.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST PAYMENT.

THE outstanding debt of a newly-built church was thrown upon the people, giving every one, men, women, and children, the opportunity and privilege of taking shares in the house of God. The plan was variously received. Some would give nothing; others were sure they had nothing to give. Some thought church-building belonged to the men; others did not wish to hear about the debt at all; and still others suggested making application to richer churches abroad. A little at a stand what was best to do, and before the subscription papers were issued, a lady called upon a poor widow of the church, living in an upper room, with four children to maintain, to learn how she fared through the cold weather. Having made her call, and rising to go, "How does the debt get along?" asked the poor woman; "I've got my money ready. I did not know whom to pay it to. Will you take it?" And she went and brought four silver pieces and put them into the lady's hand. "Four shillings!" said the lady; "My good woman, you cannot afford this; and in this cold weather too!" "Yes, yes," replied the poor widow, a tear glistening in her eye, "*My God is a good God to me, and I want the privilege of helping to build His house.*" This was the *first payment*, the precious offering of a believing and grateful heart, who needed no arguments, and no collector beyond the love she bore her Saviour. It was also the first note of encouragement to the builders, who henceforth took courage. When Christ's people come up to this measure of giving, His treasury will be well replenished, and His church will be built of "polished stones."

DR. PAYSON'S POWER IN PRAYER.

THE EARS ago, when Dr. Payson was the pastor of the second parish church in this city, he instituted "The Quarterly Church Fast." This season is still observed here by all the orthodox Congregational churches. Being in one of these meetings not long since, I took occasion to mention the fact that the pastor of a church in Western Massachusetts, where I formerly resided, often alluded to these seasons, and the manner in which they were observed by Dr. Payson, and that, as a consequence; his church afterwards established such a meeting, and regularly attended upon it, with no little profit and interest.

A pious lawyer who was present remarked, that he was reminded by these statements of one striking feature in Dr. Payson's Sabbath Exercises—*his wonderful power in prayer*. Mr. S. was then a child; he sat in the gallery; he felt no special interest about religious things. But when that man of God arose in his place, and poured out his soul in supplication, so filial and tender, so earnest and reverent, so solemn and spiritual, his young heart was completely overwhelmed with emotion. He could not describe the feelings that rushed upon him at that hour, in any better way than by comparing them to the sensation which comes over us when we receive a sudden fright: his blood started quicker in his veins, his whole frame felt a shock, and his spirit was stirred deeply within him. Dr. Payson brought down so much of the presence and power of God, by his near communion at the throne of grace, that it was awful to be there. That vast assembly were ready to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." He said Dr. Payson owed his remarkable success in the ministry, and his amazing influence, as much to his prevalence in prayer as to his faithfulness and pungency in preaching the Gospel.

A valuable testimony! In these days, when so much is said about great efforts, about eloquent sermons, about *intellectual preaching*, and so little importance is attached to a high standard of personal piety, may it not be refreshing to turn back to the experience of former saints? Few, if any, ministers have wielded a more wide-spread and healthy influence than Dr. Payson. It is felt to the third and fourth generations. Its moulding hand is still pressing warmly upon this whole community.—*Letter from Portland, in Friendly Visitor, 1871.*

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

“And the House, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.”—I KINGS vi. 17.

And whither came these goodly stones 'twas Israel's pride to raise,
The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days;
In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendour bright,
Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was brought,
In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains wrought;
There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing rocks,
There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge the rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete, each fitted to its place,
For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep-imbedded base,
They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell between
The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, thro' days, and months, and years,
Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen tears;
And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose—
Fit dwelling for the God of peace!—a temple of repose!

Brethren in Christ! to holier things the simple type apply;
Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on high,
Of souls elect; their Zion there—*that* world of light and bliss;
Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding *this*.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim He hews
The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth Him to choose;
Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to shine,
Moulded beneath His patient hand, in purity Divine.

O glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle, meek,
See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened cheek;
Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol fond;
Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender bond!

Behold *he* prays whose lips were sealed in silent scorn before;
Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door:
Behold *he* works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past:
Oh! for more mouldings of the hand that works a change so vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of God matured,—
What chisellings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes endured!
But marked ye not that last soft touch, what *perfect* grace it gave,
Ere Jesus bore His servant home across the darksome wave?

Home to the place His grace designed that chosen soul to fill,
In the bright temple of the saved “upon His holy hill”;
Home to the noiselessness, the peace, of those sweet shrines above,
Whose stones shall never be displaced—set in redeeming love.

Lord,—chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away,
Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array;
And thus, thine image on us stamped, transport us to the shore
Where not a stroke is ever felt, for none is needed more.

—Anon

Connexional Department.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE, 1880.

THIS Conference was anticipated with considerable interest, as one that would be of no small moment in the history of the Denomination. The year which has just passed away has been of no ordinary kind. For anxiety, work, and success it will be remembered as of a very important character. Circumstances have arisen exercising the officials in a very remarkable way. The large Conference, too, is of itself a sufficient attraction to all who are interested in the good of our cause. The place of meeting is not destitute of attraction. Bristol is a place of strength, where every autumn, for many years, the members of the Connexional Committee have been most hospitably entertained. The fine property we have at Bedminster has excited in the breast of many a desire to see with their eyes what they had simply known by reports and the hearing of the ear.

The Sixty-second Annual Conference was opened at 9 a.m., Wednesday, July 28th, 1880, in Redcliff Crescent Chapel, Bedminster, Bristol. The President of 1879 gave out the hymn, "And are we yet alive," &c. All felt the touching applicability of the beautiful lines sung. The "fightings" and "fears" have been graciously relieved by the "love," "help," and "hidings" of the Lord. After prayer by Br. Gammon, the President called on the Conference to elect his successor. He gave expression to his gratitude to God for sustaining him in his arduous yet honourable duties, and his appreciation of the sympathy he had received from his brethren during the year.

OFFICERS.

In all the Methodist Churches the election of the *chief* officer is a matter of great interest, and when the hour arrived for the appointment of the President of the Conference, wonder reached its highest point of excitement. Events, however, had cast their shadows before, and when the name of our highly esteemed Br. J. Horwill was mentioned, the nomination was received with applause, and Br. Horwill was unanimously elected President.

The Ex-President, Br. J. Dymond, welcomed his successor by a hearty shake of the hand and a few kindly words.

The President elect said he felt very thankful to his brethren for the honour they had conferred upon him. He was aware that there was no higher position in their power to which to exalt him. He felt, therefore, that he must have a place in their hearts. He asked

their sympathies and prayers. He would also solicit that consideration which, on account of his health, he so much needed. It was his intense desire, as it would be the subject of his earnest prayer, that his year of office might be one of great prosperity. He would again thank the members of the Conference for the honour they had conferred upon him.

Br. W. B. Lark was elected Secretary; Mr. Batten, one of the representatives, Journal, Br. J. Martin, Minute, Br. A. Hancock, Duplicate, and Br. J. Botheras, Corresponding Secretaries. Reporters: Brs. M. Brokenshire and J. H. Batt (for B. C. Magazine); Br. W. F. James and Messrs. Holland, W. J. Nicholls and W. B. Luke for the general press.

The examination of the list of approved preachers was next proceeded with, when it was found there had been several resignations, which were accepted. Two deaths were reported from Canada, one of whom, Br. John Guard, passed away during the interval of the Canadian and English Conference. It is subject for remark and thankfulness that death has not made any break in our ministerial ranks at *home*.

Br. C. BARKER, OF CANADA.

The presence of Br. C. Barker was hailed with acclamation, and he was accorded a place on the platform, amid hearty and continuous cheering. Oppressed with deep feeling, our highly esteemed visitor could not then speak to the Conference. On Thursday morning a formal and hearty reception was given. A resolution was moved by Br. Gilbert, and seconded by Br. W. J. Hocking, and carried with acclamation. This resolution briefly reviewed the great work and high worth of Br. Barker. In replying, Mr. Barker gave some very touching and striking reminiscences with regard to his leaving England, and the duties forced upon him by peculiar circumstances on his arrival at Prince Edward Island. He had to take part in great political and religious movements, and was proud to say that he had ever lent his energies to the cause of liberty and truth.

STATISTICS.

The presentation of the report on this aspect of our church work is awaited with hope and fear, gratitude and regret. There are 307 ministers; 1882 local preachers, increase 8; chapels, 937, decrease 1; preaching places, 192, increase 11; deaths, 414, decrease 18; emigrations, 168, decrease 37; removals, 2,546, decrease 111; members—full, 30,842, increase 677; trial, 1,209, increase 305; Sunday-school teachers, 9,860, increase 64; scholars, 53,450, increase 522.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Expectations ran high with relation to the Brethren who were

appointed to preach. The first service was conducted by Br. Jehu Martin, who selected Psalm xlv. 1. as his text. Br. M. discoursed with considerable pungency on the "good man's study of Christ, and the effect of that study." Wednesday morning, Br. W. H. Hill preached from Matt. xv. 38. In the evening the sermon to the Conference was preached by Br. W. B. Lark. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Br. Lark for his able sermon, and its publication was unanimously requested. This service was followed by the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Thursday morning the pulpit was occupied by Br. S. Allin; text, Acts xvii. 21. In the evening the usual fellowship meeting was held, when clear testimony was borne to the saving and purifying influence of Christian truth. Friday morning, Br. A. Hancock discoursed on Acts vii. 19.

The fellowship meeting was marked by an earnest desire for a higher life. Missionary sermons were preached in the two city chapels on the Conference Sunday, to the delight of the hearers. The public services on the Monday were characterised by a fine spirit. The facts presented by Br. Barker commanded the greatest attention. Our friend Mr. W. Terrett and J. Storrs Fry, Esq., rendered splendid services as chairmen. Two temperance meetings were held on Tuesday, August 3rd, one in the Conference Chapel, and the other in Gladstone Street Chapel. The advocacy of the good cause of teetotalism was considered safe in the hands of the brethren who addressed themselves to the work.

The Sunday School Meeting was well attended, and may be characterised as a great success. The chair was taken by Mr. Bradshaw. The general report was presented by the excellent secretary, Br. P. Labdon, and spirited addresses were given by the Brethren Batt, Mundy, Jabez, Honey, and W. Luke. The scholars gave some suitable melodies at intervals.

RECEPTION OF YOUNG MEN.

The brethren who had fulfilled their term of probation were publicly recognised on Friday, July 30th. The afternoon service was opened by Br. I. B. Vanstone.

The President spoke of the great importance of the day. This was a time looked forth to with great anxiety by these young men, and it was one of considerable moment to the whole Denomination. The work of the ministry was a weighty one, therefore ministers should be men of God. There should be no doubt as to their piety, spirit, and general Christian conduct. They had not before them untried men; for before they came out they were known and tried. They had to preach the gospel, and the people possessed opportunities for knowing their character. They had had to pass their several quarterly meetings, and had spent four years as

preachers. They had also had to pass examinations, and now, having had recommendations, and having been received officially, they are before you for your approval. These young men will speak to three points—their conversion, call to the ministry, and the present state of their Christian experience.

JOHN NINNIS said he felt more than he could express. Since being here his responsibility had assumed a shape never recognised before. His obligations to God, the church, and the world came upon him with increased weight, and if spared to leave that place he would go forth and work more earnestly. Among his earliest recollections were impressions for good. He was favoured with a religious training at home, and also in the Sunday-school. He was addicted to open sin in his youth, but not excessively so. A series of religious services being held at his home, he attended; at first he was amused with the proceedings, by-and-bye was brought under conviction of sin, and then felt he was indeed a great sinner. Looking to Christ, however, he laid hold of salvation, a mighty change came over him, and he was a new creature in Christ. Being thus made right, he felt he must try to lead others to the same Saviour. After some time his name appeared on the circuit plan. On this matter he was much exercised in mind, but he felt he must do as he was bidden. After preaching in this capacity for about eighteen months, he was called to supply a vacancy on the Scilly Isles. His call to the ministry became clear, and he could not resist the command of heaven. He went forth, and had spent four years on probation, and now he stood before them to be received into full Connexion. Having seen many souls converted, he was persuaded he was doing the work God would have him do, and he hoped to go on and do the complete will of God. He was still living in the favour of the Almighty. He hoped to live and die in the work to which he was called.

T. G. VANSTONE said he did not know how to describe his feelings; he felt as he never felt before. He was thankful for the kindness which had been shown him. He had ever cherished a love for the brethren, but that love was increasing. In speaking to the three points named, he was sure that he was converted to God. In 1870 he went to London; and being fond of pleasure he meant to have his fill of it. But it was his good fortune to find a home among a family in which religion was honoured and enjoyed. The blessing of God was asked upon every meal, and family prayer was regularly conducted. These things, therefore, rendered it impossible for him to enjoy the pleasures of this world. He went on for about twelve months in a state of great misery. One day, while walking up East-road, he saw a bill announcing that Mr. Vanstone

was to preach, and he resolved to hear this minister as he bore his own name. He went, and the text was, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." After the sermon the preacher came toward him. He ran away from the messenger, but not from the message; that pursued him and he could not rest. After some time he called on Mr. R. Maund, who gave him good counsel. He went to Jubilee, and Mr. Vanstone spoke to and prayed for him. At last he laid hold of Christ and found peace. Being saved, he now began to work. He began by taking a class of youths. These lads knew more than he did, but they read and prayed, talked about Jesus and wept. After a while he began to preach. He preached in St. Luke's Workhouse, and then in the open air. He became confirmed in his conviction that God had called him to preach. He wanted to tell Mr. Bourne, but he was afraid to do so. At last he broke through, and he gave himself to the full work of preaching. He had laboured for the last four years, and had seen some scores of souls converted. It was his greatest joy to see sinners saved. He now gave himself afresh to the work.

T. C. JACOB. There are moments in the lifetime of everyone of great solemnity; the present was such a time in his history. He was converted amid the strong crying and tears of a Cornish revival. That was the green spot in his life, from which followed all the good he had since enjoyed. After his conversion he attended class. The members used to attend class-meetings regularly. One night while there the leader was giving out tickets, but there was no ticket for him. He continued to go to class. The next ticket renewal arrived, and he was present, but there was no ticket for him. A female member said to the leader, "There's a boy here, he hasn't got one." The leader looked in his book and found a ticket with the name of another person and handed it to him. He took the ticket and read on it, "This is to certify that 'Caroline Pascoe' is an accredited member," &c., and thus he was admitted into the society as a young lady. After a while he gave addresses in the Sunday-school. Then he was put on the plan to go with a local preacher. Finally he entered the ministry. He had had many exercises of mind relative thereto. One day he was telling a dear old Christian of his depressions. The advice she gave was, "Harden your heart and stiffen your neck, and go at it." He had continued in the work of the ministry, and the Lord had blessed him. His purpose was, to live and labour for the welfare of men.

DAN SMITH said his conversion to God was very clear. He did not remember the time when he was not the subject of religious impressions. After some years God poured out His Spirit in his

neighbourhood. He was awakened, and attended meetings for about six weeks, and was in great distress. He read a tract in which Christ was presented under the figure of a life-boat. He immediately saw Christ as his Saviour, and by believing obtained mercy. He had no doubt as to his call to the ministry. A general impression prevailed that he ought to enter the full work. After much thought and prayer, he came out, and had not laboured in vain. He hoped to continue in the good work as long as he lived.

W. H. CULLIFORD. Ten years ago God spoke peace to his soul. He was impressed to go into a chapel in Hotwells, as he was passing, but his religious convictions became settled at High Ham. He longed for some one to speak to him concerning his soul's salvation. Special services being held, he attended and heard a sermon on the text, "My son, give me thy heart." He became so disturbed that he could not sleep. He prayed, but light seemed distant. Finally he believed, and the grand evidence came to his soul that he was God's. After some time he commenced preaching, and then he felt he must give himself fully to the work of the ministry. Whilst thus engaged he felt at home. He had had the joy of leading many to Christ in each circuit on which he had travelled. His hope was thus to live and labour for the Lord, and in the prosecution of this work he earnestly solicited the prayers of his brethren, so that he might become a faithful minister of Christ, and at last hear the Master say, "Well done."

J. RAWLINGS said he had often thought of this occasion, and had anticipated it with mingled feelings. His feelings at that time were strong. He had nothing great or remarkable to relate. His experience did not differ from others with respect to his conversion. Early in life he was called by God, like Samuel, before he knew the voice of Him who called him. He went to the Sunday-school, and there was led to see himself as a sinner. While in seclusion he often thought of heaven, hell, and the judgment. The thought of these things brought tears to his eyes. Special services being held at his home, he sought and found Christ. From that time he ever loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Just then a number of young people banded together for prayer. He engaged in Sabbath-school teaching, and then became a local preacher. After some time he became persuaded by inward impressions, and the kind words of friends, that it was his duty to enter the work of the ministry. He felt he was the Lord's, and God had sealed his labours by the conversion of sinners. He had not yet attained to all he hoped to be; but he meant to go on, and trusted he should grow in holiness, knowledge, and usefulness.

M. HOARE said he felt the solemnity of the service. He had

humility generally, but he thought it had developed greatly while here at the Conference. He had been born *twice*. Early in life he was surrounded by Christian influences. He wanted to be a Christian. Just at this time he went to London, and was drawn away into the pleasures of the world. After some time he felt acutely his position as a sinner. Away from home he lacked that fellowship which was so necessary to meet his case. After many struggles he believed and was saved. After his conversion he began to work in the open-air, and in other ways. He became exercised respecting the ministry. He wanted a wider sphere which he found in the Bible Christian ministry. During the four years he had been preaching, he delighted in seeing souls saved. He was anxious to do the work of a minister. He wished to be where God would have him be. His position was life by faith in Christ.

The public reception of these brethren was moved, seconded, and supported by Messrs. Tremelling, Tamblyn, and Mitchell. The charge was delivered by the ex-president, and was fraught with rich spiritual advice. As we hope it will appear in full in the Magazine, an epitome is not necessary.

FINANCE.

The financial aspect of our affairs is a matter of no small importance. It caused feelings of sadness to learn that the missionary receipts at home are £550 less than last year. The Report of the General Chapel Secretary showed that great interest is still being taken in this part of our work. The College continues its hopeful way, and the institution is working well. While the special College fund has not won that practical support which is so much needed, it was thought there was cause for thankfulness for what has been contributed. The Book Room continues its good work, and manifests great healthiness.

SYMPATHY WITH THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., THE PRIME MINISTER.

A resolution of sympathy with the Right Hon. gentleman in his severe illness was prepared by Br. W. Luke, and forwarded by telegram, and the following reply was also received by telegram:—

“Your message of sympathy is highly appreciated. Happy to inform you that Mr. Gladstone has passed a good night and all symptoms are favourable.

“E. W. HAMILTON, Private Secretary.

“To the President of the Bible Christian Conference,
“Bristol.”

SPIRITUAL STATE.

The resolution on this subject showed that 3,563 had been

converted during the year. It spoke of the need of further and fuller consecration to God. A higher tone of spiritual life is essential to the accomplishment of our great purpose.

A hearty and well-merited vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Trengove and the numerous friends who so efficiently ministered to our physical needs, and opened their houses for our accommodation.

The next Conference is to be held in our beautiful new chapel at Newport, Isle of Wight.

While there have been things to exercise the minds of the officials, the Conference, on the whole, has been marked by thoroughness. The discussions by spirit and skill. We separated feeling that we were the better for having met, and trust the year now begun will be one of consecration and success.

August 5th, 1880.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

JOHN GUARD,

BIBLE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

CARLYLE says, "The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity in doing it." Work is essential to religion. The first, the constant duty we owe ourselves, is to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," trusting in the unfailing aid of Him "who worketh in us to will and do of His good pleasure." The pursuit of holiness and heaven, however, will not be successfully prosecuted without zealous labour for the good of others. Success, in this work, is possible to all, for, as Matthew Henry says, "The oil of grace multiplies, and fails not till the vessels of faith fail." But then consecration to God and His service needs to be complete. It is my province to relate something of the life of a Christian worker, who, possessed of no eminent ability, filled no large space in the public eye, sought and won no honours, such as ambition covets, did, nevertheless, by fidelity to God, to duty, to conscience, gather not a little fruit in various fields, before he ascended to his rest.

John Guard, was born in the parish of Old Cleave, near Taunton, in the county of Somerset, England, on the 14th, of October, 1828. His parents, John and Harriet Guard, were an industrious and God-fearing couple. The wife and mother especially, was "a devoted and exemplary Christian," to whom our departed brother owed not a little of that reverence for Divine things which he

displayed in his boyhood. She early led him to the house of God, and lovingly sought to imbue his mind with sacred truth. To her watchful care of him may be attributed, it is more than probable, that his natural amiability and strong social tendencies did not expose him to the many temptations of unsanctified youth; or, that when so exposed, he was enabled to resist them successfully. The peculiar tenderness with which he often spoke of her, showed how deeply sensible he was of his great indebtedness to her maternal love and Christian care of him.

Br. Guard devoted himself to God in early life. He was led to decide for God under the ministry of that earnest revivalist, Samuel Crocker. He at once began to work for the Master, for the new life in him was a thing of activity and power. He delighted in Sabbath-school work, to which he now devoted himself. One of the offices he was called to fill, proved to be useful in training him for the work of pastoral visitation, in which he so much excelled. He was made school visitor, whose special duty was to look up absentees week by week, and to gather in neglected children who attended no Sabbath-school, and who spent the sacred hours of the holy day in idleness, or play, or worse. Often, in past days, has he spoken of the pleasure these duties gave him.

In course of time, he became a local preacher, and was abundant in his labours, which often involved after his week's labour at his calling, a "Sabbath-day journey" of from twenty-five to thirty miles on foot, and the preaching of two or three sermons. This he did punctually, untiringly, faithfully.

Called by the church, and impressed by a strong sense of duty, he became a candidate for the ministry in 1851, and being desirous of becoming more thoroughly prepared for his work, he spent one, if not two terms, at the Connexional Institution, now the Shebbear Bible Christian College. He conducted himself whilst there in a manner that called forth high commendation from the late venerable James Thorne, who was then governor of the embryo College. During Br. Guard's residence at Shebbear, the writer made his acquaintance, and a friendship commenced which nothing disturbed until his death.

In 1853, he entered the ministry, and passed his probation on the old Winkleigh Mission, now Hatherleigh Circuit, Week St. Mary, Bodmin. After his ordination in 1857, he was sent to Chatham, where his health began to fail. At the following Conference, he became a supernumerary on his own resources. It was a peculiarity of his, that he had a strong repugnance to receive salary or maintenance for which he did not give full value in real work. He sought and found suitable employment until he

re-entered the work. This he did, at the call of the Connexional Executive, before his strength was quite restored. He was sent to the newly formed Clapham Mission until Conference, and was re-appointed to that Station in 1861.

At this time he entered into matrimony with Miss Mary Dinnick, now his mourning widow, who proved a help-meet in the gospel in his several spheres of labour.

It was the writer's happiness to have Br. Guard for a colleague in the St. Austell Circuit, in 1862. That appointment was never regretted by either of us. He was a model colleague, ever ready to render me all possible assistance in the management and working of that important circuit. During the year, his health again became delicate, and at the ensuing Conference, believing that his strength was insufficient for the itinerant work, he thought it his duty to tender his resignation.

A new field of labour, for which he soon proved specially adapted, opened before him,—the St. Austell town mission needed an agent. The position was accepted by him, and for seven years he steadily and successfully prosecuted the work of visiting the poor and the outcast daily, throughout the town and neighbourhood. In addition to this, he conducted a "ragged" Sunday-school, and held one or two cottage meetings weekly.

During the two years I remained on the circuit, after Br. Guard's resignation, I was privileged to know what he was doing, for he continued his membership with us, and in every legitimate way he sought to advance the interest of the church. Did space permit, cases might be cited of a very interesting character, in evidence of the good of which he was the God-honoured instrument.

His health again failed, and consistently with his former conduct, he refused to receive wages he could not earn. He resigned his position, much to the regret of his Managing Committee, who, to retain the services of one whom they regarded as the best missionary they ever had, offered him a lengthened holiday, with full pay, in the hope that his health would be restored, and his services continued in St. Austell.

In 1870 he emigrated, with his brother Paul, to Kansas. The hot climate, and his incessant toil there, in a few months brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. His medical adviser ordered him to leave Kansas as soon he was able to travel, if he would save his life. He accordingly set out for his native land, and came through Canada, that he might once more see his old friends, myself and my wife, on his way. He arrived at Bowmanville, a physical wreck. He was going home, as he supposed, to die; but was persuaded to

remain the winter, to see if the dry bracing air would not give tone and health to his enfeebled body. As we expected, he rapidly grew better. When Br. John Williams' health failed in the spring of 1871, Br. Guard was sent to supply his place temporarily. When a vacancy for a clerk in the Book Store, occurred, he was offered the situation, which he filled for a little more than a year, much to the advantage of the business.

While in the Book Room, his health seemed to be fully restored, and he rendered valuable services as a local preacher in the Bowmanville Circuit. He strongly felt and expressed a desire to be fully engaged in what he considered to be the real work of his life, the ministry of the Word. Accordingly, he re-entered the itinerancy at the Conference of 1872, and has since laboured in the Columbus, Lindsay, Sutton, and Lakefield Stations. On all these fields of labour, he was respected for his personal worth and his devotedness to his work.

He went to Lakefield last year, with high hopes that he would be made an instrument of good there. During the fall of 1879, he took a severe cold, from which he greatly suffered all the winter. His health became so impaired, that his physician warned him to be careful, and even to abstain from work entirely for a time. Anxious to save the church the expense of a supply, he continued at his post, evidently doing more than his strength justified. About eight weeks before his death, he caught a cold at a funeral in Dummer, which led to inflammation of the lungs and inflammatory rheumatism.

From the commencement of his last illness, he cherished but little hope of recovery. He often spoke of his work as being done, and when others seemed to see signs of improvement in his health, he would quietly remark, "I cannot realize it." As he drew near to death, he felt no anxiety and no fear. Sometimes he expressed a very natural desire to live a few years longer for his work's sake, and the sake of his relations, but was at the same time submissive to God's will. "God knows what is best," was the language of his heart and tongue. His patience was as remarkable as his sufferings were severe, and his great amiability of character was evidenced by his earnest thankfulness for the smallest service rendered to him.

His state of mind during his affliction, may be judged of by one or two incidents. About a month before he died, when roused from semi-unconsciousness, he said, "Why did you wake me up? I was just gliding into the haven so peacefully and joyously. Yes! all is well. Oh heaven! sweet rest of heaven!" On another occasion, after a short sleep, he said to Sister Guard, as though he

already realized the joy of the final triumph, "Help me to shout. I want to send up a big shout—one that shall mingle with the hallelujah chorus of heaven." The day before he died, he said to his beloved wife, "I am going home." Her response was, "Yes! you are going to Jesus." Then a smile played upon his countenance, as if for him to die, was an event to be joyfully anticipated. Soon after, his speech failed him, and early on Sabbath morning, June 27th, 1880, he fell asleep in Jesus, without a groan or a struggle.

"So fades the summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

His mortal remains were deposited in the Lakefield cemetery, on the following Tuesday, the services being conducted by Br. W. Kenner, President of the Conference, and Br. E. Roberts. Through an oversight in the Post Office, at Peterborough, but few of his Ministerial brethren knew of the solemn event. The Brethren R. T. Courtice, T. W. Blatchford, S. Muxworthy, and three ministers of other denominations in the village, acted as pall-bearers, and a very large concourse of persons followed the body to the grave.

In the enforced absence of the writer, Br. Roberts preached a funeral sermon on the following Sabbath, on 2 Timothy, iv. 6-8, to an overflowing congregation, "whose tears and deep feeling showed the high respect and affectionate regard in which Br. and Sister Guard were held by the community."

Many years' intimacy with John Guard, justifies the writer in endorsing Br. Robert's estimate of him. He says: "Br. Guard was a man of fair natural ability, of unquestionable piety, unimpeachable integrity, and great moral worth. Others might, and no doubt did, excel him in pulpit power and eloquence, but in his daily ministrations in the families and homes of the people, there are very few who can equal him; for while he was a faithful minister of the Gospel, the consistency of his life, the laborious character of his service, his deep sympathy and geniality of mind, and the interest he evinced in the welfare of all, accomplished as much for Jesus as the duties performed in the pulpit."

Until the night is past, and the eternal dawn has risen upon us as upon thee, farewell, Oh, friend, brother, fellow-labourer. Thou hast entered into life, while we remain to suffer and die. Thou retest while we toil and are weary. Yet we will not mourn thee. We shall see and greet thee yonder, anon, through the unfailing

mercy of thy God and ours. Rather will we rejoice because for thee

“ The festal lamps are lighted now
 In the great marriage hall ;
 By angel-hands the board is spread,
 By angel-hands the sacred bread
 Is on the golden table laid,
 The King His own doth call.”

—W. S. PASCOR, in *The Observer*.

SARAH MOON,

WHOSE maiden name was Baker, was born January 10th, 1815, in the parish of Westfield, in the county of Sussex. Her father was a master tradesman, and highly esteemed by many of his contemporaries. He was a strict churchman, taking his children with him to the parish church. Sarah, the youngest daughter, often went with her father to the town of Battle. A lady there took a great liking to her, and much wanted her to live with her. At length she consented, and when only twelve years of age, she left her home to live with this lady, with whom she remained eight years. Her manner was so quiet, and her disposition so kind and obliging, that she gained the esteem of all the family, and the children especially, who often would not let any one else do anything for them. At the age of twenty she left Battle for Hastings, but as her mother soon afterwards died, she returned home to keep her father's house. During this period she attended the Bible Christian preaching place at Westfield, the preachers being at this time Brs. John Edwards and George Tilley, and Amy Terry. The Lord poured out His Holy Spirit, and many were converted. Some of the converts are gone home to heaven, and some are still on their way. One of the happy number was Sarah, who gave her heart fully to the Lord. There was but little noise, but peace and joy filled her soul, leading her to exclaim, “ How sweet the love of Jesus to a poor troubled heart ! ” She however soon found that she had entered the battlefield, and she met with much opposition, and had many trials at home. The rest of the family were church-going people, but she held on her way, trusting in the Lord. Her piety was real, and her conduct consistent. She loved the house of God and the means of grace. Her language was—

“ I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below.”

About the year 1837 she became my wife, and forty years we spent together in the Bible Christian cause. She was one of the

best of wives—ever kind, and affectionate, and dutiful. She never thought she had done enough for any one. About fourteen months after marriage she became the mother of twin children, which brought on a weakness that continued to the end of her life.

About this time our preaching place had to be given up, and we opened our house for the services. For twelve years they were held there, and for the same period we joyfully received the ministers. Many blessed seasons and many conversions we had here during the ministry of the Brethren James Way, James Moxley, and James Ching, and Sisters Mary Elson, Ann White and M. A. Taylor.

The inconvenience, where there is a little family, of having preaching services in a dwelling-house is great, but my dear wife, with her five children, moved on calmly and quietly. She cast all her care on the great burden-bearer, who careth for us. She was indeed a good wife, a loving mother, a peaceful neighbour—never speaking of the faults of others. When these were spoken of, it was as though she did not hear of them, or she would say, "Do you think it is so?" If all Christians acted thus, how happy and prosperous our Zion would be! She was always ready to do a kindness to any one. When I have had to go thirty miles on the Sabbath to my appointments, and unable to get home till twelve or one o'clock, she used to meet me on my return with a cheerful smile and suitable refreshment. She grieved when the cause of God was low, and prayed much in secret; and although she did not witness her heart's desires fully, her prayers will yet be answered. The seed has been sown, and the harvest will yet be reaped.

For several years she was an invalid, and for the last two a very great sufferer; but her acute sufferings were borne with great patience and resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. Her end was sudden at the last. We had sat down to take tea together as usual, but losing the use of her left hand, she was placed in bed, and soon lost her reason. Seeing death was approaching, I said, "My dear, I don't think you will be with us long." She replied, "Perhaps not." I continued, "You must look to Jesus." "I do," was the satisfactory response. Again I asked if she felt happy in the Lord. She said, "Yes." This was the last word she spoke, and about half-past one on Sunday afternoon, November 16th, 1879, aged sixty-four, she fell asleep in Jesus, leaving her husband and five children, by whom her memory will not soon be forgotten, to mourn their loss. May the writer and the reader meet her in their Father's house above, is the prayer of

LEWIS MOON.

MISS ALICE BASKEVILLE

WAS born at New Park, in the parish of Jacobstow, Cornwall, in the year 1852. When only six or seven years of age she thought, in her dreams, that the Saviour spoke to her, and asked if she would go to heaven with Him, He spreading out His arms toward her. The vision quickly departed, but years afterwards she could hear the voice as distinctly and see the hand as clearly as in her dream. When only ten years of age she became so happy while in prayer one night that she got into bed singing, and told her sister that she was not afraid to die. Her sister told their mother, but she probably thought it a childish fancy, as she took no notice of it. As Alice grew older she became very fond of dress, and was thought to be a very proud girl. A vivid dream of the judgment when she was seventeen years of age greatly alarmed her. The cries of lost souls pierced her ears, and the voices of some she recognised. And more terrible than all, the fire came nearer and nearer to her, till there was no way of escape left, and she, alas, was not prepared. In her terror she cried, "Lord, have mercy on me." Her friends were awoke by her screams, and when she told them what was the matter, they very properly said, it was a loud call to her. Alice herself resolved to go to the chapel the next night and give her heart to the Lord. To the chapel she went, but she failed to carry out the most important part of her resolve. She stifled her convictions of sin, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and naturally got into a very dull and dangerous condition of soul. The Lord now sorely chastised her by affliction, and although unable to tell a lie or commit any known sin without sharp stings of conscience, yet Alice did not fully yield her heart to God till the beginning of 1874. She then became much in earnest about salvation, and soon the Lord graciously answered her prayer, and revealed Himself as a God pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin.

An invitation to meet in the preachers' class at Canworthy Water she gratefully accepted, and for several years she was a very consistent and devoted member. Her experience was generally clear and satisfactory, she often expressing a strong desire to be filled with the Spirit. Her state of mind is clearly indicated by several entries in her own journal.

May 28th, 1876, she writes that the Lord only knew how vile, weak, and sinful she was; but He had in His abounding mercy removed all her sin "as far as the east is from the west," and made her "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Sorely afflicted as she then was, she could not but be resigned to her Heavenly Father's will, as she recognised His purpose in this affliction to draw her closer

to Himself. She further reflects that if she had been cut down suddenly, as some of her companions had been, she must have found her way to the regions of black despair.

June 4th.—The solemn thought that soon her body would be laid in the grave had a *cheering* effect on her mind, for she possessed the blessed assurance that her soul would enter into the presence of her Lord.

11th.—She wished to realize, *moment by moment*, that all was well ; but her besetting sin had not lost all its power.

29th.—The Saviour was very precious. Her prospect of being restored to health again blighted, but she knew that in faithfulness and love her Father thus afflicted her.

July 9th.—Clearer recognition that the love of God to her was the spring and source of her love to Him, and it filled her with "wonder love, and praise."

14th.—Her chief desire was to have her will swallowed up in the will of God. Her afflictions were hard to bear, but she wanted to see the *loving* hand of God in all.

August 11th.—She had a foretaste of heaven. Rejoiced especially that she would not be tempted more than she was able to bear.

27th.—She found the sweetest comfort in the valley of humility.

September 28th.—All but overwhelmed in the sea of afflictions and privations, but the thought that Jesus loved her hushed every murmur and fear.

October 6th.—Willing to live or die, only wishful to have, both in life and death, tokens of her Saviour's special love.

December 31st.—The year almost gone, but all her troubles and anxieties gone also.

January 7th, 1877.—Gave herself afresh to the Lord. *Fixed* on the Rock.

31st.—Praise that many were being saved, but that fact only intensified the desire that God would convince and convert many more. Felt closely united to Christ, and knew that He would not forsake His child.

February 9th.—Her lot seemed hard, yet she would praise the Lord. "My heart," she wrote, "*is full* of love to Thee. If Thou art about to take me to thyself, comfort my friends, and save them at last."

April 16th.—Indescribable trouble since she wrote last. Her cup, she thought, must surely be filled to the brim. The affliction of her sister seemed even a harder trial than her own. She felt the need of a perfect trust in her Saviour.

May 25th.—Her birthday. She craved neither health nor wealth ; but to be the Lord's wholly and always.

November 11th.—The way only a *little rough*, because she had the bright hope she should soon be with her Saviour for ever.

December 31st.—The flight of time did not produce sorrow, but rather rejoicing because her home, her rest, was in heaven.

February 18th.—The Saviour very near, filling her soul with His peace.

Before she went into the Hospital for the last time she penned some reflections on Job. xiv. 2, and speaks of her afflictions as the last means her Saviour employed to bring her to Himself. She knew that God would go with her though she had to leave her home and friends. The Lord could bring her, if His blessed will, after refining her, out of the furnace of affliction ; but if not His will, she did not covet life as it was so full of ills, and if spared she might even again, so weak was she, be enamoured with the things of the world. Her death too, would be an additional reason why her friends should seek after those things which make for their everlasting peace, and if they had any love for her she entreated them all to meet her in heaven. While in the Hospital the day before she underwent an operation, she wrote a letter to her mother, which was to be delivered in the event of a fatal termination, in which she says, "I have given myself wholly and entirely to my blessed Jesus. I am quite calm and peaceful, knowing if it be the Lord's will I shall be restored to you again, and if not, I have a good hope, through the precious blood and finished work of Christ, that I shall have an eternity of bliss in His presence. Your time, dear mother, must be nearly gone—make sure work for heaven. Bury me by the side of grandmother, and then there will be room for you between me and father. Let Mr. Bendle preach a sermon from the words, 'He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down.' And the last word is, "*Dear mother, meet me in heaven.*"

The operation was performed on the 6th of November, and she died on the 22nd of the same month.

"O call it not death—it is life beyond,
For the waters are passed, the home is won ;
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more.
She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Saviour's love ;
To depart from a world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life.

But call it not death—a few short days o'er,
Ye shall meet her in glory, to part no more ;

What a 'blessed hope!' lo, Christ shall appear,
For the restitution of all things here:
Then (if not till then) ye'll see her again,
When brought by the Lord with His glorious train;
Those sleeping in Jesus shall be restored,
And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

A sermon was preached in Canworthy Water chapel, according to her wish, to a deeply-affected congregation; and everything besides was carried out by her sorrowing mother as she desired. Our prayer is, that all her friends may meet her in heaven.

J. BENDLE.

MISS ANNIE SLOMAN.

God's ways are often mysterious to the close observer. He not unfrequently removes by death those who bid fair to be most useful. As the gardener on going into the garden finds his most beautiful flower is blighted, so the greatest ornaments of society are often unexpectedly called early to their eternal rest. It was so in the case of Miss Annie Sloman, of Exmoor Farm, who was born in the year 1860. When a child she attended Eden Sunday-school, but lived a stranger to converting grace till the winter of 1876-7. God then poured out His Holy Spirit in a very blessed manner. The circuit authorities engaged the services of Sister Parker, who has since passed to her eternal home, whose efforts were blessed to many souls.

Miss Sloman had her Note of Admittance, dated February 11th, 1877, from Br. H. Ellis. She regularly met in class at Canworthy Water about two years till she left home for Launceston.

Br. Vanstone writes of her: "Miss Sloman came to Launceston about Lady-day, 1879. She at once came to our chapel, and united in church fellowship. Her class-leader, Mr. Hockaday, says she spoke clearly of her trust in Christ for salvation, and of her acceptance with God. In a few weeks her health began to fail; but she spoke in class of possessing a good hope through grace, and of her earnest desire for full salvation. On Tuesday, January 27th, 1880, when disease had taken a firm hold upon her system and danger was apprehended, I was called to visit her. She was suffering greatly from an affection of the brain, but she recognized me. I found she could rely on the Saviour's merit for present and eternal safety. While we knelt in prayer she responded heartily several times, and appeared comforted by the exercise. From this time she gradually grew worse. At times, however, from the fluctuations of the disease, some hope of recovery was entertained; but her own impression and desire seemed to be in the direction of

a speedy removal to the heavenly home. Her relations and friends will doubtless call to remembrance her songs of praise, her peace and joy through Christ Jesus, and her earnest exhortations to meet her in heaven. It was deeply affecting to see one so young thus suddenly fade, but the bloom of immortality became more and more manifest, and seemed to fill the place with the odours of Paradise. Even when the fever delirium reached its height, and she appeared to know nothing of her surroundings, her spirit readily responded to the sound of the Name of Jesus.

‘Precious Name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.’

To all my inquiries into her spiritual condition, she gave most intelligent and satisfactory answers. On my last visit, when consciousness was almost gone, and it was known she could not rally, she said, “I’m safe in the arms of Jesus, and desire to depart and be with Christ. A few days more passed and her desire was realized, and thus death was swallowed up in victory.”

A friend who visited her also writes: “While I was in the room she was praising the Lord continually for His kind dealings towards her. Speaking to those present she said, ‘What a blessing it is the Lord called us to love and serve Him when He did, and that so many of us are going to heaven. Will you meet me, every one of you?’ And we promised her, by the help of God, that we would. Then she spoke sweetly and impressively about the joy and glory of that meeting, and asked us to praise the Lord on her account. She did not feel the pang of parting as her friends did, to whom she said, ‘You must all be resigned to the will of the Lord.’ Her mother having expressed a wish that she might get better, she spoke of her desire to depart, and said, ‘You can come where I am.’ After taking a little food, she sang—

‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.’

And

‘My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine,’” &c.

After this she continued to get weaker until the end came, and death put an end to the mortal struggle on Saturday, February 7th, 1880. Her mortal remains were taken to Week St. Mary, and placed in a grave by the side of her fond father. A funeral sermon was preached in Canworthy Water chapel by the writer, to a congregation who were deeply affected at the removal of one so young and so much beloved.

J. BENDLE.

JOHN AND ELIZABETH HEYWOOD.

RARELY do we witness the husband and wife buried the same day, and in the same grave; but such was the solemn scene witnessed in Northlew churchyard at the commencement of the year. The persons thus buried were Br. John Heywood and Elizabeth, his wife. The husband died January 30th, and the wife February 1st, 1880. Br. Heywood, after a few days' illness, died of inflammation of the lungs, and his dear wife of bronchitis. Our esteemed brother and sister were converted when young among the Wesleyans somewhere in the neighbourhood of Okehampton, Devon. Sometime after our brother became a local preacher, and laboured acceptably for several years with his early friends. More than twenty years ago he came to reside in the parish of Northlew, and subsequently he and his wife united with the Bible Christians, and both remained with them until their death. Our dear brother was a willing worker as a local preacher, as well as acceptable, and hence hardly ever disappointed his congregations, an example worth imitating. The writer visited both during their brief illness, and found they had a well-grounded hope in Christ, and a bright prospect of future happiness. In reply to a question as to his present experience, Br. Heywood said, "I am on the Rock." He particularly requested all his children present to meet him in heaven. Sister Heywood said to me the Saturday (the day after her husband's death), "I have been asking the Lord to take me with John, for I should like to go with him." I hardly thought then that she would go so soon, but two days after his death a loving wife and kind mother found her husband in the land of promise. They left behind them to mourn their loss seven sons and one daughter, most of whom are members of the church. Br. Heywood was 56 when he died, and his wife a year older. Hundreds of persons attended the funeral. Their death was improved in Northlew chapel to a full house, from Ps. l. 15, and Isa. xxv. 8. May all the dear children meet their parents in heaven, is the prayer of

J. COLES.

JAMES TREGEAGLE.

DIED at Christchurch, New Zealand, on Saturday, May 15th, 1880, James Tregeagle. Br. Tregeagle was a native of Tregoney, Cornwall. For some time before he came to New Zealand he resided in Jersey. His end was peace. A short Memoir will be supplied soon.

J. CREWES.

District Meetings.

FALMOUTH.—This meeting was held in Berkeley Vale Chapel, Falmouth, on Tuesday, June 22nd, 1880. The afternoon was spent in attending to some matters preparatory to the general business of the meeting, and by the young men on probation writing answers to the various questions supplied by the Examining Committee.

On Wednesday morning the District Meeting was formed, and the Brethren J. H. Batt and E. Turner were elected secretaries; W. Hill, Journal Secretary, and J. Wilson and W. H. Gregory, reporters.

The statistics showed that there were in the District 16 Ministers, and 145 local preachers—an increase of 2 ministers and 3 local preachers. There are 2,836 members, with 60 on trial. All the circuits in the District, except Redruth and St. Just, report an increase. On the whole District there is an increase of 146 full members, with 31 on trial. This increase has been realized after filling up nearly 400 vacancies caused by deaths, removals, &c., which shows that God has been in our midst to bless in an especial manner, and that His holy arm has been made bare in the sight of the people by the conversion of hundreds of precious souls. £1,105 16s. have been raised during the year for Quarter Board, £358 1s. 9d. for the Missionary Fund, and £2,132 18s. 2d. for Chapel purposes, being an increase of several pounds for Quarter Board, £15 5s. 2d. for the Missionary Fund, and £739 10s. 11d. on the Chapel receipts. In the Sabbath-schools there are 1,371 Teachers, and 4,699 scholars—an increase of 38 Teachers, and a decrease of 54 scholars; while £357 18s. 11d. have been raised for the carrying on of Sunday-school work.

Some of the Connexional Funds were found to be a little behind last year, but, considering the general depression, the District on the whole is considered to be in a healthy condition.

In the discussion on the spiritual state some points of interest were brought out, showing the importance of adhering to the principles of nonconformity, and of being prepared, at all times, to stand up in their defence, as such persistent efforts were now being put forth to undermine and destroy them.

Resolutions were passed, thanking the secretaries for their services during the year, and recommending the young men to be passed on to another year's probation.

Religious Services were conducted as follow :—On Tuesday evening Br. E. V. Stephens preached from Psalm lvi. 5.; on Wednesday morning Br. R. E. Craddock, of St. Just, preached from John iii. 16 (former part); on Wednesday evening Br. J. Dingle preached the sermon to the District Meeting, selecting as his text Zephaniah iii. 17; and on Thursday morning, Br. J. H. Kelly preached from 2 Peter i. 4. Thursday afternoon was devoted to the relation of Christian experience and the commemoration of the Lord's Supper. This was a very blessed service. The presence of the Master was felt in an especial manner, and all felt it good to be there. This was followed by a public tea and a public meeting. Severe family affliction prevented the writer from remaining to this service, which we have heard spoken of as *very* good, the brethren acquitting themselves in a very able manner. The chair was occupied by our esteemed chairman, Br. Gilbert. Br. Boase spoke on "Christian Ordinances, their Nature and Design;" Br. Mallett on the "Christian Ministry, its Mission and Theme;" and Br. Gregory, on "Christian Fellowship, its Importance and Blessedness." Br. Turner was to have spoken

on "Christian Holiness, its Beauty and Power," but the time was gone. A hearty vote of thanks to the friends at Falmouth for their kindness closed this highly interesting and profitable meeting.

J. WILSON.

BRADFORD.—The ministers and representatives of this District met at Millom, in Cumberland, on Tuesday, June 22nd, 1880. The advent of so many preachers caused no little excitement in this quiet mining village.

The Session commenced with the usual devotional exercises, and a suitable address from the chairman, who observed that it was a matter for gratitude to the Almighty Father that the lives of all had been preserved during the year.

Brs. Lillington and Orchard were elected secretaries, and Bros. Smith and Charlton reporters.

On examining the statistics, it was found that though 245 members had been admitted during the year, there was a decrease of 11 full members. A great number of converts and members have been lost to us in several places, because of insufficient chapel accommodation. The reports on the spiritual state of the stations showed that there had been much earnest labour, and the exercise of much zeal, faith, and patience. On the whole, the spiritual state of the District, though not as we could desire, was hopeful. A profitable discussion on evangelistic work, and how to reach the masses, followed.

Financial statistics showed that the various Missions were but slowly recovering from the late terrible depression, and that the future of this district looked hopeful and encouraging, should commercial prosperity again return to our land.

The Chapel and School Reports were presented and accepted.

A large increase in the Library department was considered a good feature in the working of our Sunday-schools.

Br. D. Smith having finished his probation, was recommended for the itinerant ministry among us. The other probationers passed creditable examinations, and were recommended to the Committee and Conference.

One candidate offered himself, and after a careful examination, was heartily recommended.

The public services were well attended. A Temperance meeting led the way. The Brethren Banwell, Lillington and others, gave able and interesting addresses, which were much appreciated by the audience.

The sermon to the District Meeting was preached by Br. Lillington, who was requested to send it to the Magazine for publication.

The morning meetings were conducted by the Brethren Smith, Nancekivevell, and R. Oates, candidate.

The usual experience meeting and sacramental service were rich in spiritual blessing.

The last of the services was a platform meeting, characterised by much enthusiasm, and intelligent appreciation of the thoughtful, practical, and eloquent addresses of the various speakers.

We pray that the influences attending us then, may always be with us in our labours during the year.

D. S.

WINKLEIGH, HATHERLEIGH CIRCUIT.

AN interesting and instructive service of song, entitled "Jessica's First Prayer," was given in the chapel on Friday evening, July 23rd, attended by a goodly number of friends. The chair was occupied by the Circuit Steward (Mr. J.

Powlesland), who introduced Mr. J. Rawlings to give the connective readings. The choir, assisted by Miss Knapman, who ably presided at the harmonium, discoursed some excellent music. A collection in aid of the circuit fund having been made, this part of the service was brought to a close. Afterwards the Circuit Steward, with some very appropriate remarks, presented, in behalf of the friends, Br. Rawlings with a handsome ebony eight-day timepiece, bearing the inscription, "Presented to the Rev. J. Rawlings, from the friends in the Hatherleigh Circuit." In returning thanks, Mr. Rawlings said, language would fail to express his feelings of gratitude to his many friends for the testimonial, and for the kindness he had received during the time he had been in the circuit. The doxology sung and prayer offered, the friends dispersed, expressing their regret that Br. Rawlings was about to leave.

S. E. J.

Chapels.

CRONDALL.—The first anniversary of the new chapel was held on Sunday and Monday, July 11th and 12th. The friends of the place anticipated the event with interest and pleasure. During the year several have, within its walls, been born again of the Holy Spirit, and commenced a new life; the church has also realized many seasons of sweet refreshing whilst engaged in the public worship. For these and other reasons the new sanctuary has taken a strong hold of the hearts of many, and will, without doubt, be liberally supported by them. On the Sunday, Mr. Bourne preached twice. It was not my privilege to join in these services, but many persons that were present have spoken with grateful feelings of the Divine power felt in their midst, and the inspiring thoughts and valuable instructions imparted from the pulpit. On the Monday following, the annual tea was provided in a tent erected in a large field in the centre of the village. The tables, beside being richly-laden with the customary creature-comforts, were beautifully decorated with a variety of choice flowers. J. C. Maxwell-Lefroy, Esq., kindly sent some rare bouquets. But in consequence of many being occupied in the hay-fields there was not such a large gathering as otherwise would have been present. The public meeting was held in the chapel under the chairmanship of Mr. G. Hewett, of Bentley. Mr. J. Potter, a Primitive Methodist local preacher and friendly neighbour, was the first speaker. Then followed Mr. J. Swansborough, a Wesleyan local preacher, and a friend who on more than one occasion has shown not only his catholicity of sentiment, but his readiness to render practical aid to other sections of the Christian church beside his own honoured people. Mr. S. Leete, congregational minister, and my fellow-labourer in the Lord's vineyard in this "model village" of Hampshire, followed with some fraternal words of encouragement. Mr. J. Young, Baptist minister, of Fleet, came next, and spoke in the same strain. Mr. Bourne gave the closing address, the influence of which, we trust, will not soon pass away from the hearts of the people. A scheme was inaugurated at the meeting for the annual reduction of the debt, which we hope will be successful in diminishing the financial burden until it is finally removed. We are very thankful to be able to state that the little church at Crondall is living in peace, and not only growing in numbers, but also in usefulness and godlikeness. We look forward to the coming year with an earnest determination to labour together in the cause of our Divine Saviour, and with a strong faith that His smile and blessing will not be withheld from us.

J. JEFFREY.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, SHEBBEAR.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS OF PUPILS.

[These further details of the successes we had the pleasure of reporting last month will be read with interest.—ED.]

IN May last, Master Herbert Cooper, a pupil of the College, sat at a Competitive Examination for Naval Engineer Studentships. There were 177 competitors for 65 vacancies. Master Cooper was placed sixteenth in order of merit. Later in the same month, Master J. P. Tonkin, another pupil, sat at a Competitive Examination for Men-Clerkships in the Civil Service, Class II. 331 candidates competed for 49 vacancies, Master Tonkin winning the twelfth place in order of merit. In June, two pupils sat for the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. One, Master H. W. Horwill, was placed thirty-ninth in the Honours Division; the other, G. P. Dymond, was placed on the First Division. The range and severity of this examination are everywhere admitted, and candidates are regularly sent up to it from the very best schools in England and the colonies, and even from the Continent and India. On the present occasion 924 sat, of whom 551 failed. That both our candidates passed, and that one was placed thirty-ninth among 924 competitors is highly gratifying. Outsiders may judge of the severity of the examination from the fact that it embraces Greek Grammar and Classic; Latin Grammar, Classic, and Composition; English Language; English History and Geography; the French or German Language; Arithmetic and Algebra; Euclid (IV. Books); Natural Philosophy; and Chemistry; and that failure in any one of these subjects involves failure in all.

These successes within two months compare favourably with the published successes of almost any similar institution in the kingdom, and far surpass the success of many schools whose terms range from 60 to 100 guineas per annum.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

Subscriptions received, £1364 13s. 1d.

W. Warren, Esq. 1 10 0 | W. Denness, Esq. .. 10 0 0
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*.

Brief Notices of Books.

A Lecture on the Physiology of Digestion in relation to the Preservation of Health.

By JOHN MAYNARD. (Price 2d.)

THIS lecture contains a large amount of information on a question that greatly affects our enjoyment of life and our ability to discharge its duties, in plain language clearly and well put. Evidently the result of much reading, to be hardly met with elsewhere except in expensive books, is compressed in this lecture; and no doubt if people would only observe the simple and common-sense rules laid down for their guidance, the malady of indigestion would be far less frequent than it is.

The Gospel Miracles in their Relation to Christ and Christianity. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

AN invaluable production on a most important subject. The clearness of its statements, the appositeness of its illustrations, and the force of its reasoning, will be recognized by every reader.

The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church. By R. W. DALE, M.A.
Fifth Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE writer's personal characteristics come out in every one of these discourses. Difficulties are acknowledged, duties enforced, arguments employed, views propounded, doctrines advocated, and appeals made in such a manly, forcible way, as to secure the sympathy of the reader, and bring home convictions to his mind and heart. In places there is a splendour of diction and a solemnity of tone admirably in keeping with the magnificence or the awful grandeur of much of the subject matter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here is one brief suggestive extract from the chapter on "The Sympathy of Christ."

"It is a very significant fact that we have come to use the word 'infirmities' to describe habits and tendencies to which the Scriptures always give a harder name. We use it to denote a fretful, irritable temper, certain forms of selfishness, carelessness of speech, and many other sins besides. It is right enough to speak to God about these, and God will pardon them; but let us take care to call them by their right name; and, meanwhile, let us remember that if we spoke to God oftener about our weaknesses we should have fewer sins needing forgiveness, and fewer sorrows needing consolation."

The Biblical Museum. Old Testament. Vol. VIII. By J. COMPER GRAY.
Elliot Stock (Price 5s.)

ANOTHER volume of this remarkable collection of Notes Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative of the Holy Scriptures, which will receive a hearty welcome from the hard-worked teacher or minister.

Little Abe; or, the Bishop of Berry Brow, being the Life of Abraham Lockwood, a Quaint and Popular Yorkshire Local Preacher in the Methodist New Connexion. By F. JEWELL. 4, London House Yard, St. Paul's.

A GRAPHIC and evidently faithful account of a local preacher of the "Billy Bray" type somewhat. The narrative is perhaps spun out to rather too great a length, but there are not many who take up the book that will lay it down till the last chapter is reached. We just furnish one characteristic specimen of the "Bishop's" preaching. The text is Psalm xxxv. 8, "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

"David was noan a bad man to deal with; he didn't try to deceive onybody and make them believe a lie, like th' devil does; he says, you may 'taste and see.' Naa, that ought to satisfy you particular folk; you loike to taste th' butter and cheese afore you buy, and if it's good you say, 'I'll tak' a pund o' that;' naa then, come and try if the Lord is good. Aye, bless you, He is good! He's as fresh as the morning dew, and sweet as new cream," and then with a quaint look he would add, "and there's deal more on Him than you often foind on your milk."

Holy Living: Exemplified in the Life of Mrs. Mary Cryer. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. Wesleyan Conference Office. (1s. cloth, 1s. 4d. cloth, gilt edges.)

A WORTHY addition to the "Methodist Family Library," and like the rest of the well-known series, eminently calculated to promote the spiritual life of the reader.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly, for July. Edited by Dr. H. SINCLAIR PATERSON. R. D. Dickinson. (Price 2s.)

THE articles in this periodical are drawn chiefly from American sources, but they are selected with great judgment.

Our Miscellany.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MODERN MISSIONS.

WHEN we take a measuring line to measure Jerusalem, we are gladly reminded of the message given to the angel; "Run speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein: for I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her" (Zech. ii. 4, 5). The wall of fire is shifting and widening as every year's reports come in. Still, thanks to the great industry of Dr. Christlieb,* industry brightened by high intelligence and love, we are enabled to take a bird's-eye view of the recent spread of vital Christianity.

Figures enable us, so far, to estimate the gain of living Christianity since this nineteenth century began. The number of converts from heathenism alive at this date is about 1,700,000, whereas eighty years ago not more than 50,000 could honestly be reckoned. The increase is thus thirty-four-fold? but that is not all. The annual rate of increase is now fully larger than the total number of converts at the beginning of the century. And where are these now? In any such attempt as we are making to estimate the spread of the gospel, we must keep in mind that the husbandman gathers in his sheaves every three-and-thirty years, so that a large addition must be made to whatever figures express the state of the field at a given date. The distribution of these converts is instructive. In the South Sea Islands there are 300,000; in the Indian Archipelago 90,000; in Africa, West and South, 230,000; in Madagascar 240,000: that is to say, there are 860,000 Christians in places which had till the gospel reached them little or no civilization, and no written language. In the West Indies the converts number 310,000; in India 500,000; in China 50,000. The work of propagation among the old and large civilized nations is more difficult, at least in the earlier stages; but after a certain point has been achieved it will become greatly more rapid. Thus in the case of India proper the rate of growth was 53 per cent. in 1861, but 61 per cent. in 1871; to-day it is 63 per cent., so that twenty years hence, the number of Christians should have risen to a million, and a hundred and twenty years hence to 138 millions—that is the whole population.

The number of missionary workers may be estimated thus: "24,000 ordained Europeans and Americans; hundreds of ordained native preachers (in the East Indies alone there are more than 1,600, and about as many in the South Seas); upwards of 23,000 native assistants, catechists, evangelists, teachers." But a very large addition must be made to these figures for the wives of missionaries and other female labourers, the colporteurs, and the Sabbath-school teachers. Of these last, the Wesleyans alone report 17,493 in 1879. Now when the century began, there were less than two hundred men sent out to the heathen field from Europe and America, and of native workers there were, of course, none at all.

Behind these workers there stand seventy societies, whereas in 1800 there were but seven, and these comparatively small in numbers and resources. Great Britain has 27, America has 18—that is, 35 in which the English tongue prevails; Germany and Holland have 9 each; France and the Canton de Vaud 1 each; Scandinavia 5. These figures do not cover important auxiliaries in the colonies. Here probably there is room for concentration rather than multiplying; but, on

*"Protestant Foreign Missions: Their present state." A Universal survey. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D., &c. Authorized translation by David Croom, M.A., London: Nisbet and Co., 1880.

the other hand, it is matter for nothing but satisfaction that, however small a church may be, it now reckons itself incomplete until it has found some place for itself in the mission field. So decided has the growth of the Christian spirit been in two generations. There are besides here and there not a few private missionaries who render no report to the public, but whose existence ought not to be forgotten. Among societies, that one deserves a chief place which, from its nature, can make no attempt to return the results of its working in conversion of souls—the Bible Society, which took its rise in 1804. By it and kindred societies the word of God has been rendered into 250 languages and dialects, covering four-sixths of the human family. These translations have been nearly all made by missionaries; in sixty cases the language has been for the first time reduced to writing; and the number of copies of the Bible now in circulation, now touches 150 millions.*

Among the indirect but most potent means for the spread of Christianity must be reckoned the schools which missions have called into existence, and where religious instruction is kept steadily in view. Of these India has 2,500, and Madagascar 784, to give but two instances. Other parts of the field are being similarly ploughed up, so that half a million is a moderate estimate of the number of boys and girls who must soon, as men and women, bring to bear on the populations to which they belong, a force heretofore unknown.

The money test is one to which a certain amount of value, although not the highest, is to be attached.

The churches at home—that is, in Britain, America, and the Continent—prove the sincerity of their faith in the transforming power of the gospel, and their conviction that genuine results are being obtained, by giving about one million and a quarter sterling from year to year; and, what is far better, the churches in some of the older mission fields are becoming self-sustaining and themselves missionary. Witness Armenia, Polynesia, and Madagascar.

The facts of the last three, the last two, chiefly of the last single generation, thus supply a conspicuous demonstration of the genuineness of living Christianity. It is something worse than vain to account for the results to which these statistics point by any other than the one cause to which the word ascribes them—the adaptation of the gospel to mankind, together with the omnipotent grace of the Spirit of Christ.

But there are better and more important aspects of this subject than that furnished by passionless statistics. One or two of these we must be content merely to articulate.

I.—The evidencing force of recent facts is entranced by regarding these as the outcome of a long preparation made by the Lord Jesus; to whom all power is given. His coming and the first propagation of Christianity were prepared for by the four-world empires, each successively bringing a larger portion of the earth under one sway, and by the dispersion of the Jews into every land, so that the nationalities represented in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, might be ready to receive in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. In the same way the invention of printing, the Reformation, the progress of discovery from Columbus to Cook, the rapid colonization of distant lands, the rise of the American Republic, the intercourse of nations through steam navigation, the wide diffusion of the English languages, even African slavery, and quite recently its abolition, are all to be regarded as elements in the preparation which the Saviour

*Mr. Lawes, of New Guinea stated this aspect of the matter, together with what remains to be done, in an admirable speech at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in May of this year. See "Bible Society Reporter" for June 1880.

has been making for gathering in the travail of His soul. Looked at thus, and not as an isolated fact, the recent œcumenical spread of missions is seen to be much more fully charged with significance and hope.

2.—Statistics furnish no adequate measure of the results already secured at home in the matter of missionary labour and enterprise. A large amount of work has been done which cannot need to be done twice. The preliminary difficulties have been overcome. The days when Carey was sneered at as a consecrated cobbler, and when even Duff needed to supply a burning vindication of the theory of missions, cannot return, unless the Church shall again lose its spirituality altogether; and the active work of missions, home and foreign, is the most effective means of maintaining that spirituality. Acquaintance has been obtained with the customs and languages of heathen nations, both civilized and barbarous, so that the missionaries going forth now have their preliminary labours largely facilitated; and the word of God is, as already mentioned, no longer to be translated but only to be diffused. It is quite true, and indeed it needs to be emphatically stated, that very much remains to be done in the way of raising the missionary spirit to a higher pitch, and diffusing through the Christian body at home a sense of obligation and love, so that money, and men, and prayers may be given in far larger measure, to what is the Church's greatest work; still, the gain at home is even now very large. If any one were to say that the romantic and heroic period of missions is past, we would answer that the grass is scarcely green yet on the graves of Wilson, and Duff, and Livingstone, while Moffat is still among us; and further, that we care not to let the romance of individual heroism go, so long as a far larger number of stalwart men and patient women are yearly giving themselves to the noble toil.

3.—Looking abroad again, we see that the demonstration of vital Christianity is being furnished by its enduring the test of fire. The largest illustration of this and the most touching is to be seen in Madagascar, where the Church came out of the furnace of twenty-six years' persecution multiplied sevenfold; but every portion of the field supplies the same evidence. Propagation has to go forward everywhere against the forces of caste and superstitions inwrought with domestic life, besides all the enmity common to the natural heart; and it has none but spiritual powers to carry it forward.

4.—Again, the most recent triumphs of Christianity are the greatest. These have been among both the savage population of New Guinea and the civilized population of Japan. The harvests following the famines in China and India have been such as missionaries never knew before. To give but one instance: "The American Baptists in Nellore, within six weeks (June 16th to July 31st, 1878), baptized 8,691 heathen." The opening of ways to reach the female population in these old and exclusive nations is special matter of wonder and of praise. Veteran missionaries lift up their hands in devout astonishment at the facilities for Zenana teaching in all the cities of India, and say that had such things been spoken of twenty-five years ago they would have pronounced them all but impossible.

5.—Best of all, the progress of the work is now such as to make the tabulating of results impossible, and to furnish glad suggestions of an effective leavening which the eye of men cannot follow. Native propagation is begun; secret disciples are found in unlooked-for places; inquirers come seeking light; and men can as little tell how these have been awakened as they can tell how the wise men of the east were led to the cradle in Bethlehem.* The gospel has thus with it to-

* A singularly instructive instance will be found in the "Life of Dr. Wilson of Bombay," second edition, pp. 164-166.

day, more than ever before, the abiding witness of the spirit of Christ. Dwelling, as many of us do, in regions where various scepticism both chills the air and darkens it, we may pass into an atmosphere brightened and warmed by His presence, and may get a clearer view of the problem of the ages as we remember His words, fitly graven on the tomb of Livingstone in Westminster: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one flock, one shepherd."—*Family Treasury*.

SO MANY CALLS.

It was a brisk, clear evening, in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about him with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow; what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-house, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquised he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription; and this year has been one of heavy family expenses, building and fitting up this house, carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then there are the bills for the boys and girls; they all say they must have twice as much now as when we came to this house. Wonder if I did right in building it!"

And Mr. A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively round, and then, turning to Mr. A——, presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscriptions to missions," said he; "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of anyone before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegancies and luxuries, and, without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society: have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A— was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that, though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities. The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscriptions to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation.

Mr. A— became impatient. "Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate; now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul:—"One year ago, to-night, you thought that your daughter was dying; you could not rest for agony: upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up: there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him. The stranger drew nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive voice, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant,—with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling—"Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night, and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?"

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but as he spake these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within.

"O God and Saviour! what have I been doing?" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all that I have to what Thou hast done for me?"

The "B. W." Review.

JOSEPH BARKER ON TEETOTALISM.

WELL, time went on. I kept to my purpose of giving teetotalism a trial; and had not tried it a fortnight before I began to believe that the principle was a good one; that for me, at least, teetotalism was likely to answer very well. Instead of taking any harm by the experiment I found myself better. Instead of getting worse colds in consequence of not taking a little intoxicating drink I found myself

freer from colds than before. Instead of growing weaker, I found myself growing stronger. Instead of being less comfortable, I was more comfortable. I had not tried teetotalism above a month before I found myself better in many respects. I had no heartburn; and though I lived in fear of its returning every day it never did return, and it never has returned. My sleep was sounder at night, and I was more refreshed in the morning. The unpleasant taste in my mouth on awaking was gone, and my tongue was moist and comfortable. I was less heavy and dull through the day; more cheerful and comfortable in company. I had a better appetite for my food; relished it better; digested it better; and it did me more good. I began to experience feelings of health and pleasure never experienced before for years. I could read with more pleasure, and study and write with more pleasure. Instead of being obliged to adopt the former part of Dr. Small's prescription, respecting reading and studying and writing less, I found myself able to read and study and write considerably more. And I could read and study and write, so far as my feelings went, without sustaining injury.

From the time I became a teetotaler I have never had one half hour's toothache. The teeth which had began to decay fourteen years ago have made no progress in decay, that I can perceive, to this hour. My teeth are as good as they were when I first became a teetotaler for anything that I know. I can eat with them as well as I could then, and better. Their very appearance is changed, and this of itself is a proof that my general health is better.

I used to imagine that a little ale or porter or wine was necessary when people were weary or exhausted, but have now found out the contrary. I used to think that a little ale or porter or wine imparted a certain amount of strength to the system, and enabled persons to do a greater amount of work than they could otherwise do, but have found out this to be a delusion. I am stronger now without intoxicating drinks than I ever was with them. I not only enjoy better health, greater freedom from disease, but feel myself in possession of a greater amount of strength; I find myself able to do a greater amount of work than formerly; I can work harder and longer; I am not so soon tired either in body or mind; and when I am tired I am sooner rested.

Before I became a teetotaler I had frequently slight attacks of rheumatic pains; but have scarcely ever felt a touch of rheumatic pain from that day to this; and I have had infinitely more exposure to weather, and an incalculably greater amount of labour, and far more painful trials to pass through since I became a teetotaler than I ever had before. Where I used to write one page in a day, I have, since I became a teetotaler, often written two, three, four, and at times even ten or twenty; where I used to lecture once I have lectured twice or thrice. Instead of preaching twenty-five minutes, half an hour, or forty minutes at a time, I have often preached fifty or sixty minutes, or spoken an hour and a half or two hours at a time. The improvement that has taken place in my health since I became a teetotaler is incalculable, indescribable; and the increase of enjoyment which I have experienced has also been indescribable.

After I had been a teetotaler a month or so I heard a teetotal lecturer of the name of Pollard; and after the lecture, which abounded in humorous and instructive stories, I signed the teetotal pledge. Pollard had two kinds of pledges, a teetotal pledge and a moderation pledge, and he gave his hearers the liberty to sign whichever they liked. I signed the teetotal pledge. My reason for signing the pledge was partly to induce others to sign. I had not that I know any need of the pledge myself, for I had become a teetotaler without a pledge; I had got over the principal difficulties of teetotalism without the pledge, and my purpose to continue a teetotaler was fixed, and I should have continued a teetotaler if I

had never heard of a pledge for anything I know. But there were those around me, young persons that were in danger of falling a prey to drunkenness, and that did, as I imagined, need a pledge. At least I saw some around me whom I wished to become teetotalers, and to encourage and induce them to become such I signed the pledge in their presence at this public meeting. Some of them signed the pledge after me, and I have reason to believe that my example in this case was the means of good to them, and may prove the means of good to them for ever.—*The Life of Joseph Barker.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF TRIAL.

THE lessons of *providence* and *grace* have wrung tears from our eyes, and sweat from our brain, and anguish from our hearts a thousand times. But manhood has been ennobled, character has been enriched, life has been a million times more real, majestic, Divine, as the result thereof! To look up amid brimming eyes and choking sighs and sobs to our loving Father, as we stand in the midst of idol-fragments and withered leaves, and broken purposes, and stranded hopes, and say, "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done," is an eminence in moral academic attainments not reached by a sudden bound, but through severe processes of trial, tribulation, hardship, experience! Every wave of grief has a purpose, every trial a meaning. Every pang, every "Marah," every "Gethsemane," a grand disciplinary design. God works not at random: neither does He work in darkness. In His pavilion of eternal secrecy, He is wrapped in a noon of perfect wisdom; and by a mysterious manipulation is bringing out in accurate symmetry and faultless beauty every detail of His own image. Fret not, brother, the pall of sorrow is woven by the hand of mercy. The crown of thorns shall yet blossom into the crown of glory. The bitterness of affliction is but the needful chastening of love. When the night is darkest the stars are brightest: and when the soul is saddest the promises are sweetest. God's educator of faith and test of piety is "*trial*." "Endure as seeing the Invisible." J. O. K.

TRUE LIFE.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.—*James Martineau.*

THE PERSIAN FAMINE.

DEACON ABRAHAM writes from Geog Tapa, near Oroomiah, on July 1st, 1880:—"The Lord has visited us heavily, but as is mentioned in the book of Lamentations by the prophet Jeremiah, I believe He can bring good out of evil, and He never afflicts from all His heart. *The sore famine* in our country since last

autumn has been increasing daily, the corn has risen to a very high price—twenty times its usual cost—a bushel of wheat, the weight of about thirty-two pounds English, being sold for nearly twenty shillings. Our forefathers have never recorded such a thing. In the year 1878, in the time of harvest, heavy rain came down and destroyed the corn and nearly all the produce of this country, the vines and fruit trees, &c., &c. Then a mild winter passed without snow or rain. After that a summer with unheard of drought which caused great losses, and the last winter was a hard and cold one, so famine has left behind the melancholy effects, misery, beggary, and starvation.

“Many people lived for some time on roots, wild vegetables, fresh hay, &c, but they all lost the vigour of their manhood, then swelled and died. Little children and infants were abandoned by their parents to die without care, and the dogs devoured their dead bodies. Some of those who died by the roadside were buried but slightly, and sometime afterwards they also were taken out by the dogs and eaten.

“Some of the starving people have stolen bread, &c., in the city of Oroomiah, and these have been beaten very cruelly. For some time the number of deaths in the City have reached to 100 or 150 daily; but who knows how many have died in the 400 villages of our district, or how many in the districts around us, for the number is not taken by the Government. Many think not less than

20,000 HAVE DIED

in the district of Oroomiah alone; of this number a few only are Christians, the rest Moslems. In some districts around us, one quarter of the people have died, Christians, Moslems, and Koords equally. There is no time to tell the sad reports of the great losses which famine has left. The Government was too weak to relieve, and there was very little mercy shown by the rich and wealthy Moslems. Many respectable families have spent all and are burdened with debt, and for years will not be restored to their former state. The harvest is near and there is some hope for the farmers, but then it is only one-third of the crop will be theirs, for the land belongs to the masters; and the scarcity of rain this spring caused great loss to the mountain crops; those in the plain are good. Food is still at a very high price. It seems as if the famine will continue to the next year.

“My friends and myself, as well as the starving people, are very grateful for all the help sent to us from England and America in this year of sore trial. The help which has come to my hand from England has relieved and saved many souls, and has honoured greatly the name of the Blessed Redeemer who bought the world with His precious blood and who said in doing good to the hungry and afflicted, we did it as done unto Him.”

THE FATHER AND HIS RUINED SONS.

THE Hon. William E. Dodge said he knew a young man, the son of a highly respectable merchant, who was then a drunkard, banished from his father's house. He signed the pledge, and for a time prospered in life. One New Year's Day he called upon his father, and as they had not met for a long time before, the father pressed a glass of wine upon his reformed son, he yielded, and that night was sadly intoxicated, he is now a poor, homeless, wandering drunkard. The father, unheeded the solemn lesson; he still kept the beverage in his house, and spread it before his children. A second son was ensnared, and is also a drunkard.

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Henry Hayden.

W.H. Mott. Sc.



THE
BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

—:o:—
MR. HENRY HAYDEN.

HIS years and his labours had almost made our dear friend venerable before it was our privilege to make his acquaintance. He was one of the early converts in the Isle of Wight, where so many Gospel triumphs have been won by our people, and so many soldiers of Christ have been trained in our several societies for deeds of heroism and faith. Naturally firm, courageous, and bold, many of them must have been, so that, when called of God, and filled with His Spirit, they were not likely to succumb to opposition, or be greatly terrified by their adversaries. It often requires now strong convictions to join a small people like our own—what must have been needed half a century ago when almost every person, the most pious in other churches, as well as the profane, looked on us with feelings of suspicion and dislike. Slowly have we won our way to recognition, but in many places it has been a most determined, up-hill fight. The conflict must have been abandoned in despair, if it had not been, to say nothing of the living, for such brave, noble-hearted men as James Thorne, William Bailey, and James Brooks among the preachers; Thomas Tregaskis, William Warren, and Henry Hayden, in the ranks of the laity; and a multitude of others, like-minded with themselves, who were always ready to stand in the breach, or march at the word of command, and even before it was given, to ask, "Who will bring us into the strong city; who will lead us into Edom?"

The name of Henry Hayden must be inscribed high up in the roll of famous servants of Christ. In his own church at Sandown for many years he was a firm pillar, a noble ornament. As a local preacher, he was for many years in "labours more abundant," and

almost as well known in every part of "*the Island*," as the inhabitants like to call it, as in his own village home. He was no stranger, in the prosecution of his work, to hardship and difficulty. He it was who, more than half a century ago, when Richard Uglow was taken into custody, at the instigation of a clerical magistrate, when preaching on a certain Sunday afternoon near Newport, boldly stepped into his place, and with no little boldness proclaimed "the joyful sound."

And it is his chief excellence that he held fast to his early faith. "How true it is," as Maclaren says, "that our true progress consists, not in growing away from Jesus, but in growing up into Him; not in passing through and leaving behind the first convictions of Him as Saviour; but in having these verified by the experience of years, deepened and cleared, unfolded and ordered into a larger, though still incomplete, whole. We may make our whole lives helpful to that advancement, and blessed shall we be, if the early faith is the faith that brightens till the end, and brightens the end. How beautiful it is to see a man, below whose feet time is crumbling away, holding firmly by the Lord whom he has loved and served all his days, and finding that the pillar of cloud, which guided him while he lived, begins to glow in its heart of fire as the shadows fall, and is a pillar of light to guide him when he comes to die." That "true progress" Mr Hayden in his life exemplified; that "deepened experience" he enjoyed; and that "sacred fire" burned with greatest intensity at the end.

Mr. Hayden was ready for "every good word and work." As a frequent speaker at, or as chairman of, the missionary meetings held in his locality, he for many years rendered much valuable service. It was a well-earned honour when he was asked to take the chair at the anniversary meeting of the Society at the Conference of 1867. He truly said then, what all hearts who are in real sympathy with the Saviour deeply feel—that "the missionary cause is a great and grand one." The special value of his speech, however, lay in the contrast he was able to draw between the position of the denomination in the Isle of Wight 42 or 43 years before and then. The contrast now would be even more encouraging and remarkable. The progress in the last twelve or thirteen years will advantageously compare with the progress at any period since Mary Toms first preached the Gospel at Cowes in 1823.

Mr. Hayden was for many years quite patriarchal in appearance, but hale and strong, bright and cheerful, even to the last. His death was almost a translation. He had, after walking in his garden, come into the house and sat down on a chair, and, suddenly, almost in a moment, without warning, "he was not; for God took him." He died December 8th, 1879, aged 83 years.

THE PRAYING CHRIST.

“As He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray.”—LUKE xi. 1.

IT is noteworthy that we owe our knowledge of the prayers of Jesus principally to the Evangelist Luke. There is, indeed, one solemn hour of supplication under the quivering shadows of the olive-trees in Gethsemane which is recorded by Matthew and Mark as well; and though the fourth Gospel passes over that agony of prayer, it gives us, in accordance with its ruling purpose, the great chapter that records His priestly intercession. But in addition to these instances the first Gospel furnishes but one, and the second but two references to the subject. All the others are found in Luke.

I need not stay to point out how this fact tallies with the many other characteristics of the third Gospel, which mark it as eminently the story of the Son of Man. The record which traces our Lord's descent to Adam rather than to Abraham; which tells the story of His birth, and gives us all we know of the “child Jesus;” which records His growth in wisdom and stature, and has preserved a multitude of minute points bearing on His true manhood, as well as the tenderness of His sympathy and the universality of His work; most naturally emphasises that most precious indication of His humanity—His habitual prayerfulness. The Gospel of the King, which is the first Gospel, or of the Servant, which is the second, or of the Son of God, which is the fourth, had less occasion to dwell on this. Royalty, practical Obedience, Divinity, are their respective themes. Manhood is Luke's, and he is ever pointing us to the kneeling Christ.

Consider, then, for a moment how precious the prayers of Jesus are, as *bringing Him very near to us in His true manhood*. There are deep and mysterious truths involved which we do not meddle with now; but there are also plain and surface truths which are very helpful and blessed. We thank God for the story of His weariness when He sat on the well, and of His slumber when, worn out with a hard day's work, He slept on the hard wooden pillow in the stern of the fishing-boat, among the nets and the litter. It brings Him near to us when we read that He thirsted, and nearer still when the immortal words fall on our wondering ears, “Jesus wept.” But even more precious than these indications of His true participation in physical needs and human emotion, is the great evidence of His prayers, that He too lived a life of dependence, of

communion, and of submission ; that in our religious life, as in all our life, He is our pattern and forerunner. As the Epistle to the Hebrews puts it, He shows that He is not ashamed to call us brethren by this,—that He too avows that He lives by faith ; and by His life—and surely pre-eminently by His prayers—declares, “I will put my trust in Him.” We cannot think of Christ too often or too absolutely as the Object of Faith, and as the Hearer of our cries ; but we may, and some of us do, think of Him too seldom as the pattern of Faith, and as the example for our devotion. We should feel Him a great deal nearer us ; and the fact of His manhood would not only be grasped more clearly by orthodox believers, but would be felt in more of its true tenderness if we gave more prominence in our thoughts to that picture of the praying Christ.

Another point that may be suggested is, that the *highest, holiest life, needs specific acts and times of prayers*. A certain fantastical and over-strained spirituality is not rare, which professes to have got beyond the need of such beggarly elements. Some tinge of this covers the habits of many people who are scarcely conscious of its presence, and makes them somewhat careless as to forms and times of public or of private worship. I do not think I am wrong in saying that there is a growing laxity in that matter among people who are really trying to live Christian lives. We may well take the lesson which Christ’s prayers teach us, for we all need it,—that no life is so high, so holy, so full of habitual communion with God, that it can afford to do without the hour of prayer, the secret place, the uttered word. If we are to “pray without ceasing,” by the constant attitude of communion, and the constant conversion of work into worship, we must certainly have, and we shall undoubtedly desire, special moments when the daily sacrifice of doing good passes into the sacrifice of our lips. The devotion which is to be diffused through our lives must be first concentrated and evolved in our prayers. These are the gathering grounds which feed the river. The life that was all one long prayer needed the mountain-top and the nightly converse with God. He who could say, “The Father hath not left Me alone, for I do always the things that please Him,” felt that He must also have the special communion of spoken prayer. What Christ needed we cannot afford to neglect.

Thus Christ’s own prayers do, in a very real sense, “teach us to pray.” But it strikes me that, if we will take the instances in which we find him praying, and try to classify them in a rough way, we may gain some hints worth laying to heart. Let me attempt this briefly now.

First, then, *the praying Christ teaches us to pray as a rest after service.*

The Evangelist Mark gives us, in his brief, vivid way, a wonderful picture in his first chapter of Christ's first Sabbath-day of ministry in Capernaum. It was crowded with work. The narrative goes hurrying on through the busy hours, marking the press of rapidly succeeding calls by its constant reiteration—"straightway," "immediately," "forthwith," "anon," "immediately." He teaches in the synagogue; without breath or pause He heals a man with an unclean spirit; then at once passes to Simon's house, and as soon as He enters has to listen to the story of how the wife's mother lay sick of a fever. They might have let Him rest for a moment, but they are too eager, and He is too pitying for delay. As soon as He hears, He helps. As soon as He bids it, the fever departs. As soon as she is healed, the woman is serving them. There can have been but a short snatch of such rest as such a house could afford. Then when the shadows of the western hills began to fall upon the blue waters of the lake, and the sunset ended the restrictions of the Sabbath, He is besieged by a crowd full of sorrow and sickness, and all about the door they lie waiting for its opening. He could not keep it shut any more than His heart or His hand, and so all through the short twilight, and deep into the night, he toils amongst the dim prospective forms. What a day it had been of hard toil, as well as of exhausting sympathy!

And what was His refreshment? An hour or two of slumber; and then, "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." (Mark i. 35.)

In the same way we find Him seeking the same repose after another period of much exertion and strain on body and mind. He had withdrawn Himself and His disciples from the bustle which Mark describes so graphically. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure, so much as to eat." So, seeking quiet, he takes them across the lake into the solitudes on the other side. But the crowds from all the villages near its head catch sight of the boat in crossing, and hurry round; and there they all are at the landing-place, eager and exacting as ever. He throws aside the purpose of rest, and all day long, wearied as He was, "taught them many things." The closing day brings no respite. He thinks of their hunger before His own fatigue, and will not send them away fasting. So He ends that day of labour by the miracle of feeding the five thousand. The crowds gone to their homes, He can at last think of Himself; and what is His rest? He loses not a moment in "constraining" His disciples to go away to the other side, as if in haste to remove the last hindrance to something that He had been longing to get to. "And when He

had sent them away, He departed into a mountain to pray." (Mark vi. 46; Matt. xiv. 23.)

That was Christ's refreshment after His toil. So He blended contemplation and service, the life of inward communion and the life of practical obedience. How much more do we need to interpose the soothing and invigorating influences of quiet communion between the acts of external work, since our work may harm us, as His never did Him. It may disturb and dissipate our communion with God; it may weaken the very motive from which it should arise; it may withdraw our gaze from God and fix it upon ourselves. It may puff us up with the conceit of our own powers; it may fret us with the annoyances of resistance; it may depress us with the consciousness of failure; and in a hundred other ways may waste and wear away our personal religion. The more we work the more we need to pray. In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin-sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate Him who sought the mountain-top as His refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Let us imitate Him who turned from the joys of contemplation to the joys of service without a murmur, when His disciples broke in on His solitude with, "All men seek Thee," but never suffered the outward work to blunt His desire for, nor to encroach on the hour of, still communion with His Father. Lord, teach us to work; Lord, teach us to pray.

The praying Christ teaches us to pray as a *preparation for important steps*.

Whilst more than one Gospel tells us of the calling of the Apostolic twelve, the Gospel of the manhood alone narrates (Luke vi. 12) that on the eve of that great epoch in the development of Christ's Kingdom, "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." Then, "when it was day," He calls to Him His disciples, and chooses the twelve. A similar instance occurs, at a later period, before another great epoch in His course. The great confession made by Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," was drawn forth by our Lord to serve as basis for His bestowment on the Apostles of large spiritual powers, and for the teaching, with much increased detail and clearness, of His approaching sufferings. In both aspects it distinctly marks a new stage. Concerning it, too, we read, and again in Luke alone (ix. 18), that it was preceded by solitary prayer.

Thus He teaches us where and how we may get the clear insight

into circumstances and men that may guide us aright. Bring your plans, your purposes to God's throne. Test them by praying about them. Do nothing large or new—nothing small or old either, for that matter—till you have asked there, in the silence of the secret place, "Lord, what wouldest Thou have me to do?" There is nothing bitterer to parents than when children begin to take their own way without consulting them. Do you take counsel of your Father, and have no secrets from Him. It will save you from many a blunder and many a heart-ache; it will make your judgment clear, and your step assured, even in new and difficult ways, if you will learn from the praying Christ to pray before you plan, and take counsel of God before you act.

Again, the praying Christ teaches us to pray *as the condition of receiving the Spirit and the Brightness of God.*

There were two occasions in the life of Christ when visible signs showed His full possession of the Divine Spirit, and the lustre of His glorious nature. There are large and perplexing questions connected with both, on which I have no need to enter. At His baptism the Spirit of God descended visibly and abode on Jesus. At His transfiguration His face shone as the light, and His garments were radiant as sunlit snow. Now, on both these occasions, our Gospel, and our Gospel alone, tells us that it was whilst Christ was in the act of prayer that the sign was given: "Jesus, being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended" (iii. 21, 22.) "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening" (ix. 29).

Whatever difficulty may surround the first of these narratives especially, one thing is clear, that in both of them there was a true communication from the Father to the Man Jesus. And another thing is, I think, clear, too, that our Evangelist meant to lay stress on the preceding act as the human condition of such communication. So, if we would have the heavens opened over our heads, and the dove of God descending to fold its white wings, and brood over the chaos of our hearts till order and light come there, we must do what the Son of Man did—pray. And if we would have the fashion of our countenances altered, the wrinkles of care wiped out, the traces of tears dried up, the blotches of unclean living healed, and all the stamp of worldliness and evil exchanged for the word of God written on our foreheads, and the reflected glory irradiating our faces, we must do as Christ did—pray. So, and only so, shall God's Spirit fill our hearts, God's brightness flash in our faces, and the vesture of heaven clothe our nakedness.

Again, the praying Christ teaches us to pray *as the preparation for*

sorrow. Here all the three Evangelists tells us the same sweet and solemn story. It is not for us to penetrate further than they carry us into the sanctities of Gethsemane. Jesus, though hungering for companionship in that awful hour, would take no man with Him there; and He still says, "Tarry ye here, while I go and pray yonder." But as we stand afar off we catch the voice of pleading rising through the stillness of the night, and the solemn words tell us of a Son's confidence, of a man's shrinking, of a Saviour's submission. The very spirit of all prayer is in these broken words. That was truly "The Lord's Prayer" which He poured out beneath the olives in the moonlight. It was heard when strength came from heaven, which He used in "praying more earnestly." It was used when, the agony past, and all the conflict ended in victory, He came forth, with that strange calm and dignity, to give Himself first to His captors and then to His executioners, the ransom for the many.

As we look upon that agony and these tearful prayers, let us not only look with thankfulness, but let that kneeling Saviour teach us that in prayer alone can we be forearmed against our lesser sorrows, that strength to bear flows into the heart that is opened in supplication; and that a sorrow which we are made able to endure is more truly conquered than a sorrow which we avoid. We have all a cross to carry and a wreath of thorns to wear. If we want to be fit for our Calvary—may we use that solemn name? we must go to our Gethsemane first.

So the Christ who prayed on earth teaches us to pray; and the Christ who intercedes in heaven helps us to pray, and presents our poor cries, acceptable through His sacrifice, and fragrant with the incense from His own golden censer.

"O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray."

Maclaren's Weekday Evening Addresses.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY is the liberty to be Christ-like. When a man becomes the disciple of Christ, this is all the liberty he has. Rather, let me say, he advances into a higher realm of liberty than that of the merely ethical right; into the liberty of love, and the self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness of love. Of course, there are people who shrug their shoulders at the idea of liberty to be Christ-like—that, and nothing else; the liberty not to please themselves, not to live selfish but unselfish lives; the liberty to deny themselves for the sake of others, to lay down their lives for the brethren. They do not want any such liberty as that. They will not call it liberty at all. It is not, it never can be, liberty to the natural man. He must be born into it, to the new nature, or the old new-born. To the man who has put on Christ this is the grandest liberty in earth or heaven. The one absolutely free man who ever walked the earth was Jesus of Nazareth. The truth makes other men free. He was *the* Truth and was Freedom itself.—Dr. HAYDN, in *New York Independent*.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE opposite poles of existence: one the region of sunshine and blossoms, the other that of wintry solitude—this, radiant with enthusiasm; that, chastened with regrets and tearful memories: but each the necessary ingredient in every life completing the natural term of days; as needful as spring-time and harvest, the dewy morn and fading twilight. Age may seek to cool the hot haste of youth; youth may deride the staid counsels of age; but neither of them can change their natural characters. Youth, however, has no instinctive sympathy with age; though age *can* with a plaintive sigh recall the days when it, too, felt the glow of the budding energies, instead of realising as now that each faculty is losing its power! Youth laughs to scorn the thought of coming sorrow, pain and want; but age, with the emphasis of one who has passed through each of these in turn, holds up a warning finger to check the flow of this reckless tide of self-confidence! Youth knows little of the bitterness that lurks in the apples of pleasure; age has sadly learned the truth expressed so keenly in the phrase—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Youth quaffs the cup of Life with eager hopes; age sets it down wearily, drained to the dregs, and empty of that which alone can give the spirit rest. With youth the question ever arises—"Whom shall I choose as my companions and friends?"—but age, with longing, empty heart, has to hunger after that tenderness and affection which none but the true friend can offer; and the query is, "Who will show *me* loving regard as I descend the path of years into the dark shadow?" Youth is marked by unbounded trustfulness; but the cruel reverses and deceptions which age has suffered have made the eye keen, and, alas! the heart ready to harbour suspicion and mistrust! Each has feelings, desires, and thoughts incommunicable to the other; each possesses a wealth of touching poetry to express the pathetic truths of human nature in all ages; but a gulf is fixed between the two; a chasm which no art can bridge over. As the poet says, with wonderful felicity—

"Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age that bough with snows encumbered."

Perhaps some of the most beautiful poetry the world has ever seen relates directly or indirectly to these two great opposites in the condition of mankind. Some of the brightest and cheeriest verse is written in honour of "golden youth;" some of the noblest refrains are inspired by aged memories, and days of death. The

subject is one that can never grow out of date; it is one that commands the sympathies of all time; one that holds the catholic feelings of humanity in its grasp, and therefore sweeps the whole horizon of joy and sorrow. So long as youth is the repository of the vigorous energies of each generation; so long as the snowy locks are the emblem of weary years of toil and experience, so long, we may be sure, will the poetry of these two eras be rich in all that delights or thrills with sadness readers of every class and condition. The topic is so well-worn that it may be thought hazardous to attempt writing anything novel about it; yet we may perhaps be able to gather together in this paper some reflections not altogether useless to our readers, upon the differences between youth, with its fervid romancing, and age with its chastened experiences of the drama of the world.

It should be observed, however, that youth, with all its sanguine buoyancy, is not to everyone the season of careless happiness, devoid of any serious musings. On the contrary, we may find plentiful illustrations of the fact that the sense of the coming conflict of life sometimes weighs heavily on childish hearts, and throws a shadow even on the sunny prospects of the immediate present. We might, in such cases, exclaim with Longfellow—

“ Seest thou shadows sailing by;
As the dove with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore—
That our ears perceive no more:
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?”

Since it would seem that before the battle had closed around the untried spirit, some mutterings of its thunder had reached the instincts which dwell within, to warn of coming difficulty and trial. But these are exceptional marks of sensitiveness, and even when occurring, do not mar the glorious harmony which to youthful senses seem to burst around the triumphant footsteps as they pace God's beautiful earth!

The hopeful energy of youth is one of the best characteristics of that season of growth and vigour. It is of all others the quality that keeps the spirit vivacious and the heart free from overpowering gloom. The untried future has no power to lessen the enthusiasm with which the present is greeted. The elastic powers of youth can stand the shocks of disappointment or obstacle, and are all the better able to fight their way from meeting a repulse or two in the earlier stages of the battle. The mind is enlarged; the determination becomes firmer as difficulties increase, for the Creator has very wisely

ordained that youth should thus, having special difficulty to surmount, be specially furnished for the ordeal. Though gloom may seem to envelop the ardent soul of youth, it is but for a day, for soon the clouds will roll off, and the sunshine return, giving firmness to the step and lustre to the eye. The freshness of hope displaces any tendency to despair, experience has not yet laid her iron hand on the shoulder, and thus even failures have not the power to damp the aspiring flame of devotion and hopefulness. These are facts all have noticed; equally patent also is the truth that in early life the bitter fruits of false friendship have no place. We sing, then, with joyous hearts, for—

“Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
 Friendship is a sheltering tree,
 Oh the joys that came down shower-like
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!”

But the secret of the intense pathos attaching to youth lies rather in the fact that its glorious opportunities are never fully understood until the period for using them has vanished for ever. We never know how splendid were the promises we should have realised till the snowy warnings of age come to tell the old, old story of regret and remorse. Herein is the chief cause operating to make youth viewed by the mature with tender sadness as well as with pleasant memories. We can look back and remember the flowers, the birds, and the thousand joys which made our childhood happy, but we can also see how little the golden chances of that halcyon time were used by us in our thoughtlessness and ignorance. And sometimes we fail to understand how it was that we were so blind to our noblest interests, so utterly disregarding of the unrivalled opportunities we let slip in those days so long departed. Age has brought us to our senses, but when we would employ that which once we cast aside as useless, lo, the season has fled, and we can but mourn over the folly we perpetrated. And no amount of argument; no counsel, be it ever so wise and winning, can ever make the young view the summer-time of life in that light which surrounds it in the eyes of the old. The standpoints from which it is looked at are so different; there is no reconciling such opposites. Taking a station so far removed, the aged can rightly value the preciousness of that time of life; but this is not so with youth, and there is no teacher who can reckon up the worth of days speeding past so quickly but Experience—that prolific parent of knowledge and regret!

Yet age rapidly displaces the dreamland of youth, and with stealthy pace creeps upon the energies and hopes of mankind, to lessen the power of action and deepen the sense of reflection—

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon ;
May glides onward into June."

And once the midday of existence is passed, how quickly do the sombre tints of autumn come over the scene ; to give way in their turn to the icy chills of winter ! Happy those whom the burden of years has not chilled into sadness or asceticism ; happy is that aged tree which has braved the storms of life, and yet can show the greenness of youth—a heart warm, and tender, and true ; a faith in God and human nobility which has survived all the hard strokes of fortune, all the malicious cruelty of the world, and the bitterness of adversity. Yes, age comes with glorious honours when it descends the valley of years in the garb of youth ; when there is but a softened twilight over the affections, and no loss of that hearty brotherly kindness that should beat to the last in human breasts ! If the youth that preceded was given to the service of a loving God, we may be sure that the sinking of the orb of life will be in the splendour of faith, hope, and charity ! If the fresh energies have been expended in the work of the Master, it will be a noble sight to see that although the hands cannot do the heart's bidding, yet that heart is as full of enthusiasm and pure faith as ever it was. Ah ! readers, depend upon it we have in many an aged pilgrim, lessons, which, did we read them closer, would enliven many a weary task ; showing us how selfish and ungrateful we are. Little do we know of the experiences that have conspired to bow the stately form ; the agonies which have wrecked the patient face of age. Stories are written in human faces ; histories that are full of poetic beauty, thrilling the heart with sympathies, filling the eyes with tears. If we could read them off, what a volume of precious truths might be gathered, and how much of our discontent would vanish ! Let us then deal gently with the old, for perchance the hand of Providence has laid heavy there, and there is a craving for gentle tenderness to bind up the broken spirit.

We talk of youth and age, and contrast the two ; but, after all, how little can each know of the feelings or sympathies of the other ! It is incommunicable, there is no bridging the lapse of years, and their deep, deep meanings. The young cannot gauge the old ; the old perhaps can hardly remember their early buoyancy sufficiently to allow for the jubilation of youth. Thus it is that we find different views of men and things from each of these great standpoints, views which owe their colouring to the medium through which they are taken. Youth, however, is the glorious season of hope ; let not that season be lost or ignored. We know no spectacle so desolate as that of the man who has no youthhood of fervent

aspirations to refer to; we know no sadder sight than to see the gifts of that heaven-sent period squandered in the service of a profligate world. If the spirit is corrupted at the fountain-head, or the stream vitiated at its source, what can be looked for as the river flows on to age? But when the retrospect that goes back to the early days can bring out the fact that at least the endeavours were noble and true, if even the after course has been turbulent or unfortunate;—then, indeed, youth and age are the complements of one another; the complete halves of a picture beautiful, if sad, to contemplate.

A lonesome age is indeed a pitiable thing; one that draws forth all the sympathy of good and upright natures. To the very end of life to miss the touch of dear hands and the ministering of loving thoughts,—that surely is one of the sorest trials human life exhibits. And yet, how often do we see it? Strange and mysterious are the paths of Providence, and frequently we observe the hearty and vigorous struck down, while the aged are left to mourn them—solitary, forlorn, with only the memory of soft embraces and kind words to bring back to the heart the vanished ones. Age is in such cases a bitter trial, and yet perhaps it then calls out the grandest attributes of human nature—patience and faith in Eternal goodness. If there are no sweet earthly voices around to distract; then, surely, the still small voice of God is more distinctly audible; and the less that remains to hold the spirit to earth, the stronger will be the ties that draw it homeward to heaven! And what, readers, is there to choose? Youth may be rich with the promise of many hopes; but alas! there is no prophetic voice to say what shall be in the end; whilst in the solitary stillness of the old man's meditations there steals a restful feeling of satisfaction that the worry and turmoil are nearly done with, and rest—pure relief from harassing care will come at last! Youth and age have each their penalties; but the unbuckling of the armour which has been in the thick of many a fierce conflict is surely better than the fastening on of that which is untried, and has to stand the brunt of many weary years of temptation and sorrow! Notwithstanding, happy is the youthhood which has the strong nerve and bold reliance that come from God alone; for it surely shall one day glide peacefully down to an age that can face the flowing river of Death with cheek unblanched, and hand that knows no tremor of fear!

E. CLIFFORD.

GLANCES ABROAD.

(Continued from page 397.)

E touched at Brindisi, but it is not a very interesting place. It is the port of departure and arrival of the overland mails to India and the East. We get mails from London to this place in 2½ days. From Brindisi we steamed across the Straits of Otranto, a distance of only 60 miles to Turkish territory, and anchored at a place called Avlona, on the west coast of Albania. It was like going into another world. Of course, the places we had left bore the stamp of an advanced civilization; and, although the religion was Romanism, yet the present Italian Government have completely shorn the priesthood of all their former inimical powers, given the people the most liberal institutions, and have infused an almost English energy into every avenue of social life; but at Avlona we were in the domains of the Sultan, and, consequently, of laziness, dirt, squalor, poverty and misery. The dirty, mean houses, the filthy streets with reeking open drains, the ill-clad, unkept, sickly-looking inhabitants, each armed with pistol and dagger, and wearing the most ferocious, treacherous aspect, was most depressing. From this place to Corfu was a most delightful change; the harbour is spacious, and nearly surrounded by hills dotted with many villages, whose white houses stand out in charming relief from the dark green olive-groves and vineyards that cover the fertile land on every side. The town of Corfu is the seat of Government for the whole of the Ionian Islands, which were under British protection from 1815 to 1863. There are some of the most lovely walks here I have ever seen; the hedges covered with wild roses, the gardens rich with all manner of fruits and vegetables, the tall and stately cypress, the gnarled and spreading olive, the fragrant orange and fruitful fig-tree, are in rich luxuriance on every hand; while the calm, placid waters dyed with the clearest blue, ripples in soft cadences along the wooded shore. Out to what is called "One Gun Battery" is a charming walk of some two miles, and from this spot is obtained a magnificent view of hill and wooded scenery; across a brook, in the midst of which stands a small island whereon is a small monastery entirely surrounded by stately cypress-trees. This island is said to be the ship, converted into stone, which brought Ulysses to Ithaca, while the mouth of the brook is said to be the spot where he was cast ashore, and met with the Princess Nausicaa. The houses of the town are large and solid-looking, but the back streets are narrow and not too clean; the climate is very healthy, however, and many visitors stay here during the winter months. The

esplanade and open public square is a pleasant and popular resort of an evening, as there are shady trees, beautiful flowers, and comfortable seats all round it, while the military bands discourse sweet music to the light-hearted inhabitants who lounge or walk here during the hours of evening. Before starting out for any of the beautiful walks that abound in the island, it is well to have a handful of coppers in the pocket, as at every village the children rush out in numbers, laden with bunches of flowers, which they hope to exchange for a trifle of money. The King of Greece has a palace about a mile from the town; it is situated on a gently sloping knoll overlooking the entrances of the harbour. It is not large, but very pretty, and is surrounded by well kept and shady grounds filled with all kinds of trees and flowers. A walk through the palace itself is not uninteresting; for it is not every day one can stand in a royal dwelling, or sit for even a few seconds in a king's seat. On the glass panel of one of the wardrobes I noticed the names of some of the royal occupants who had cut their names in the glass with their rings; amongst other names, I remember Thyra-Maud (the queen's mother), Dagmar, &c., &c. The front entrance of the palace was covered with white button roses, whose fragrance filled the surrounding space with the most delicious aroma. Undoubtedly this is the most English-like place I ever visited abroad. A short cruise among these classical islands, and across the breast of those ceruleous limpid waters, brought us to Zante. This island is noted for its pitch wells; the pitch bubbles up in a liquid state at the bottom of the water, from whence it is taken by placing long poles into it. It is afterwards dried in the atmosphere, knocked off in hard pieces from the poles, and then prepared for exportation. The town has a population of some 25,000, who, by-the-bye, are very handsome; of course, not so good looking as English folk, yet still "good looking." One of the villages of Corfu island is renowned for its handsome women; but I refrain from mentioning its name, so that there may not be a sudden exodus of your male readers from the mother country. The religion is that of the Greek Church, or, as it is termed, Orthodox Faith; and although the people are not so completely under the control of the priest as they are in Roman Catholic countries, still they are nearly as superstitious, and the worship of saints is just as prevalent. While we were at Corfu there was a grand festival in honour of their patron saint, St. Spiero, whose bones were carried round in a golden box, headed by bands of music and priests in official garb, and followed by thousands of people from outlying villages dressed in native costume. The women's dress was peculiarly striking and picturesque; a loose white robe from the head;

necks slashed with coloured scarves; and their breasts literally covered with gold and silver coins, or imitation of the same as they were able to afford, I suppose, or, as some say, according to the value of their marriage dowry. At Zante, too, we saw a similar honour paid to the remains of one of their saints, only in this case the body was in a glass case, and only partly covered, so that the ghastly mummified head and shoulders were visible to the adoring crowd. It is said St. Spiero was shipwrecked, and his body cast ashore at Corfu, picked up by fishermen, and sold to the highest bidders; the people at Corfu considering themselves very fortunate in having secured the prize. One can't help liking these people, however, for they have great affection for our nation, and remember with pleasure our rule among them. But how one's heart yearns over them, that they might know of that purer, holier way, and learn to give all their adoration to Him who alone is worthy. A few days at sea brought us back to Malta, and now I think of it, I must not conclude this paper without mentioning one or two other matters connected with the place. There are no Jews here; they would not be able to exist in the place; as the Maltese as far excel a Jew in business as the latter does an Englishman. Churches are very numerous, priests of various orders abound, processions of the images of saints occur frequently, and all passers by are expected to salute the tawdry painted figure; at the rear, penitents undergoing penance generally follow, to the number of perhaps a hundred, carrying candles two feet long in their hands. Every church has several bells, which are constantly being rung by ragged urchins, who can be seen sitting straddled-legs in the belfries, pulling away with their might; no sooner does one church start off than every boy in the place deems it a point of honour to out-do every other bell in the island; and soon there is a dinging and clanging that is anything but harmonious. The people say it keeps evil spirits away from the place. The priests are mostly sleek, pompous characters, who move along the streets as if the whole place belonged to them. I saw three abreast coming along the Stradd Reate, when a native man coming in the opposite direction immediately jumped into the road, and, lowly bowing, took the hand of the outer priest and reverently kissed it, while the priest hardly slackened his pace to acknowledge the respect paid him. No doubt the people are devoted to the priesthood, and most tenacious of their creed. Our next cruise will probably be to Venice, Naples, and other places of interest.

G. T. C.

BREAKING UP FRESH GROUND.

[These wise and weighty remarks, which we hope every worker for Christ will take to heart, are from a sermon by the Rev. Joseph Bush, in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.—ED.]

AND in breaking up fresh ground, and in laying the foundation of new churches, this apostle took great delight. It was not work to which he stooped; it was an honour to which he aspired. On a review of his own life, St. Paul wrote: "So have I strived to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Give St. Paul his choice of two fields of labour: in this, Christ has been named, His Gospel preached, His church founded; in that, He has not been named—it is a region which has never been touched by the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace; and, without a moment's hesitation, he elects to carry the Gospel where hitherto Christ was not named. It was his supreme ambition, the goal of his most eager desire, that men should hear for the first time from his lips the "good tidings of great joy." And does not this Pauline passion for evangelical adventure lie at the root of John Wesley's counsel to his preachers: "Go always, not only to those who want you, but to those who want you most?"

Further: St. Paul justified his preference to preach where Christ was not named, in these remarkable words: "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation." To do this was what the apostle would not choose. The foundation might be well and wisely laid, and the work of building thereupon might be easy and pleasant; still, St. Paul did not prefer such work. Some modern ministers do. They deliberately choose to build, and to build only, upon the foundation which another has laid. They prefer circuits perfectly organised,—spheres of labour which have been carefully cultured, enclosures compact as the garden of the Lord. To preach to intelligent congregations which others have gathered, to dwell in the midst of respectable societies which are the fruit of others' toil, to enjoy a social rank and consideration won by the heroism and sacrifice of others: is not this the ambition of some? But to push out on the right hand and on the left, to enclose a corner of the desert, or to take in a piece of the outlying wilderness; to make a raid upon an ungodly population in town or village, or to "go forth without the camp," in order to fill chapels which are half empty: this seems never to occur to them as work worthy of an apostle, and equally worthy of a minister in modern times. Surely it was not of such men—who reap only where others have sown—that the Prophet wrote: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be

glad for them." History teaches that it is not for them that "the desert" doth "rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

St. Paul saith: "I have laid the foundation." It is by laying foundations that a town grows. In the immediate suburbs, just outside existing houses, land is laid hold of for building purposes, and the lines of new streets are marked, and excavations are made; and then comes the laying of the foundation course. Now the men who do that work are the pioneers of growth. As a rule, when times are good, the extension of a town and its increase in population will be in proportion to the number of foundations laid; and it would bode ill to the trade and wealth of a city if, for twelve months, the work of laying foundations were to cease.

On the same principle, growth in a Church is secured by well-timed aggression. "Men whose hearts God hath touched" go forth and carve out a portion of the neighbouring kingdom of darkness, and they plant there an institution of the kingdom of Christ, by preaching His Gospel and declaring His power to save: these men are laying foundations. In both spheres, the material and the spiritual, men to finish are as truly needed as are men to found; to carry on as to commence; to build thereupon as to lay the foundation. Yet in these days Methodism demands men who can and will do foundation work. It may be the building of a chapel in a growing suburb, or the introduction of out-door and cottage preaching in a neglected neighbourhood; it may be the opening of a new place in the country, or the commencement of a Mission Sunday-school in the town, or the forming of new Society classes at the circuit chapel: foundation work takes many forms, but if we are even to hold our own, the work must be done. Every one knows that not to covet increase is to court decrease.

It will be an evil day for Methodism when the work of laying foundations shall become a thing of the past. Disaster will not be far off when our members cease to desire and claim the nation for Christ. As a denomination, our calling is to "spread scriptural holiness over the land:" to understand, experience, practise; but also to "spread" scriptural holiness until it covers and fills the whole land. As ministers, our calling is "to enlarge and extend, as well as keep, the circuits to which we are appointed;" and, for the most part, this is done by laying foundations. Every Methodist preacher who has travelled seven years ought to be able to call to mind some specific work which in this or that place he began, and concerning which he can now say, "I have laid the foundation."

AN UNEMBELLISHED FACT.

HE was a disgrace to an honoured name—a disgrace to Christian parents—a very disgrace to manhood. From the social glass to the gambling-table—from the gambling-table to her by whom “many strong men have been slain,” down, down to a miserable, degraded drunkard, he had gone step by step, until—poor, dirty, ragged, patched with divers colours, drunken week-days, working fiercely Sundays, and swearing all days, with the tobacco-juice running down the corners of his mouth, he was too low, too disgusting, for a decent woman to speak to or notice.

And to this he had come from a home of refinement and culture and luxury. A father, known and honoured of men, had remonstrated, besought, commanded, and spurned him; loving sisters had hung over and around him with kisses and tears; and the last flickering breath of his noble mother was a yearning prayer for him. When she was gone, he who had been deaf to her pleadings, blind to her tears, and regardless of her prayers, turned from all his kindred, and they, feeling that if the true and devoted mother could not win him he was utterly depraved and hopeless, turned from him.

He lived, or rather stayed, in a place that had inherited, and was handing down, total depravity, in the “west part” of a town the centre of which is a small city.

A leading Christian lady of the “west part” received a note from her city pastor that an evangelist would give that evening and the next day to the village. She went out to tell the neighbourhood (for it was more than village). On her way she passed this semblance of a man. After she passed him she said to herself, “Why didn’t I tell him?” and herself said to her, “He wouldn’t go to the meeting;” and *she* said, “But why didn’t I ask him?” and *herself* replied, “It’s no use.” And some little way she debated the question with herself, and then turned back and overtook him.

“There is to be a meeting to-night at the schoolhouse. An evangelist from the city will preach.”

With those instincts of a gentlemen that were inborn, he thanked her courteously for telling him.

“And will you come?”

“Thank you, I will be happy to.”

She was amazed. At the tea-table she told the home circle, and right merrily they laughed at her.

“He’ll have fun enough over it. Religion gets nothing but ridicule from him.”

“Somehow, I feel as if he will come.”

All laughed.

"The idea! You'll never see him in a religious meeting."

Her reasons told her they were right, yet in her soul she felt he would be there, and her constant prayer was that he might be. She went early and watched the door. One after another, one after another came, but no one that looked like him. Just as the service was about to begin, ragged and patched, but clean, he came in and dropped into the seat nearest the door. She hardly heard a word of that sermon, but her evening was one constant prayer for that man. As soon as the service closed he went out quickly.

The next morning, as the evangelist was going to call on the people, she spoke to him of this man.

"I must see him. Will you call with me?"

"The place he boards in is not a fit one for a woman to go to. The women are not respectable."

"Then I cannot go."

"I *will* go with you," she said.

He was at the place, and clean, and his face was a fine one, and interested the evangelist at once. He was courteous and bright, but *stony*. "He'd take his chances. God loved his own children too well to punish them."

For some half-hour they talked, and no impression for good seemed to have been made, and as they rose to leave, the lady said:

"Didn't you have a praying mother?"

The one chord between him and heaven—the unseen chord held by that sainted, loving hand—was struck and vibrated, and that seemingly hardened man burst into tears.

"Yes! I had a noble mother, who loved me, and no one has loved me since she died."

Then he told of her pleadings, her prayers, and her tears, all of which, though buried beneath so much filth, still lived in his memory. The Bible she gave him had been unopened for twenty years, but was kept carefully in a box. He told them, the Monday before he bought a bottle of rum—"It was poor, and I had drunk too much not to know good rum,"—and he took it to the door and threw it against the fence, and vowed he would never drink another drop, and had not drunk any up to the time she spoke to him.

A series of meetings followed, and he attended them all. His consciousness of sin and degradation, of time, talent, and energy thrown away, of a life worse than wasted—a life depraved,—was deep and sincere.

And, though his sins had been scarlet, they were washed white in the blood of the Crucified, and for twenty years he lived an active, earnest, Christian life, and this very year went to meet his praying mother, his sanctifying Saviour, his forgiving Father.—*New York Observer*.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

CAPTAIN THOMAS DANIEL

WAS born at Carfury, in the Penzance Circuit, July, 1835, in a house that once stood very near the site of our present chapel. His parents were Captain Matthew and Mrs. Christiana Daniel ; whose family consisted of six sons and four daughters. The father died when the children were young, and five of the children had also died before Thomas was called to follow. Mrs. Matthew Daniel, and two sons and two daughters still live. The father of Captain Matthew had also sustained the position of captain for many years, so that the Daniel families for several generations have been connected with the " Ding Dong " Mine, either as miners or as agents. As an evidence of the confidence and respect, on the part of the managers and proprietors of the mine, towards Captains Thomas and Matthew Daniel, the grandfather and father of our departed brother, as soon as Matthew, the eldest son of Captain Matthew, had attained to manhood, he was made agent also, and held the position for seven or eight years, when his health rapidly failed and he died. Thomas, who, up to this time had been working in the mine, was called, during his eldest brother's illness, to aid him in his duties as agent, and at his death was appointed in his place ; a position which he honourably filled for nearly thirteen years, up to the time of the stopping of the mine about two years since. The fact that for so many years some member of the family held the position as agent, is not only evidence of the respect and confidence the proprietors and managers had in them, but also demonstrates the excellent qualities of character and business skill and tact which were possessed and manifested by them.

When a lad Br. Daniel evinced a strong affection for reading, and a thirst for knowledge beyond the generality of his companions. He became a scholar in our Sunday-school at Carfury ; his attendance was marked by regularity, and his attention was most praiseworthy. His steady and consistent conduct so commended him that he was, when young, made a teacher, and for some time before his conversion he filled the office of secretary to the Sunday-school.

During the pastorate of this circuit by Mr. J. Brown, aided by his colleagues, Cottle and Moyses, in 1855, a very blessed revival of religion was experienced at Carfury, beginning on Gulval Fast Sunday. Several persons, old and young, were then led to personal

consecration of their all to Christ's service; some of these held fast their integrity and have long since passed to their eternal reward. A few are still living, and through grace are still cleaving to the Saviour, and identified with the church at Carfury and other places. The good work continued for some weeks; our friend attended all the services with evident interest, and at times manifested religious concern. He also conversed with his companions and fellow teachers on religious subjects, evincing a strong desire to understand the truth as it is in Christ. For a short time there appeared to be a lack of the converting power, and some thought and feared that the Revival influence had gone; but several of the friends now with us distinctly remember a Sabbath day in December, 1855, when an extraordinary influence from on high rested upon the church, and seemingly upon all the people of the locality. At the morning class-meeting the power of God was greatly felt by the members, and the usual morning preaching service could not be held. So mightily did the Holy Spirit work upon the minds of the unconverted, that the forenoon was spent in earnest and prevailing prayer. In the afternoon at school, the usual exercises had to be given up; and a prayer-meeting carried on for the benefit of the scholars and teachers, and others, earnestly seeking after God. Our friend Daniel, as one of the secretaries, was standing at his desk—when he was seen to fall on his knees, and earnestly plead for mercy. At the evening service, his burden of sin pressed so heavily on his soul that he fell prostrate on the ground, and two or three of the leaders carried him to the penitent's bench—and after a hard struggle the heavenly light shone upon his mind, revealing to him the "Lamb of God" as his burden-bearer, and the power was given which enabled him to rest his soul by faith on the world's Redeemer.

Having thus realised peace with God, through believing on Jesus, and finding himself in possession of the liberty of the sons of God, he attached himself to the church, and in various ways strove to be useful. Having been a somewhat careful and diligent reader, especially of the scriptures, and having from boyhood been thoughtful and reflective, the heavenly fire burning warmly within him also, he soon made it manifest that paths of usefulness lay before him, and that, if faithful, he would be a leader among his friends, and of considerable help in building up the interests of Christ and His church. He was a little over twenty years of age when he experienced the great change. Of the fact he was himself blessedly conscious, and it was very apparent to all around. His love for the Word of God and his thirst for scriptural and general knowledge so increased that his profiting became apparent to all. A few months

after his conversion he began to pray in the prayer-meetings, &c., and in May, 1866, he closed the Sabbath-school by a short address and prayer. About Michaelmas, 1856, nine months after his conversion, he was authorised by the Preachers' Meeting to go in company with another, Br. C. N. Pascoe, to tell his fellow-men from the pulpit the glad news of salvation. His services were so generally acceptable that after the usual time of trial, and having preached a sermon at St. Just before the members of the quarterly meeting, as was then the custom, which gave satisfaction, he was received as an approved preacher, at the Michaelmas quarterly meeting of 1857, the first under the pastorate of Mr. W. Clarke. His religious exercises, both in the pulpit and in the Sunday-school, were to him a labour of love. Having carefully read the works accessible to him, and intelligently thought out the subjects which from time to time he delivered to his congregations, his pulpit labours were profitable to the friends and eagerly anticipated by them. His style and method might not be considered highly popular with persons who are fond of the florid, the pictorial, and highly impassioned; but for simplicity, gravity, naturalness, strong common sense, sound argument, forcible illustration, and earnest, intelligent, loving pleading, he was held in great esteem by the thoughtful and devout. He had a strong aversion to anything like affectation or empty show; hence his manner was simple, and his style unadorned. He was strictly conscientious; and while he sought in all his labours to please and instruct in order to profit and save his hearers, he was most careful to commend himself to the Divine Master, and to have the testimony of a good conscience. His own spiritual and Christian life, though he was not so demonstrative and noisy as some, was vital and thorough, and blessedly real in his own heart: and whilst he studied to live a godly, consistent life, as becoming one professing godliness, his reason, his judgment, his deep convictions, his clear and intelligent views of true Christian principles and Gospel truths, taught him that it was fitting to be able to give "a reason for the faith and hope that were in him." He was perhaps a little too fond of carrying discussions on historical, doctrinal, biblical, or speculative subjects beyond their proper limits; but to those who fully understood him it was manifest that he only desired to become thoroughly acquainted with all the aspects of the questions in dispute, and thus be soundly and intelligently established in the truth. Some six or seven years ago, in his eager desire to test certain novel views that were afloat on some of the cardinal and fundamental doctrines of Christianity, he seemed for a short time to be drifting from his anchorage and his hold on God and Divine truth to be weakening. The result

was that for a time he failed to take his appointments with regularity and heartiness as formerly. A domestic bereavement and some misunderstandings with some of his fellow-teachers conspired to prolong the time of darkness and conflict. But again the cloud was lifted, the old love anew burned within him, and he found rest on the Rock. He held the office of Superintendent of the Sunday-school for seven or eight years in succession, and was the general Secretary when he died. In some form or other from his childhood he has been associated with our cause at Carfury, and has considerably aided the church and all its institutions and organizations. Whilst heartily attached to the people of his early choice, his spirit was sufficiently catholic as to love all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, by whatever denominational name they were known. It was truly interesting to see with what heartiness and zeal he threw himself into any special effort or work at Carfury, whether for the church, or the congregation, or the Sunday-school. Although at our late Bazaar effort in October last his health was far from good, the interest he evinced, and the labours he performed were remarkable, and, to those who noticed his persevering efforts, truly surprising; no one felt an intenser joy in the success of the enterprise than did Br. Daniel.

Whilst generally calm and guarded in mind and speech our brother was nevertheless very sensitive—hence quickly felt from any seemingly unkind or wrong word or act, and if he failed in self-restraint his rebukes would appear to some as harsh and severe, and his manner hasty and excited. But he was ready to forgive and to forget, quick to throw unpleasantnesses aside, and to work in harmony with his brethren and friends.

Our friend was twenty-eight years of age when he became united in marriage to Miss Mary Ann Bennett, also of this locality, about the same age, and brought to God a few weeks before Br. Daniel in the same revival at Carfury. Together they were scholars and teachers in the school, and for nearly eight years before marriage were members of the church. The union was one of affection, and throughout their married life of nearly seventeen years they were perfectly one in heart. Six children have crowned their union, one of whom has preceded the father to the heavenly land. The widow and five little ones are left to mourn the loss of husband and father; and whilst the loss of our dear brother will be felt by the Sunday-school, by the church, and by a large circle of friends, no one has such reason to sorrow, and no one can be so profoundly sensible of the loss, as the weeping widow, left with her five fatherless little ones.

The health of Br. Daniel had been tolerably good throughout the

greater part of life. Years since he was injured by an explosion of fire-damp, and his nervous system suffered much from the shock for a time. But he had no serious attack of illness until May, 1879, when he was laid by for four or five weeks from congestion of the lungs. He was so low and weak from this attack for some six or seven days that fears were entertained, as five of the family had died at an early age of consumption, whether the same disease might not carry him off also. But to the surprise of all he rallied, and soon recovered strength so as to attend to his duties as heretofore. There were, however, signs of the physical system being undermined, and some deep-seated force at work, which might at any time fully develop itself, and the seemingly strong man be brought low. This occurred during the severe weather which prevailed in November last, about the time our Missionary services were held, which he was prevented from attending. Inflammation of the liver, with jaundice and pleurisy, brought him into a prostrate state. He struggled hard against the attack for a time, and hoped that with warmer weather he might recover; but gradually he found himself getting weaker, and he began to realise what must soon be the result. I saw him a few days before his death, when he evidently was rapidly sinking. He was fully aware of the fact, and told me that notwithstanding all the doctors might say, and friends might hope, there was something at work which would prevent his recovery. His mind was in a state of perfect rest and trust. He was wonderfully free from all anxiety as to whether he lived or died. He felt that it was all right with his soul; he was trusting alone in Christ; he had no goodness nor worth in himself; he deplored his many shortcomings and defects; said that if spared again to preach the gospel of Christ he would strive to preach it with greater simplicity and earnestness than he had ever done; when he looked at his wife and family he would willingly live a little longer to see the family grown up; "but," said he, "I have no will of my own in the matter, I am free from all solicitude—God knows what is best for us all. I can and do leave all with Him." At times he said to his wife and friends that his joy was not so rapturous as he could desire; but he had no fear for the future; he had not followed "a cunningly devised fable" in following after Christ. He knew that he was on a sure foundation, because resting with his whole heart upon the "Rock of Ages." No very marked change was manifest physically, until the morning of Thursday, January 15th, 1880, when, after a night of unusual quiet and rest, he suddenly became worse, and in a short time the spirit had fled from the weakened tenement, and, without doubt, now rests in the paradise of God. He died in the 45th year of his age, having

been connected with the church on earth for a period of twenty-four years, and a local preacher for more than twenty-two years.

The various relationships that he sustained through life—as son, brother, husband, father, teacher, local preacher, neighbour, friend, workman, agent—were filled perhaps not wholly faultlessly, but in such a manner as to endear him to many, so that in his removal the faults and weaknesses are forgotten, and his many excellences and virtues—his acts of zeal and love, and manly, brotherly kindnesses, and his pious Christ-like behaviour stand out before us all, and we think of him only as a brother and friend, greatly beloved on earth, and now reaping his reward with the pure and noble spirits who are faultless before the Throne of God” What he was here as a Christian, he was by the grace of God. If we follow him as he followed Christ, doubtless our lives will be useful and honourable on earth, and ere long we shall join him and all the glorified in the songs and services of the heavenly home.

The following brief testimonies to the moral worth of our departed friend will be read with interest :—

Br. Lark says :—“ I lived in the enjoyment of Br. Daniel’s friendship and fellowship during the three years of my pastorate of the Penzance circuit, and to say that I appreciated the same is to speak but feebly of my estimate thereof. I found in him one ever ready to sympathise with and help me in my work. He was a man possessing considerable intellectual power, and did not feel satisfied unless he was able to give a reason for the faith that was in him. I could always depend upon Br. Daniel ; he was ever the same. He had a hearty welcome for me whenever I met him. He was not one of the boisterous Christians, but his life was in harmony with his profession. Not that he was a gloomy Christian—far from it ; he had a large amount of cheerfulness, which could not fail to recommend the religion he professed. He had a liberal heart, and was a good and willing supporter of the cause.”

Br. Keen says :—“ I found Br. Daniel to be an upright, straightforward, and intelligent man. I was pleased to find when I saw him in June last that the old love was burning anew, and that he was resting firmly on the true foundation. I have no doubt that he has passed in safety to the heavenly home. May the ever-loving Father befriend the lonely widow and the dear fatherless children.”

Br. Lee remarks :—“ I am deeply grieved to hear of the death of my dear friend and Brother Thos. Daniel, but I have no doubt that he has passed safely to his eternal rest. It was my pleasure to know him and to have occasional intercourse with him for three years ; and that intercourse grew into great attachment before I left the Penzance circuit. Br. Daniel was one who had read and

thought more than men ordinarily do, and possessed talents for usefulness which were, I believe, generally appreciated. He did not, however, attend to much public work during my pastorate, which was a source of general regret. Br. Daniel, as far as I knew, was deeply conscientious, and was sensitive even to a fault. He had a great aversion to anything like *the appearance of affectation*. He felt a deep interest in the welfare of the cause at Carfury, and when any special effort was being made he did his utmost to make it a success. God has taken him comparatively early. He now 'rests from his labours and his works do follow him.' His record is on high."

W. G.

MRS. LEVERTON

DIED at Aberavon, August 11th, 1880, in the forty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. LEVERTON, the beloved wife of EDWARD LEVERTON, formerly of Point, near Devoran, Cornwall. Our departed sister had always been moral, but up to last winter she had not experienced a change of heart. During a series of special services held in the autumn, she had the joy of seeing four of her children as penitents at the feet of Jesus, which made a lasting impression upon her mind; and although, as she said, she could not *feel* enough to seek her own salvation, yet she greatly rejoiced to see her children converted. Soon, however, she became a true penitent, and after some two or three weeks' struggling between hope and fear, she obtained the pearl of great price, and soon gave in her name with the people of God. Since that time she, her husband (who was previously a member) and four children, have been exemplary Christians, and ornaments to the church. The removal of our sister was sudden, and altogether unexpected. On Wednesday, the 11th instant, she attended to her domestic affairs as usual. About half-past seven p.m., while conversing with her husband, she felt a giddiness, and in a few minutes lost all consciousness. Four doctors were soon in attendance, but all to no purpose, and just before eleven o'clock, a little over three hours from the time she was seized, life became extinct, and her happy spirit passed away to be for ever with the Lord. A kind husband and seven affectionate children are left to mourn their loss. That they all may meet as an unbroken family in our Father's house above, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

C. B.

MARY CREED

DIED in the Lord, February 28th, 1880. She was blessed with pious parents, who were members of the Wesleyan Methodists.

Her father was a local preacher, and for thirty years published the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His house was open to the servants of God as they came to teach the people the way of salvation. Thus privileged, Mary may be said to have been cradled in Christianity. Her mind was early opened by the Spirit to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. The visits of the preachers to her father's house were rendered a great blessing to her. The manner and subject of their conversations interested, instructed, and deeply impressed her, and proved of great service to her soul.

In 1820, she was married to Mr. James Creed, who greatly mourns his loss, but rejoices in the conviction that she is now with the Lord. He speaks of her as one who had a serious mind, a devout heart, and truly loved God.

About the year 1852, our people were invited to preach in a small chapel, in the parish of Throwley, formerly occupied by the Wesleyans, with a view of regularly supplying the pulpit. That invitation was accepted, and the services have been continued to the present time. And what Sister Creed's father did for the Wesleyan preachers, she, in connection with her husband, have done for the Bible Christian Preachers. Their house has been an open one for nearly thirty years, and the ministers have oft been refreshed under their roof, and although our sister is gone, her bereaved husband exercises the same hospitality to the servants of God as when his wife was alive. I cannot supply any date as to her conversion, but she was generally believed to be a good woman, possessed of high moral principles, one who feared God and worked righteousness, and manifested a deep interest in the cause of Christ—such is the opinion entertained of her in the neighbourhood where she lived more than seventy years.

Shortly after I entered this Station, riding out with her and her husband to take an evening appointment, I perceived that she was very unwell, breathing with great difficulty. Speaking to her I found her depressed, her spiritual state not being so satisfactory as she desired. A cloud was upon her soul, and she was anxious to enjoy the bright sunlight of her Father's countenance. I spoke to her on the subject of believing in Christ, and urged an entire trust in Jesus, a full reliance on his death and intercession, in order that she might realize the blessing of a full salvation. That conversation appeared to give her a measure of comfort.

The affliction which proved fatal was a very painful and lingering one, and prevented her for some time from resting on her bed, as she was obliged to be kept in a sitting position, night and day—notwithstanding, she manifested great patience, not a single murmur escaped her lips, but she breathed earnestly the wish, "Come, Lord

Jesus, come quickly." Two days before her death, being in the neighbourhood attending a missionary meeting, I called, and found her in great weakness and suffering, but her mind was enjoying sweet peace. She gave me 10s. for the meeting and said it would be her last, but by it she wished to express her gratitude to Jehovah for His great goodness in sustaining and comforting her in her affliction. She felt a deep interest in her husband's spiritual and eternal welfare, and frequently urged him to meet her in heaven. About five minutes before her death she called him by name six times, and said—"meet me in heaven." As her end approached she spoke with great confidence of her safety in Christ, and her readiness to depart and be for ever with the Lord. In this state of mind she finished her course, and passed to the better land. The event was improved by the writer from Revelation xxi. 4.

T. P. O.

HENRY BRITCHER

WAS born in the month of October, in the year 1809. The date of his conversion I have not been able to ascertain; but I think I heard him in a class-meeting say that he had been serving the Lord, and walking in the way to heaven, between thirty and forty years. On a certain Sunday afternoon, when he was one of the hearers, the preacher spoke much about the name of Jesus; many experienced the special presence of God, and the mighty power of His Spirit; and in the class-meeting which followed the public service, Br. Britcher spoke clearly and feelingly of his acceptance with God, and of the nearness and preciousness of Christ to his soul. He was society steward at Rolvenden for many years, and as such, I believe, faithfully did his duty. He was also successful in collecting money towards the support of the cause in that locality. Others fill the office he did so long, yet he is missed in the house of the Lord. For many years both itinerant and local preachers were gladly and hospitably entertained at his house; he felt that it was not only a duty but a privilege to entertain those servants of the Lord who are engaged in the glorious work of preaching Christ as the only Saviour of sinners. For several months prior to his departure, symptoms of failing health and declining strength in him were obvious to many; but in the latter part of last year he was taken seriously ill, and his speech was so affected that he could scarcely talk to any persons who visited him. The first time or two that I saw him it was with difficulty that he spoke a few words. Last October he grew worse, and became quite weak and helpless, and henceforth was confined to his bedroom, where he was tenderly

nursed by his wife and daughter until the end. When his power of utterance was nearly gone, he often tried to speak a few sentences, but could not, and on his thin, pale face an expression of disappointment was visible. When I spoke to him of the sympathy of Christ with His followers in their severest trials, of the "exceeding great and precious promises" of His Word, and of the eternal rest and bliss of heaven, he answered me by a sweet smile and a peculiar motion of his hand. For some time he seemed to be in a state of semi-consciousness, yet I believe that he, "on the bed of languishing," realised the power of the Holy Spirit and the preciousness of the Lord Jesus. As I stood at his bedside, looking at his wan face and thinking of his utter helplessness, I heartily praised the Lord that both my afflicted brother and myself had been made partakers of the grace of God. He died a little before one o'clock on the morning of January 1st, 1880, in the seventy-first year of his age. Thus almost as soon as the old year closed, he closed his eyes in the sleep of death, while his disembodied spirit passed triumphantly from earth to heaven. Heaven! happy place! glorious home of all who "die in the Lord!"

"There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

"There angels will unite their prayers,
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown
From suns that never more go down.

"No storm shall ride the troubled air,
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.

"For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as His own."

We may think and speak with delight of heaven, but what heaven really is we shall never know till we get there. Dr. Parker says: "What is heaven? Critics cannot tell us: they have met in council and can make nothing of it. We must die to know. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive God's house. 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' How many? I do not know. What is their size? I cannot tell. We have represented all these things by pearls and diamonds, and amethysts and onyxes—taken all kind of beautiful and expressive symbols, and then it is only a guess, half attempted."

R. HAWKEY.

ELIZABETH REEVES

WAS born at Woodside, Woolaston, Gloucestershire, January 12th, 1815. From her earliest days she was the subject of deep religious impressions, awakened principally through the ministrations of the Bible Christian Preachers who found their way into that neighbourhood at a very early period in the history of the Denomination. These impressions, instead of passing away "like the early cloud and morning dew," as is the case with many, ripened into a clear and blessed conversion to the Lord Jesus Christ; and from the time of her decision for Christ to her departure to her eternal rest, she lived to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour;" not that she was always all she desired to be, or all she ought to have been, but her motto was ever onward, and her life upward and Godward. She delighted much in private prayer, and was often found in the exercise of it; and was not only regular and constant in her ordinary prayers, but she always carried her burdens and sorrows to God in special prayer, and, by so doing, often realized deliverance and joy. She prized very highly the services of the sanctuary, and, until prevented by family duties, was constant in her attendance. Her house was for many years a home for the circuit ministers (when in that part of the circuit), and she appreciated very highly their visits both for the moral influence they exerted on the family, and for the honour of entertaining them as servants of Christ; and she often requested their prayers for her family, often remarking that the prayers of righteous men avail much with God; and many a time she has declared that while they have been engaged in family worship the place has appeared "as the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

The cause of Christ lay very near her heart, and she supported it to the best of her ability. She was deeply interested in the mission cause, and often helped her daughter, during several years of severe affliction, in collecting for the missionaries. "She showed piety at home." The members of her family felt that "the root of the matter was in her"—that her faith in Christ was genuine. As a wife, she was loving and true; as a mother, tender and affectionate; and she strove by both precept and example to bring her children up for God. She loved the Bible Christian Denomination very sincerely, both for what, through God's blessing, it had done in that neighbourhood, and for what it had done for her and her family.

For two or three years before her end there was a visible increase in her faith and love; she spent more time in private prayer, and lived in the constant habit of ejaculatory prayer. As she drew near her end she seemed ripening for glory. She was ill only nine

days, and when asked how she was, would reply, "Better; I shall be better to-morrow." She was as peaceful, and patient, and calm as she could possibly be. No care seemed to move her. She felt herself to be rooted and grounded in Christ, and fully prepared for His presence. "Shall some one be sent for to pray with you?" she was asked. She said, "Just as you please." At one time she said to her daughter, "My dear Polly, I have something to tell you; 'I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.' I am clean. If the dear Lord spares me, I will serve Him for ever and ever. Very early one morning, about a fortnight ago, I was happy beyond description; I was compelled to praise God aloud." She was perfectly conscious to the end; and could speak until a minute or two before she passed away. She fell asleep in the fullest triumph of faith, on the 1st of January, 1879.

"O may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

T. E. MUNDY.

Chapels.

UNION STREET, CHATHAM.—Four memorial stones in connection with the erection of a new school-room behind the chapel and class-rooms over, were laid on Wednesday, the 1st September. At 4 o'clock a numerous party assembled to witness the proceedings. Among those present were the Revs. C. Moir, M.A. (Presbyterian), S. C. Gordon, B.D. (Congregational), J. Burgess (Wesleyan), J. Smith (Baptist), W. Embleton and A. Wren (Methodist Free Churches), and Mr. A. F. W. Stephens (High Constable of Chatham), Mr. F. F. Belsey, Mr. J. Wyles, Mr. R. Crittenden, and other gentlemen. A hymn having been sung, the Rev. C. Moir offered prayer, and the Rev. J. Smith read the portions of scripture selected for the occasion. Mr. Jory then introduced the High Constable to lay the first stone, who having declared it to be "well and truly laid," said that he could assure those present that, as High Constable, this had been one of the pleasantest duties he had been called upon to perform during his year of office. He should always look back with the greatest pleasure upon the duty he had performed that afternoon. He was most thankful to think that it had become necessary to enlarge these schools. It was very gratifying to those who had worked in the school, as it showed a good result of their labours, and he trusted that the building would be a great blessing to the children who should be taught there. He had great pleasure in laying a donation from himself, and one from his father, upon the stone, in aid of the object.

Mr. Jory then presented Mr. Stephens with a beautifully-bound copy of the Bible and hymn book, on behalf of the trustees of the chapel. The High Constable returned thanks for the unexpected present.

Mr. Belsey was next introduced to lay the second stone. He said he could only re-echo the sentiments of the High Constable of Chatham, expressed in his few choice words. It was very important to know that it had become necessary

to erect a new Sunday-school in a populous neighbourhood like that, and he was very pleased to know that it was one of the branches of the Local Sunday-school Union. Great energy had been shown by those who had undertaken the work. He congratulated them upon the great improvements they were making. They would now be able to accommodate 160 more persons in the chapel, and they would have a fine school-room that would seat 200 children, and what was more important, two large class-rooms, where Bible-classes for the young men and women would be held. He did not know where a matter of £500 could have been spent so advantageously and well. In conclusion, he congratulated them upon the work done, and said he had much pleasure in following the example of the High Constable by placing upon the stone his donation (applause). Mr. Jory then presented Mr. Belsey with the Bible and hymn book bound together, as he did the High Constable. Mr. Belsey returned hearty thanks for the gift.

Mr. J. Wyles was introduced to lay the third stone. Having performed the ceremony he made a lengthy and humorous speech. He said there was something very suggestive to him in the laying of these stones. There were four stones to be laid by four friends of four sections of God's church. He congratulated Mr. Jory upon having asked gentlemen belonging to four distinct sections to lay the memorial stones. There was the High Constable, who, as they knew, belonged to the Church of England, and if he would only come amongst them more often he would find that the Nonconformists were not what some thought, but that their only desire was to do good. Then there was Mr. Belsey, who represented the Independents, a gentleman whom they all respected, and who had recently been honoured by the Lord Chancellor making him a Justice of the Peace for the City of Rochester. As for himself (Mr. Wyles) he represented the Baptists, who were a quiet-going people (laughter)—whilst his old friend Mr. Crittenden, who was going to lay the fourth stone, represented the Bible Christians. He did not think that the friends of the undertaking could have done better than in asking representatives of different sections to perform the ceremony, and he felt sure all those present had great pleasure in taking part in the proceedings of the day. He felt pleased to lay a cheque upon the stone to help forward the work.

The Rev. R. Squire then presented Mr. Wyles with a volume similar to those presented to the High Constable and Mr. Belsey. Mr. Wyles said that if he had nothing else to hand down as a heirloom to his family, he should have much pleasure in handing down the book he had just received. He returned hearty thanks for the valuable present.

Mr. R. Crittenden, one of the trustees, a true friend, and greatly respected by us, and by all who know him, was introduced to lay the fourth stone. He said that as one of the trustees he had great pleasure in seeing the present work undertaken, and believed it would be carried out successfully. He did not make long speeches, as the people knew, but he heartily endorsed what had been said by the gentlemen who had laid the other stones, and was very pleased to lay his donation upon the stone to aid the good work.

The Rev. S. B. Lane then presented Mr. Crittenden with the Bible and hymn book, for which Mr. C. returned thanks.

The Rev. J. Burgess (Superintendent of the Rochester Wesleyan Circuit), then gave a short address. He said the Bible Christians were one of the branches of the great Methodist tree; they were not one of the oldest nor one of the largest, but still they had done good service. Started about sixty-five years ago, they now had some 300 ministers, 2,000 lay preachers, 53,000 Sunday-school scholars, and 10,000 teachers. Methodism was without exception the largest branch of the Protestant Christian church, numbering about 30,000 ministers and

about four-and-a-half millions of members, representing about twenty millions of persons. With respect to the Bible Christians of Chatham, he was pleased to know that the present enlargement was necessary, and that the members had the energy to carry it out.

After a short address by the writer, and a collection, the proceedings closed with singing and prayer.

The chapel being closed for improvements, the Baptist friends have shown us great kindness. They most readily favoured us with the use of their excellent school-room, Luton-lane, for our Sunday morning and evening services, and the week-night also, and the Congregational friends have cheerfully granted us the use of the British school-room for Sunday evening services. At 5.30 a public tea was held in the Baptist school-room, Best-street, and a public meeting was held after the tea in the Baptist Chapel, Clover-street; F. F. Belsey, Esq., in the chair. The writer made a statement of the work of the Connexion in Chatham. The Chairman then gave an excellent address, and was followed by the Revs. J. Smith, S. C. Gordon, J. Burgess, R. Squire, and S. B. Lane. The Union-street Choir did good service. Votes of thanks were given, and the meeting closed by prayer. On the whole the day passed off well, and the friends are encouraged in their work.

Since the chapel has been closed we have held open-air services on Sundays in several parts of the town. The friends conducting these services have put forth considerable energy, and have gone from them to the school-rooms, taking strangers with them. We hope this mission work will be a blessing to many. We have before us a year of toil, but believe for success.

S. JORY.

PRESENTATIONS.

TAUNTON.—How much selfishness there is in human nature; and what makes it worse, as a friend said to me the other day, "We may be selfish and be influenced by selfish motives, when we are scarcely aware of it, and when we do not mean to be selfish." Perhaps one of the most frequent inquiries to be heard among our dear kind friends in the various circuits about Conference time is this: How is it when we have a minister we like we are not allowed to keep him? One of the worst rules in the Methodist churches is said to be that which limits the time a minister can remain in a circuit to three or four years. Just as we get to know and understand each other they are taken from us, and we have strangers again;—so say our well meaning friends. Thus we are frequently called upon to defend a system which we believe to be one of the secrets of the great success of Methodism. We agree such frequent changes are by no means pleasant; to have so often to make new friends and say farewell to old ones is a trial to both minister and people; but there are advantages as well as disadvantages connected with the itinerant system; and when we hear the connexional rule, or the action of the stationing committee denounced, as we sometimes do, we are obliged to ask, Is there not a little selfishness at the bottom of this? Suppose you have a minister for whom you do not cherish such kindly feelings, who does not exactly suit your taste, would you not be willing when Conference comes to have some one else? and should you have one who possesses abilities superior to many of his brethren, ought not the other circuits to share, with yours, the benefit of his ministrations? There are generally two sides to a question, we must look on *this*, as well as *that*, and if we would have the advantages we must expect to share the disadvantages.

The removal of Br. P. Labdon from the Taunton circuit was quite unexpected. As he had accepted the unanimous invitation of the Lady-day Quarterly meeting to remain the fourth year, it was quite a settled point in the minds of the friends that he would do so. When the decision of the Conference became known, as might be expected, many expressions similar to those referred to above were heard; but instead of giving way to useless fault finding it was wisely hoped that it was in the order of Providence, and therefore right, and what is far more laudable than finding fault with those who try their utmost to serve the interests of the Connexion at large, a few friends set to work to carry out an idea which occurred to some generous minds, that of raising a subscription so as to present Mr. Labdon with a testimonial on leaving the circuit, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held among them. The time was short, and if anything was done it must be done quickly; and it reflects great praise on the few friends who took the lead, and also on those who so willingly and generously responded to their calls, that in such a short time so much was raised. . . .

A valedictory service was held at Ebenezer Chapel, on August 17th. Mr. M. Richards presided, and in the course of an appropriate address, spoke of the kindness and Christian sympathy he and his family had received from Mr. Labdon, and the regret they felt at his removal. How true it is that "kind words awaken kind echoes."

He then called upon the writer, who introduced the most interesting feature of the evening, the purpose which had brought them together, viz., to present Mr. Labdon with a purse of gold as a token of their appreciation of his Christian character and efficient labours whilst among them. The circuit steward, Mr. R. Edwards, was then called upon to make the presentation, which consisted of a purse of £15, accompanied by a suitable address, the substance of which, with a number of the subscribers' names, having been beautifully illuminated, and framed, will form a pleasing memorial of the kindness and respect of the Taunton friends, after the money is gone. In the address, reference was made to the decided change for the better which had taken place in the circuit during the last three years. Among the subscribers to the testimonial were persons connected with several of the churches in the town, the temperance societies, as well as the congregation and members of the Bible-class at Ebenezer; thus showing the general esteem in which our brother is held. Mr. Labdon thanked the friends for the great kindness he had received ever since he came into the circuit, and especially for the present they had now made him, which he should value as much for the kind feelings it expressed, as for its real worth; and said that although he had received larger testimonials, he had never received one so good considering the number of friends connected with the place. He hoped the Lord would bless them in the future even more than in the past, and that they would receive his successor as cordially and treat him as kindly as they had him. He assured them they would find the brother appointed to take his place a good man and true, and he believed that he would just suit them.

The doxology being sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Labdon, an interesting service was brought to a close.

J. C. SWEET.

SHANKLIN.—On Thursday in last week the members and friends of the Shanklin Bible Christian Church met at a farewell tea to the Rev. J. Martin on his leaving the pastorate of this circuit for that of Forest Hill. After tea there was a public meeting, presided over by Mr. R. Vaughan, who in very touching remarks, referred to the pain it gave them all to part with one who had laboured among them with such general satisfaction. Mr. Jolliffe, the class-leader, next bore testimony to the faithfulness of Mr. Martin, and in the name of the society

and friends presented him with an address accompanied by a very handsome clock, which, he said, would only "chime at the proper time." The address read in part as follows:—

"We, the members of the Shanklin Society and congregation, wish to show our appreciation of the unflagging labours of the Rev. J. Martin, by presenting him with the accompanying clock, and at the same time express our hearty sympathy with him in the trials he has had to pass through during his two years' residence among us, and trust he may enjoy many years of good health, so that he may be enabled to preach the truths of the gospel in the same faithful manner as he has done whilst with us."

Mr. Martin replied to the address in a few brief words. He thanked them for such a very handsome gift, which had taken him quite by surprise. He thanked them more for the spirit which prompted the gift. Referring to the future, he said the time must come when they would need the services of a third minister, and they would be pleased to know that at their recent annual Conference they had taken precautionary measures which would prevent incompetent, uneducated, and unworthy men from entering the ministry. This parting business was to him very painful, but he would exhort them all to live to God, and look forward to prosperity here, and to the meeting hereafter.—*Local Paper.*

KINGSBROMPTON CIRCUIT.

WATCHET.—On Sunday and Monday, May 2nd and 3rd, 1880, at Watchet, a new American organ was opened. On the Sabbath, at half-past two and six o'clock, there were sermons by the writer, with appropriate hymns for the occasion by the choir. The chapel was densely packed, singing very good, religious influence rich, and the liberality encouraging. On the Monday, the attendance to the tea far surpassed expectation; circuit ministers and others delivered addresses, meeting stirring, and financial profits good. Miss C. Walker very effectually presided at the organ both days. The cost of the instrument, twenty-two guineas, all paid, and a balance in hand! Well done Watchet!

RENSBURY.—The second anniversary of Rensbury Chapel, at Upton, was held on Sunday and Monday, July 25th and 26th, 1880. Brother T. G. Vanstone conducted the services with much acceptance. On the Monday, Br. Vanstone, the circuit ministers, and other friends, rendered help at the public meeting. Miss Marsh, with great ability, presided at the harmonium. The attendance was large, religious influence cheering, and liberality praiseworthy. Many could say with Peter—"Lord, it is good for us to be here." The receipts are £30 10s. 2d., the disbursements £5 10s. 2d.; surplus, £25; debt reduced to £110. Well done, generous hearted friends!

JOHN HICKS.

DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

MR. WILSON, with his wife and family, left Plymouth on Monday, Sept 20th, in the s.s. "Durham," for Port Lyttleton direct. The serious and protracted illness of Br. Keast made it absolutely necessary that our new Mission in New Zealand should be reinforced, and we are sure that all of our readers will pray that Br. Wilson and his family may have a pleasant and speedy voyage, and that he may have much comfort and success in his new sphere of labour.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

Previously acknowledged - £1,376 3s. 1d.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
WINKLEIGH—							
A Friend	0	2	6	HICKS MILL, <i>Falmouth</i> —			
SOMERTON—				Miss Waldren	0	5	0
Mrs. Tatchell	0	10	0	Miss Grose	0	5	0
NEATH—				<i>Hicks Mill</i> —			
Mr. J. Trick	0	2	6	Mr. Martin Ferran	0	10	0
ST. JUST—				LEE—			
Friends	0	5	6	T. Green, Esq., 1st instal.	1	1	0
SOUTH PETHERTON—				J. Johns, 2nd instalment			
Mr. Jabez Ching	0	10	0	and interest	6	0	0
BRIGHTON—				Charles Dening, 1st instal.	5	0	0
Mrs. Burchett	0	5	0	D. Rowse, 2nd instalment .	1	0	0
Mrs. Gillett	0	2	6	S. H. Rice, 2nd instalment .	2	10	0
J. Botheras	0	10	6	Mr. Cummings, through			
CHATHAM—				W. H.	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Hodges	0	10	0	Mr. Horswell, for Head			
Mr. B. Bow	0	5	0	Master's House	1	1	0
Mr. Ran. A. Manser	0	7	6	Mr. Jas. Wood, old boy . .	2	0	0
Mr. Collins	0	2	6	In Memoriam	52	10	0

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We wish, through the Magazine, to inform the ministers, the “old boys,” and friends generally, that the memorial stones of the Head Master's house will (D.V.) be laid on the 14th of October, 1880. As no work is more necessary than this, we confidently ask our friends to be present on this occasion, or, if unable, to give us a cheer on that day, or a few days before. We also ask the District Preachers and Pastors to kindly hold meetings in behalf of this fund in all places where at all convenient during the year, and to make other efforts to secure funds for this desirable object.—Yours faithfully,

C. HOBBS, *Treasurer*,
W. HIGMAN, *Agent*.

Correspondence.

KINGSBRIDGE MISSION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Now that the Conference has adopted several fresh regulations as to the working of Mission Stations, it may not be amiss to say a little about one of them. The South Devon Mission is a Mission of long standing, which I hope will be willing to throw off the apron-strings of the mother society, before it is compelled to do so at the end of twelve years. An old friend of the mission cause tells me that the South Devon Mission was first worked in connection with Chagford and Buckfastleigh as one circuit. Ann Mason, in 1817-8, preached in several places out-of-doors, and in cot-houses, as she went to Lanthead in the Brentor Mission, before we had any regular meetings there. But the moor was a formidable barrier; a preacher once on this round missed his way, and was a whole night on Dartmoor. However, Ann Mason was followed up by Hannah Pearse, who preached there in 1826-7, and R. P. Tabb, Ann White, and Jacob Prior are also named as preaching in the cottage of a labouring man named Joe Bryant; who certainly must have had considerable courage to open his house for preaching, and to entertain the preachers of a society generally spoken against, when a labourer's wages were only 14d. a day, and he had to live on salt pilchards, potatoes and barley bread. A fellow-

workman once told him he had killed a pig : said Joe, "Have you given God thanks for it?" "Thanks?" said the man, "why the pig has eaten as much as it is worth!" The Mission was not regularly formed till 1837, when there appears in the "Minutes" *South Devon Mission, Matt. Robins.* Certainly, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that in the *formation* of this Mission they had the missionary spirit. But since then it has been dying out; for how is it that so many places have been given up? Why, Sir, more than a dozen places have been given up! At many of these places other societies have come and established themselves. It would seem that South Devon was an uncongenial soil for our Denomination to thrive in; and yet, when Mr. Keen travelled there, and also in the time of Mr. Clarke, many were converted, and I believe, for the year now ending, there is an increase in the Mission, showing that still the power is not all gone.

What, then, is the reason that it does not thrive? I shall not give all my reasons, because it would do no good; but one reason is, I think, the South Devon people have not enough of the enterprising spirit. And this is partly owing to the lack of attendance at the quarterly meeting. That meeting should certainly be one of the most popular and well-attended meetings in the circuit, and yet there is scarcely ever a society steward to be found there, and only six or seven preachers; now, Sir, is that the sort of meeting to conduct circuit business? There, certainly, cannot be much enthusiasm. I said, they lacked the enterprising spirit; well, Sir, they seem afraid to do anything out of the regular way; their motto seems to be, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." It was brought up not long since, about missioning a little godless village about two miles from Kingsbridge, called Goviton (pronounced Gooton), no preaching of any sort in the village, a chapel-of-ease, about half-a-mile distant, to which very few of the villagers go; but, "No; leave it alone; do the regular work, and think of nothing else." As a Mission, they are unable to maintain one preacher; and it can scarcely be expected, considering how poor many of the members are. I know that many of them do nobly. But if they would open up such villages as Goviton, Kellaton, and Charleton, and try Bigbury again, and so cast out the lazy devil, they ought then, with ten or eleven places, to be well able to support one preacher, and also pay back in time to the Missionary Society the £1,000 and more which they have had from it. This will also be a way of employing the young men on the Mission who are willing to become workers in God's vineyard, but who have very little to do at present. I know that South Devon is the home of Plymouth Brethrenism, and that Calvinism is not quite dead; but if our people would look better after our Sunday-schools I should have no fear for the future. I am glad to find that at one place they have again started a school which once had 120 scholars; but, through *ease in Zion* creeping in, the school was given up, and the congregation also dwindled down to six sometimes of a Sunday evening. I hope the friends throughout the Denomination will wake up, and in no place again grow weary in well-doing. May the Lord bless them!

A FRIEND OF THE SOUTH DEVON MISSION.

A THANK-OFFERING TO GOD.

IN my monthly rounds during the past twelve months, it has been my pleasure to visit a couple of aged saints; who for many years have been deprived of the privilege of working for their maintenance, as well as the higher privilege of attending the means of grace. Thus they were thrown upon the humble pittance of

the Guardians' vote for their natural subsistence, and upon the Word of Life, and occasional visits for spiritual food. On my first visit I found "Father" sitting up in bed, propped by pillows, and "Mother" sitting by the fire almost too feeble to attend to the small affairs of their little home. Their merry twinkle, their kindly significant nods, and the occasional reciprocal expressions of "Father," and "Mother," (the titles by which they take pleasure in addressing each other) gave me a higher appreciation of the intrinsic worth of godliness than ever I had before. "Father's" eyes sparkled, and his wan cheeks crimsoned as he detailed in answer to my questions, his conversion and some salient features of his Christian experience. Once when about to leave them, after some profitable conversation on experimental Christianity, reading the twenty-third Psalm, and a few words in prayer, "Father" speaking with such holy fervour and enthusiasm, as only the man whose heart is right with God can, said, "Let me see! the quarterly meeting comes off before you come round again, doesn't it?" Yes, I think it does. "Mother!" I should like to send something to quarter-board, just see what you can do!" "Mother," turning round, and putting her hand into a tea-cup in the cupboard, took out three shillings, and with an expression of delight said, "There, we can manage that very well." "Father," handing the three silver pieces to me said, "Here, sir, please take on this as a thank-offering to God, from two old friends,—please not give any name." Seeing that I hesitated somewhat, he said in a manner that meant more than it expressed, "You must take it, please, sir, as a thank-offering to God."

Christ eulogized the poor widow who cast into the treasury her two mites. Is not the example of these two aged saints worthy of being told in all the churches? Did such a spirit of gratitude prevail among all our members, there would be no deficiencies at our quarter-boards, and the missionary and other funds would be well sustained. Let this question be heard and answered by all,—“How much owest thou my Lord?”

Alboston, Sept. 16th, 1880.

T. G. VANSTONE.

Brief Notices of Books.

Young's Analytical Concordance. Appendixes. Edinburgh: George Adam Young and Company.

THIS noble work is rendered, so far as we can judge, complete, by the issuing of these Appendixes, for Sabbath School Teachers, and for Divinity Students. The Appendix for Sabbath School Teachers includes an analytical survey of all the books, the facts, and the idioms of the Bible, &c., &c., together with sixteen coloured maps and plans of Bible lands and places, and that for Divinity Students and others, a Hebrew and English Lexicon to the Old Testament, a Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, and much information on the idiomatic use of the Hebrew and Greek Tenses, together with 23 pictorial views of Scripture Scenery, and 35 fac-similes of ancient Biblical MSS. We know not where else so much useful information and so many valuable helps on these several points are to be obtained. From some weighty remarks on the Duty of the Churches to the Sabbath-schools, which we find on the title-page, we take one paragraph:

“The time has now come for the Christian Church formally, solemnly, and joyfully to sanction and adopt it [Sunday-school Instruction] as an essential and constituent part of its organisation, **EQUALLY WITH THE PREACHING OF THE WORD TO ADULTS**, instead of leaving it, as heretofore, to the good pleasure of

benevolent individuals. The very first charge to the penitent Apostle by the Lord Jesus Himself was, 'FEED MY LAMBS,' the second only was, 'FEED MY SHEEP.' Yet the Christian Church has REVERSED the order of the Lord! She has always rejoiced in upholding a regularly prepared and settled MINISTRY for the 'Sheep,' but where has she left the 'Lambs?' and what provision has she made for them for obeying the FIRST AND GREAT COMMANDMENT of her risen and glorified Redeemer?"

David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. (Price 5s.)

IN most respects the life of the poet and shepherd king is treated here skilfully and exhaustively; some incidents are dealt with very suggestively and with great power; and, altogether, the several chapters of this book are most complete and satisfactory studies of this figure of surpassing interest in Jewish history. We can only find room for an extract, but quotable matter is to be found on almost every page:

THE DEATHS OF SAMUEL AND NABAL: A CONTRAST.

"Let us note, then, first, the suggestive contrast which is here presented in the deaths of Samuel and Nabal. On the one hand, we have a good man taken to his reward after a long life spent in the service of his God, and a whole nation gathers to weep around his tomb. On the other, we have a surly, selfish, sottish man called to his account, and no tear is shed over his grave; but instead, a feeling of relief is experienced by all who are connected with him, for they are all conscious that they will be the happier for his absence. In the one case, the life on earth was but the prelude to a higher, holier, and more useful existence in the heavenly world; in the other, the character was but the germ out of which would spring in the state beyond a deeper, darker, and more repulsive wickedness even than that which he had manifested here. I do not think that David wrote the 37th Psalm at this particular date, since, from one expression it contains, he seems to have penned that ode in his old age; but whensoever it was written, it is hard for me to believe that he had not before his mind at the time the contrast between Nabal and Samuel which this history so vividly presents. What could be more appropriate to Nabal than these words: 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.' And surely David thought of Samuel when he wrote this verse: 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.'

"Now, the practical question for us is, To which of these two classes do we belong? Alas! there are many in these days whose lives are inflicting a constant martyrdom on all who have the misfortune to be nearly related to them, and whose deaths while full of sadness to themselves, would yet be a blessing and a relief to their friends as ridding them of a constant and fearful misery. 'A living cross is heavier than a dead one;' and there are few who have to carry a weightier or sharper cross than the wives and families of these Nabals, whose intemperance has brutified them into harsh, unfeeling cruelty. How can you expect the woman, who has been beaten and abused by her drunken husband, to feel otherwise than relieved when death dissolves the union which had brought her such abuse. 'I thought you would have been glad when your husband came home,' said a little girl to a wife whose husband had just returned from a twelvemonths' absence at sea; 'but instead of that, you look so sad and anxious.' Ah! she knew not what a stab her words were giving to her heart; for her husband had only returned to fill her soul with deepest agony. Is there one here to-night who is conscious

that he is living such a life as must make all around him miserable—let him see in Nabal how repulsive he looks, and let him turn from his evil ways, and seek to minister to the happiness and holiness of his home. Let him be no more a son of Belial but indeed a son of God, so that when he passes from the world he may leave behind him those who sincerely mourn his loss, and may himself enter into the enjoyment of Heaven's own blessedness.

"What a blank is created when the good man dies! Men miss his kindly presence, his wise counsel, his loving words, his liberal deeds, his holy example, and his earnest prayers. It is long before they can become accustomed to his absence; and when some deep grief falls upon them, or some great agony is to be passed through by them, they feel as if they wished him back again to sustain them through the ordeal. But all of him does not depart. He leaves behind him an influence which, long after he is gone, is active and operative for good.

"Do you see that strip of green yonder?' said one to his companion, as they stood together on a height surveying the landscape; 'I wonder what has caused it?' 'I know,' was the answer; 'there was a brook there once, and its old course is lined with a richer verdure than the surrounding district.' Just so; the place where a good man has lived and died is greener from the influence he has exerted over it; and even after his name may have been forgotten by the inhabitants they may be found in some way moulded by his character. Let it be our aim, brethren, so to walk with Jesus in our daily conduct that we may have such a hallowed influence on all with whom we come into contact. Let us be earnest in the service of our generation by the will of God. Let us rouse ourselves to zealous activity for the honour of Christ, and the benefit of our fellow-men. 'It were infamy to die and not be missed.' It were foul dishonour to be buried in the grave over which no one cares to shed a tear. But if we would have the death of Samuel, we must live his life; and if we would live his life, we must bear continually in mind the words which Jehovah spoke to Eli by the man of God when Samuel was a child: 'Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.'"

Mary Ashton: a True Story of Eighty Years Ago. By the Author of "The Lancasters and their Friends."

The Little Prisoner: The Story of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France.

THESE two little works are additions to the 9d. series of books published by the Wesleyan Conference Office. The cruelty wreaked upon the unfortunate Louis Charles, reveals the character of the actors of the Great French Revolution in a most unenviable light, and is altogether one of the most painful episodes of that great event. The story is told in a touching way, as is also the "True Story" of *Mary Ashton*, the lessons of which are as important as they are obvious.

The Lilyvale Club and its Doings. By EDWIN A. JOHNSON, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 1s. 6d.)

A THOROUGHLY healthy and sensible book for boys, and girls too will feel an interest in many of the "doings of the club." The book is a capital illustration of a conundrum we found in the book, about the largest room in the world, the answer to which is, the *room for improvement*.

The Beloved Prince: A Memoir of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By WILLIAM NICHOLS. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 2s. 6d.)

THIS is an exceedingly well written account of "Albert the Good," and has several first-rate illustrations. Though well acquainted with Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, we have read Mr. Nichols's volume with much

interest, a sufficient proof, we think, that he has executed his task with skill and judgment. Prince Albert's influence will be felt in many directions for a long time to come, and it appears to us to be a right kingly, noble, and godly influence in every direction.

The Preacher's Analyst: A Monthly Homiletical Magazine and Help in Preparation for the Pulpit. Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. BIRD, B.A. Elliot Stock. September, 1880.

THIS is, on the whole, a helpful and stimulating serial for preachers. In one outline, *the presumption of carrying sin too far*, is, in our view, very unhappily illustrated in one particular. There is a limit to the mercy and forbearance even of God. With this every one would agree. But the writer says it is evident—

"1.—*From the fact that it is impossible always to continue His warning and judgments on the impenitent.* If the whole power of Divine wisdom were concentrated on one individual, how could the affairs of the universe be carried on? If the obstinacy of one person cannot be overcome, it were unjust on that account to remove the chance of salvation from others."

Some excellent reasons are given in support of the position, which makes it all the more regrettable that anything so crude and liable to be misunderstood as the quotation we have made should have been penned.

And then, again, we notice in an outline on the Papacy, that it is asserted *the Wesleyans swear by St. Wesley*. We think Wesleyans have a right to protest against such a representation, or misrepresentation. Much injustice is often done by the mere desire to say a smart thing!

The Hiding of His Power. By the Rev. J. OSBORNE KEEN, D.D., Author of "On the King's Business," &c. Bible Christian Book Room. (Price 2d.)

THIS vigorous discourse was crowded out of the volume, "On the King's Business," just published. We echo the author's wish that it may prove to many "the power of God unto salvation."

The Mother's Treasury. June, July, August. The Book Society. (Price 1d. monthly.)

THIS well-known Magazine continues its career of honour and usefulness. It deserves a word of hearty commendation—it is a cheap and capital pennyworth.

Our Miscellany.

HE LOOKS ONE WAY AND PULLS THE OTHER.*

"HE faces the shore, but he is pulling for the ship: this is the way of those who row in boats, and also of a great many who never trust themselves on the water. The boatman is all right, but the hypocrite is all wrong, whatever rites he may practice. I cannot endure Mr. Facing-both-ways, yet he has swarms of cousins.

"It is ill to be saint without and a devil within, to be a servant of Christ before the world in order to serve the ends of self and the devil, while inwardly the heart hates all good things. There are good and bad of all classes, and hypocrites can be found among ploughmen as well as among parsons. It used to be so in the olden times, for I remember an old verse which draws out such a character: the man says,—

* From Mr. Spurgeon's new book, "John Ploughman's Pictures," 160 pages, paper covers, 1s.

"I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether Papist or Protestant shall not be known;
And if it proves troublesome I will have none."

"In our Lord's day many followed Him, but it was only for the loaves and fishes: they do say that some in our parish don't go quite so straight as the Jews did, for they go to the church for the loaves, and then go over to the Baptist chapel for the fishes. I don't want to judge, but I certainly do know some who, if they do not care much for faith, are always following after charity.

"Better die than sell your soul to the highest bidder. Better be shut up in the workhouse than fatten upon hypocrisy. Whatever else we barter, let us never try to turn a penny by religion, for hypocrisy is the meanest vice a man can come to.

"It is a base thing to call yourself Christ's horse and yet carry the devil's saddle. The worst kind of wolf is that which wears a sheep's skin. Jezebel was never so ugly as when she had finished painting her face. Above all things, then, brother labourers, let us be straight as an arrow, and true as a die, and never let us be time-servers, or turn-coats. Never let us carry two faces under one hat, nor blow hot and cold with the same breath."

KOSSUTH'S TRIBUTE TO THE LATE CHARLES GILPIN.

THE following eloquent tribute to the character and worth of the late Charles Gilpin is paid by M. Kossuth, in his recently published "Memories of my Exile." The veteran Hungarian writes (page 188):—"I was back in London from Paris on May 8th. Cobden was in America. Charles Gilpin, M.P., was therefore the anchor of my hope. I cannot mention the name of Gilpin without paying to his memory a tribute of the deepest respect, sincerest affection, and warmest thanks. Gilpin was one of the noblest characters I have ever met with in my life. He was honour itself—charity and human love personified—an example of social virtues, a comforter of sufferers, an indefatigable supporter of those who were forsaken. Such he proved to be to the Hungarian refugees, towards whom he manifested an especial sympathy. I never knew a man, not himself an exile, who could so thoroughly feel what sufferings and what claims on Christian sympathy the words 'without a country' contain. I never knew a man who carried out more consistently that sublime command of our Saviour, 'Love your neighbour as yourself;' and this man bestowed a friendship upon me such as is seldom met with in this world. He was my friend before he had seen me. It was on his motion that the Common Council of London, of which he was a member, lifted its voice against our detention in Asia Minor. It was to him I owed the enthusiastic reception with which I was honoured by the municipality of this great city, which was the commencement of such an expression of sympathy as has never before been shown to the defeated cause of any nation or to any exile in a foreign country. And during our separation he still continued my friend until his death, through all the changes of my ill-fated life. He was a faithful and sincere friend; a sincerer man, a man of truer heart there could not be. Blessed be his memory!"

BURIAL LAWS AMENDMENT ACT, 1880.

THE passing of this measure is another decided step towards perfect religious equality. Theoretically, it is incomplete, and Free Churchman sought, in Committee, to make it more complete, but the substantial grievance that has been so long and painfully felt by a large part of the nation has been remedied. Clauses 1, 3 and 6 are as follows:—

1. After the passing of this Act any relative, friend, or legal representative having the charge of or being responsible for the burial of a deceased person may give forty-eight hours notice in writing, indorsed on the outside "Notice of Burial," to, or leave or cause the same to be left at the usual place of abode of the rector, vicar, or other incumbent, or in his absence the officiating minister in charge of any parish or ecclesiastical district or place, or any person appointed by him to receive such notice, that it is intended that such deceased person shall be buried within the churchyard or graveyard of such parish or ecclesiastical district or place without the performance, in the manner prescribed by law, of the service for the burial of the dead according to the rites of the Church of England, and after receiving such notice no rector, vicar, incumbent, or officiating minister shall be liable to any censure or penalty, ecclesiastical or civil, for permitting any such burial as aforesaid. Such notice shall be in writing, plainly signed with the name and stating the address of the person giving it, and shall be in the form or to the effect of Schedule (A.) annexed to this Act.

The word "graveyard" in this Act shall include any burial ground or cemetery vested in any burial board, or provided under any Act relating to the burial of the dead, in which the parishioners or inhabitants of any parish or ecclesiastical district have rights of burial; and in the case of any such burial ground or cemetery, if a chaplain is appointed to perform the burial service of the Church of England therein, notice under this Act shall be addressed to such chaplain, but the same shall be given to or left at the office of the clerk of the burial board, if any, in whom any such burial ground or cemetery may be vested: Provided also, that it shall be lawful for the proprietors or directors of any proprietary cemetery or burial ground to make such byelaws or regulations as may be necessary for enabling any burial to take place therein in accordance with the provisions of this Act, any enactment to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. Such notice shall state the day and hour when such burial is proposed to take place, and in case the time so stated be inconvenient on account of some other service having been, previously to the receipt of such notice, appointed to take place in such churchyard or graveyard, or the church or chapel connected therewith, or on account of any byelaws or regulations lawfully in force in any graveyard limiting the times at which burials may take place in such graveyard, the person receiving the notice shall, unless some other day or time shall be mutually arranged within twenty-four hours from the time of giving or leaving such notice, signify in writing, to be delivered to or left at the address or usual place of abode of the person from whom such notice has been received, or at the house where the deceased person is lying, at which hour of the day named in the notice, or (in case of burial in a churchyard, if such day shall be a Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day) of the day next following, such burial shall take place; and it shall be lawful for the burial to take place, and it shall take place, at the hour so appointed or mutually arranged, and in other respects in accordance with the notice: Provided that, unless it shall be otherwise mutually arranged, the time of such burial shall be between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and six o'clock in the afternoon if the burial be between the first day of April and the first day of October, and between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon if the burial be between the first day of October and the first day of April: Provided also, that no such burial shall take place in any churchyard on Sunday, or on Good Friday or Christmas Day, if any such day being proposed by the notice shall be objected to in writing for a reason assigned by the person receiving such notice.

6. At any burial under this Act all persons shall have free access to the church-

yard or graveyard in which the same shall take place. The burial may take place, at the option of the person so having the charge of or being responsible for the same as aforesaid, either without any religious service, or with such Christian and orderly religious service at the grave, as such person shall think fit; and any person or persons who shall be thereunto invited, or be authorised by the person having the charge of or being responsible for such burial, may conduct such service or take part in any religious act thereat. The words "Christian service" in this section shall include every religious service used by any church, denomination, or person professing to be Christian.

The Government deserve every credit for their persistent determination to use all the influence at their command to secure the passing of this and other important measures during the late Session of Parliament.

Several burials have already taken place under the Act, and after it has been in operation a few years the wonder will be that the proposal was ever opposed, and our children will think it incredible that any other arrangement ever existed. We are marching on, and we hope that the true progression will be maintained by the English

MARCHING OUT OF EVERY PART OF AFGHANISTAN

in order that *justice* to a much injured people may be done, and a guarantee thus secured that our rule in India shall be peaceful and prosperous,

ROMAN REMAINS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

AN addition has been recently made to the historical attractions of the Isle of Wight by the discovery of a Roman villa on Morton Farm, near Brading. The remains disclosed have already excited considerable interest among archæologists, and it has been suggested by some of the Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries that further excavations should be undertaken in order to ascertain the full extent of the building or buildings, a portion only of which has been yet uncovered. The first discovery of the villa is due to Captain Thorpe, of Yarbridge, near Brading, whose acquaintance with the neighbourhood led him to investigations which have proved of considerable value. The external walls, as at present cleared, measure about 52 feet by 37 feet, and enclose about six chambers with passages, &c., connected, as there is reason to believe, with many others, the numbers, position, and character of which it is sought to discover. In addition to tessellated flooring, remains of hypocausts, flues, fresco paintings, roofing tiles, coins, pottery, and other relics, there are the remains of a mosaic pavement, with a design upon it of an unusual character. The remains evidently cover a large area of ground, much of which is under cultivation, but every facility for investigation has been accorded by Lady Oglander, the owner of the estate and Mr. Cooper the present occupier. Excavations have accordingly been renewed and are at present under the direction of Mr. John E. Price, F.S.A., and Mr. F. G. Hilton Price, F.G.S. The work was commenced on Monday last and already a new chamber has been discovered, enclosing an interesting mosaic, the central design of which is a figure of Orpheus playing on the lyre surrounded by animals. Illustrations of the guilloche pattern, pottery, of glass, and coins have also been found and among the latter are examples in brass of the reign of Victorinus, A.D. 268. The investigations are of considerable interest as bearing on the occupation of the island by the Romans. It has been said that the dark hair and brilliant eyes of the veritable natives are due to the Italian colonists.—*Daily News*.

MATTHEW ROBINS.

THIS venerated minister of the Denomination fell asleep in the afternoon of Thursday, September 16th. The District Meeting appointed him a member of the last Conference, but ill health prevented his being present. He gradually grew worse, though hopes were entertained for some time that he might rally again, but two or three weeks since, fatal symptoms were observed, and from that time the question was not, Will he recover? but, How long may we hope he will remain with us? The state of his mind is known by a message of love he sent to the writer and his London friends, with the hope that he should be in heaven before it was received. One of his friends, who saw him, speaks of his being "delightfully calm," and another as "triumphantly happy." It is no more than we might expect. We are to "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." As some one has said, "A man can't die wrongly who has lived rightly."

We wish, therefore, to review, as we may be able in a brief space, Mr. Robins's honourable and useful life. He was admitted on trial as a minister almost half-a-century ago, in the year 1831. He had to endure many of the hardships then the common lot of the ministers of the Denomination; and coming from a home of greater comfort than many of his brethren had done, these hardships would be felt all the more keenly. Small pay and much work was the normal condition of things; privation, difficulties, opposition were so frequently added as to be almost normal likewise. But the men of those days had the *hero*-spirit, and men who had learnt the secret of glorying in tribulation, and had deliberately chosen their course for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, would not readily complain of the "hardness of their lot." And they did not. Mr. Robins was perhaps one of the most orderly, painstaking, and diligent pastors the Denomination has ever had. He was a master of details, though his soul rose above them.

The confidence of his brethren he soon and in a good degree won, and this he never forfeited, as some thus happily situated have done, by the manifestation of sinister and selfish motives. He was Secretary of the Conference for two years in succession, at the early date of 1844-5, and President in the following year, and, by the free suffrages of his brethren, again in 1852, in 1860, and in 1866. He filled the important office of Home Secretary to the Missionary Society from 1848 to '52 inclusive. I well remember his dealing with a case which had been left to his decision, with which one of my colleagues was intimately connected. My young brother had more fervour of soul than clearness of perception. He endeavoured to carry the position by storm. But Mr. Robins's judgment was not to be easily overpowered. And one remembers how he repelled every attack by saying that he must first understand what he was required to

sanction before he could give it, and that *that* indispensable condition his friend, amidst all that he had done, had apparently overlooked. The first time I saw him was in the chair at the Conference held in Grosvenor-street Chapel, Southsea, in 1852. I shall never forget his look of quiet satisfaction over one incident of the proceedings. A deficiency on the General Account it was proposed to meet by each preacher loaning a certain proportion of his stipend till better times came. One brother thought that the Treasurer ought to feel sufficient confidence in his brethren to borrow the sum required in the usual way, when the Treasurer asked what confidence the brother who had just spoken, and those who thought with him, could have in the Treasurer if they would not lend freely the very little amount required of them as their proportion of the deficiency. No brother ever perhaps presided over Conference deliberations with more tact, patience, and impartiality than did Mr. Robins. His advice in Committee and Conference was for many years simply invaluable. He never obtruded his opinions, but he did not shrink from the responsibility of expressing them on every needful occasion. Just as the honour fell to Mr. Eynon to be the Secretary of the Missionary Society when the Conference decided in opening a mission in North America, so it fell to the lot of Mr. Robins to be one of the Secretaries when the Conference decided to appoint the Brethren Way and Rowe to begin a mission in Australia. And greater honour still belongs to the Brethren Eynon and Way in that the year after their Secretaryship they consented to be the pioneer missionary to Canada and Australia respectively. The coincidence is a very suggestive and striking one.

Of Mr. Robins as a preacher the writer has had scarcely an opportunity to judge. We shall ever cherish a pleasing recollection of the simple and suitable address which, as the Ex-President, he delivered to the young brethren received into full connexion at the Hicks Mill Conference of 1861. His very first sentences touched the sensibilities and captivated the affections of his hearers. "My dear brethren," he said, in tones of deep pathos, "I am glad it was not decided yesterday for you to stand to-night in front of the gallery. I did not say much when that matter was under consideration, but I felt that I wanted to have you as near me as possible. Whenever I have looked forward to this service I have felt as if I wanted to put my arms around your necks, and pour the contents of my heart into yours." A chord was touched that instantly vibrated in every minister's heart. A happy allusion to his first visit to Hicks' Mill followed that had the effect of melting the congregation generally, as the preachers' hearts had been melted the moment before. His fatherly kindness and tenderness on that occasion were such that if any one did not feel at home and the better for that service he must have been strangely constituted. It was in

our view a model recognition or ordination service. There was less glitter, less excitement, than is often the case on such occasions, but a strangely and sweetly subduing influence pervaded all hearts. As a speaker, Mr. Robins had less sparkle, less brilliancy, and popular power than many of his contemporaries; but his great intelligence, correct taste, and sound judgment were conspicuous in all his addresses. If he never attempted to soar to such heights as some, he certainly never descended to the low level that is so easily and too often reached. The play of his fancy it was frequently pleasing to witness. But his finest sallies of wit and aptest touches of humour had no bitterness in them, and could hardly wound the most sensitive. They were as harmless as the summer lightning. The comprehensive speech of the good brother at the Conference Missionary Meeting of 1861, in moving that the report be adopted, led Mr. Robins, to remark, in seconding it, "It will be a good thing next year to put one man to move, second, and support the resolution, for Br. Kinsman has done it all; at least he has said all that is necessary for such an occasion." He once consoled a brother who had made a mistake by the remark that the *best* sometimes make mistakes, and then slyly alluding to his friend's sufficiently good opinion of himself, he added, "*I make them myself sometimes; do you ever?*" But a sharp tongue sometimes finds one sharper still. But the only instance I can distinctly recall of this sort in my intercourse with Mr. Robins was at a committee meeting at Shebbear in 1861, when Mr. Robins, fairly worsted in the encounter, seemed thoroughly to enjoy his defeat.

His great humility, his prompt acknowledgment of the gifts and graces of others, his gracefully yielding the palm of eloquence, and indeed of every other, to his brethren, his sympathy with all, whether young or old, his readiness to do what he could and what he was asked to do, such as his undertaking routine duties at the Book-room, that he might serve a brother by him at least greatly beloved, were all attractive elements in a character that had few sharp angles in it, and was, on the whole, as perfectly rounded and as nicely balanced as we expect to find the characters of even the best Christian men. The fire of piety burned steadily, brightly, even to the last. The writing of a memoir of a dear friend, or a fraternal address to a sister Conference, awakened memories that had long slumbered, and roused his whole nature into vigorous movement and energy, as the published memoir of his friend Captain John Williams, and the address to the Canadian Conference a year ago bear full witness. But the busy, active brain, the no less busy, active hand, and the throbbing, loving, somewhat anxious heart are at rest, and he has joined the glorious band of which he was a worthy member,—a band that includes a seraphic Bassett, an indefatigable Bailey, an apostolic Reed and Thorne, and a multitude of others only less illustrious.



THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE:

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THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE recent articles in the "Christian Herald" by Dr. Seiss, ascribing to Melchisedec the erection of the Great Pyramid, and to justify this view giving to this ancient type of the Mighty One a place here, and a name and posterity in the person of the Patriarch Job, have induced me, as a Bible student, to put before reading Christians the facts revealed in the Word of God, which very clearly explain what learning renders vague and mysterious respecting this memorable witness to the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt.

I would apologise for coming forward in the words of the wise: "When Elihu saw that there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, answered and said, I am young, and ye are old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me; I also will shew mine opinion. Behold, I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst ye searched out what to say. . . . I will answer also my part, I also will shew mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me."—Job xxxii. 5—11, 17, 18.

The finger of God hath written thus of Melchisedec: "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God,

abideth a priest continually"—Heb. vii. 3; and "the Scripture cannot be broken."—John x. 35.

Of the Patriarch Job, the number of his descendants, his death, and the exact measure of days accorded to him (subsequent to his fiery trial) thus saith the Lord: "He had also seven sons and three daughters. . . . After this lived Job an hundred and forty years. and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."—Job xlii. 13, 16, 17.

A note is introduced at the commencement of the Book of Job in my Bagster's Bible, which is exceedingly misleading. The margin suggests the thought that Moses, while in Midian, wrote this Scripture.

Certain statements made by Dr. Seiss on the same subject run thus:—"The length of Job's life places him in the pre-Abrahamic age of Serug, Reu, and Peleg. He evidently lived before the Exodus, and before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; for, though the Book of Job refers to Adam, the Fall, and the Deluge, there is no allusion whatever to the awful disaster of the Cities of the Plain, the Sinaitic laws, or any of the miraculous events of Israelitish history."

Besides chronicles of the Fall,—Job. xxxi. 33; the Flood—xxii. 15, 16, and xxvi. 10, corresponding with Genesis viii. 22, we find in this Book the Red Sea Judgment, the Pillar of Cloud, the wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, and the crowning event of Joshua's history—even the standing still of the sun in the heavens.

The Pillar of Cloud, the path through the Red Sea, and the doom of the oppressors, are referred to thus:—"He holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it. . . . The pillars of Heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. He divideth the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud."—Job xxvi. 9, 11, 12.

"The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither, and were ashamed."—vi. 19, 20.

If we translate into English, Tema and Sheba, we shall read thus:—"The troops of Africa looked, the tribes of the captives waited for them." This was the attitude of Israel after Moses addressed the people, saying, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord which he will shew to you to-day."—Exodus xiv. 13.

The hardening of Pharaoh's heart antecedent to the Exodus, so constantly remarked on in Scripture, is thus alluded to:—"Wise in heart, and mighty in strength; who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?"—Job ix. 4.

Here is accumulative evidence of Job's knowledge of the prin-

cial events connected with the deliverance and journeyings of Israel : " Behold, he withholdeth the waters, and they dry up ; also he sendeth them out, and they overturn the earth. With him is strength and wisdom ; the deceived and the deceiver are his. He leadeth counsellors away spoiled, and maketh the judges fools. He looseth the bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle." (These verses apply to Israel, of whom the Lord saith :—" Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation."—Exod. xix. 6.) " He leadeth princes away spoiled, and overthroweth the mighty. . . . He increaseth the nations, and destroyeth them ; he enlargeth the nations, and straiteneth them again. He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way. They grope in the dark without light, and he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man."—Job xii. 15—18, 19, 23, 24, 25.

In the next verse, the Patriarch's testimony is, " Lo, mine eye hath seen all this, mine ear hath heard and understood it."

The smitten rock is remembered : " He cutteth out rivers among the rocks."—xxviii. 10.

So, too, is the escape of God's people : " I break the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."—xxix. 17.

The great miracle that Joshua was empowered to perform is likewise noticed : " Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and sealeth up the stars."—ix. 7.

" Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel ; and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon ; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the Book of Joshua ? So the sun stood still in the midst of Heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."—Josh. x. 12, 13.

The " Bible Record " places Job alongside of Moses and Joshua, and shows him to have been a man of the same stamp as the Priest of Midian, and, like him, a descendant of Abraham, by Keturah, the wife he took after Sarah's death. Land of Uz means, platform of council ; and " greatest man of the east " implies that he had nearness of access to the Fount of Light.

We are forbidden by God to fuse the king of Salem into any other man ; Job is not even excepted. And from biblical dates Job could not have built the Pyramid ; but from his wonderful life-words we get a glimpse of its erection, and other Scriptures furnish all the materials that we seek.

The Shepherd-king of Herodotus, who sojourned in Egypt in

the reign of the fourth king Cheops (which was the name given to a succession of monarchs) answers to the description of Joseph who, upon his revealing to Pharaoh the meaning of his dream, counselled him in Genesis xli. 33, thus:—"Now, therefore, let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt; let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years; and let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities; and that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt, that the land perish not through famine."—Genesis xli. 33—36.

Here Joseph's celestial gift of calculation is manifested, and his elevation from a prison of misery to the pinnacle of greatness is shewn by Elihu to have been divinely ordered:—"He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous; but with kings are they on the throne; yea, he doth establish them for ever, and they are exalted. And if they be bound in fetters, and be holden in cords of affliction, he sheweth them their work, and their transgressions, that they have exceeded. He openeth also their ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity. If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure."—Job xxxvi. 7—11.

Hear David speak of Joseph:—"Whose feet they hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron; until the time that his word came; the word of the Lord tried him."—Psalm cv. 18, 19.

I believe the passage from Job applies to the eventful circumstances which surrounded the lives of Joseph and the Prophet of Sinai.

"The thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants."—Gen. xli. 37.

The satisfaction of the Egyptian monarch and his retinue was great indeed; the learned men of the most learned nation on the face of the earth, approved with their eyes and understandings, the candour and wisdom of the prepossessing young "Hebrew's counsel:"—"And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such an one as this? a man in whom the Spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art; thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne shall I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon

Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee; and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-Paaneah, and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt."—Genesis xli. 38—45.

Instant in season, the Lord's appointed went forward to execute the purpose of Him who had called him out of darkness into His marvellous light. The new name not only described Joseph as a revealer of secret things, but in the Egyptian tongue designated him a saviour of that nation:—"And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls, and he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the field which was round about every city laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number."—Verses 46—49.

Observe the vastness of his mental resources to carry all this weight of responsibility, and his peculiar talent for measuring and reckoning:—"And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt were ended, and the seven years' dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands, but in the land of Egypt there was bread; and when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread. And Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do. And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the store-houses and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt, to Joseph, for to buy corn; because the famine was so sore in all lands."—Verses 53—57. Thus we see that Joseph, exceedingly high in rank and fame, and gifted by Jehovah in an especial manner, is the only man pointed out by the Scripture of Truth as the founder of the Pyramids, which he constructed as store-houses (verse 56), or granaries for corn. Further chronicles of his administration, during this unprecedented period of scarcity, are given in Genesis xlvii. 14—26, and should be examined by all who desire further evidence on the subject. Genesis xlv. 5—13, contains Joseph's testimony to the power God had given him over the greatest kingdom in the earth.

When no longer required, the before-mentioned store-houses were applied to purposes of burial; and the great Pyramid, which might be looked at as the favourite retreat of Zaphnath-Paaneah, and memorial of the Revelations made to him by Almighty God, was also the place where his embalmed body lay till, at the expiration of 430 years, it was removed by the Israelites according to the oath taken of them by the prophet himself. (Gen. l. 25—26). The empty stone coffer in the King's chamber of the Great Pyramid is thus accounted for. Job's cravings for death, touch upon the same subject, "for now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest, with kings and councillors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves," Job iii. 13, 14.

Jacob blessing Joseph speaks thus:—"But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel:) Gen. xlix. 24, the stone which symbolizes the Chief Shepherd himself.

The blessing of Moses upon Zebulun opens a rich field of thought upon the gathering together of Israel, and which this stone witness appears intended to promote. "They shall call the people unto the mountain: there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness: for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand."—Deu. xxxiii. 19.

Verily, verily this Treasure of Wisdom has been hidden in the sand of Egypt nearly 4,000 years.

Piazzi Smith's discoveries respecting the peculiar capacities of the Sarcophagus found therein, prove that it was mathematically constructed, and employed for the measurement of corn when the Great Pyramid was first erected.

Here is profound historical testimony to the motive which led its inspired author, even Joseph, to publish to the end of time through this stone-witness God's redemption of a famine-stricken world.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

The facts relating to the foundation of the Pyramids, which have come down to us from the remotest antiquity, and the deductions respecting them drawn by Dr. Seiss himself from Rawlinson's Herodotus, prove the Heathen Historian to be an able supporter of the true architect, while the learned Divine's commentary upon information gathered from the writings of this venerable sage establishes Evidences of Scripture, regarding Joseph,—as follows,—"During the building of the great Pyramid there was a noted stranger abiding in Egypt, and keeping himself about the spot where the building was going on.—The Priest consulted by Herodotus describes him as a shepherd, to whom, rather than to

Cheops, the Egyptians attributed this edifice.—The precise words recorded by Herodotus are, “They commonly call the Pyramids after Philiton a shepherd, who at that time fed his flocks about the place.” Here is a most remarkable and significant item of information; an unknown but conspicuous stranger possessed of flocks and herds, abides about the locality of the Great Pyramid for all the years it was in building, and is so related to the work that all Egypt for more than seventeen hundred years considered him its real originator and builder. Cheops merely furnishing the site, the workmen, and the materials, which agrees with the authority delegated to Joseph by the Autocrat of Egypt announced in Holy writ.—Gen. xli. 44. “And Pharaoh said unto Joseph I am Pharaoh, and without *Thee* shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt.—David in Psalm cv. 21, 22, thus writes of the King’s decree: “He made him Lord of his house, and ruler of all his substance; to bind his princes at his pleasure, and teach his senators wisdom.”

The Priory, Abregavenny, 1879.

E. H. FIELDER.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in heaven, and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is, else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But, oh! the’ exceeding grace
 Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
 And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels He sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked men, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies like flying pursuivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
 And all for love, and nothing for reward:
 Oh, why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

EDMUND SPENSER, 1553-1599.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

LUKE xvi. 27. JOHN xiv. 2.

TWO very different pictures are represented to the mind by the use of the very same words. The outstanding idea conveyed in both instances is, that of the tranquil life of a home. In the first, the rich man who uses them is speaking from the unseen world, of a home on earth ; in the second, the Redeemer, who is bodily present with those who surrounded Him, speaks of a home in heaven. We perceive that he who has passed the barriers of human life, retains vivid recollections of his home on earth. His nearest relatives he knows (if even he does not see) are still residing in it as heretofore. They had not failed to attend to all the customary ceremonies pertaining to a funeral. Everything had been arranged for the deceased, in that style which was becoming to the rank he had occupied when among them. Though the mourning for him is hardly ended, and the blank made by his departure is still felt, he is aware they have now settled down to their usual routine of living. Of their deceased brother's present surroundings they are not concerned ; it is, perhaps, a matter of which they never think, even though now wearing, in respect to his memory, the suitable habiliments of woe. They are aware he made no apparent provision for his future abode. But then money in his case, as in theirs, no doubt, answereth all things ; affluence forbids, as an impropriety, all earnest work, or rigid calculations. Nevertheless, the unconcern of the living, in reference to one who was of their own flesh and blood, is not shared by him who is now invisible to them. If, when living in their midst, he had manifested no strong brotherly attachment, now he yearns over them. He has now awoke to a sense of the vast responsibility which attaches to the probationary state, which is no longer his, but is still theirs ; and he recognises all too clearly that their easy-going mode of life is such as will inevitably lead to their sharing with him his unutterable woe. Albeit he is in torment he must think of them ; he must, if possible, devise some method by which to arouse them from their security, "to act, act in the living present." His passage from Time into Eternity has quickened his moral sense ; and he sees all things as he never saw them before. Yet is he the victim of one delusion, viz., that a warning administered by one going from the invisible world must certainly be heeded. He vainly imagines that a startling vision of one from among the dead will assuredly do more than break their listless tranquillity. He supposes the effect would be to cause them at once to begin to stem the current down which they are steadily drifting. He seems

to forget that in the earliest times a visitation from the Father of Spirits, as well as His reproof, had failed to deter Cain from the commission of murder. He does not appear to recollect that angels' warnings had only been mocked at by the sons of Lot, and totally disregarded at the moment of the awful fire-storm by his fugitive, half-saved wife. Neither does he remember that Samuel's rising from the dead, and his converse with King Saul, had any other effect on him, and on others who saw him, than to convulse them with fear. The fear of the king just indisposed him to take food; while the woman who had been the instrument in summoning the deceased prophet to a conference with the living, so soon recovers her equanimity as to be able to busy herself with making a feast. This rich man is evidently under the delusion that a strong fear must inevitably end in conversion. But had he not read of the occasion when the trumpet had sounded long and loud, and when the people had exceedingly feared and quaked at Mount Sinai. No element had then been wanting to produce reverential awe, or a salutary fear. Voices from the world above, and quakings of the earth beneath, had caused the people simultaneously to request that God would cease to talk with them, and to promise solemnly, that "all that the Lord had spoken they would do." But not many days had passed before the whole terrible scene had ceased to affect them. A noisy festival, and jubilant cries accompany the inauguration of a graven image, the worship of which was in direct opposition to that law they had so recently vowed to keep.

Now arises the question, if, in his forgetfulness, or in his ignorance, the rich man urges a mode of arresting his brother's fate which is unsuited to the end, is there no other mode by which they may be prevented from entering the world of outer darkness? It is to be observed that, neither in his own case, nor in theirs, does he intimate the slightest suspicion of injustice in being sent to a place outside heaven. The answer to the request so piteously preferred comes from "The Friend of God." His declaration is at once clear and emphatic. He says his brethren possess all that is needed to guide them to heaven, in having the silent, yet revealed will of God. This *will* is a sufficient Directory. Attention to this will be more potent towards their conversion, than could be any appalling visit from the world unseen. In effect, he would lead to the conclusion that, when once excited fear should be allayed, the result would be to relegate the supernatural appearance to a disordered state of the constitution, or simply to an hallucination, consequent on a debilitated state of the nervous system. Could any statement be more positive than this, given by Abraham,

as to the worth of the Sacred Oracles. He, who is now in the enjoyment of bliss, is represented by the Saviour as speaking in these exalted terms of those books which it was not his privilege to possess, when he was one of Earth's wayfarers. "They *have* Moses and the prophets," says he. It is a book veritably in their hands. They are not heathen who have never been favoured with a knowledge of the book, or belonging to a nation so far removed from the centre of light that, while thirsting for knowledge they must make a pilgrimage to obtain what has been recommended—"They *have* Moses and the Prophets." And we—what have we,—the men of these last days? Moses and the prophets, the discourses of the world's Redeemer; a book of the most solemn Revelations of things yet to come, and the promise of the Holy Spirit to guide us into all Truth. And we,—what more can *we* ask to guide us towards a Father's House in Heaven?

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Sitting at the table, with eleven friends, all-conscious that one had just left the room to engage in a deed of the blackest infamy, the Saviour begins to talk of "His Father's House." Freed from the presence of an evil person, obnoxious to the highest degree, it seems as if His human soul were now at ease, and able to talk of themes congenial to His own mind, and cheering to His friends. He knew they needed something to inspire sweet hope, for He foresaw the conflict in which they would shortly be engaged. He would lead them to think of His own peaceful home. Could a subject of stronger contrast be presented to their minds than that, and the scene to which they would be led in the course of a few hours. To the mental vision of the Master of that little assembly would arise the brandishing of swords and staves, and He would hear the maddening cries of the lawless crowd, but while a space of quiet time is allowed previous to this, He would fain turn the thoughts of His loved ones to the happy home, in which He hopes soon to receive them. He wants them to obtain an idea of its ample accommodation. It is a large family mansion which He is going to prepare for them. They need not fear there will not be room enough in that house, to which it is His Father's good pleasure to receive them. "My Father, and your Father." He cannot stay that night to tell them much about it. In fact, they could not fully understand the description had He condescended to put it in human words. It hath not, and it cannot enter into the heart of man to conceive the things prepared for those who love the Good Lord of that house. So utterly unable are we to understand anything about a locality we have not seen, that God tells the Jews, before entering the Promised Land, they

are to worship in "*the place He shall choose.*" He well knew in which place He designed to record His Name; but, at the same time, He was aware it was useless to attempt to indicate that place to them until they should have crossed the Jordan.* So He would have them mentally expatiate, as freely as possible, on the idea suggested by the word *Home*—the well-regulated dwelling-place of the family. He does not mean to fatigue their minds by a difficult calculation as to how many may be intended, when speaking of the whole family of Heaven and Earth. He would just have them recall the faint, yet pleasing impressions, that Moses and the Prophets had furnished them with, when speaking of "the house of the Lord." One had given the thought that it would be a place that, when once entered, there would be no egress, "he would dwell in it for ever." They had read somewhere, that in that happy region "every one doth speak of the Glory of its Master." In another place they had read of "beholding His beauty, and of occupying themselves in making inquiries." And, oh, how much they would have to inquire about when free to do so! They knew that the idea of home was one that they cherished as being a place where, after toil, they might rest; where, after many wanderings, they would feel settled; and that there, intercourse would be unconstrained; every one in it being fully assured of the sincerity and thorough sympathy of the others, while, in the home in heaven there would arise no jarring interests; every one there would see eye to eye. And the interchange of ideas would be perfectly delightful, not merely from the intensity of sympathy, but arising also from the medium of communication being perfect. Such dim impressions of their own past might float over each soul as He spoke, which have led men to say, "Heaven lies about our infancy;" and such would also conduce to the feeling that the world *He* called Home would not be a strange place to *them*. And how could they feel strange with Him whom they could regard in the light of an Elder Brother? Even should they, on their entrance to the world of light, be somewhat overawed by the vision of Him who rules there, they had been taught that "they whom the Son makes free, shall be free indeed." Free to drink largely of those streams that make glad the heavenly fields; free to partake, without restraint, of the fruit of the Tree of Life. And by the refreshment and repose which they should enjoy be fitted to occupy positions, and to enter upon work higher and nobler than they had ever been called to occupy or to perform when outside Paradise. Work there shall never be felt as labour. As they shall put off the image

* Deut. xii. 10.

of the earthy, and shall now assume the image of the heavenly, they will realise that part of their "fulness of joy," will consist in work. For as the Father worketh hitherto, and as the Son works, so will they work. It might be work in company to which they shall be appointed. It might be to work alone. For what are the dim foreshadowings on this side heaven, that are couched in that marvellous solitude which every man bears about with him?

"Each in his hidden sphere of weal or woe,
Our hermit's spirits dwell and range apart."

And what is meant by the separate mansions in the Father's abode, if they do not vaguely point to a special individuality which must occupy a destined place no other can occupy? Happy that place appointed and prepared on purpose by the loving Redeemer, who, on the summons to its occupation, promises to come Himself and conduct into it! Happy that place which, if it be separate, will, nevertheless, be so transparent as to enable the inhabitant within it to feel he is "for ever with the Lord!"

"Grant, Lord, we may the loving mind
That was in Thee receive!
Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love!
With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their Paradise;
And thence with Jesus shall they ride
Triumphant through the skies."

E. A. D.

STRANGE NOISES IN NEW HOUSES.

IN entering a new house of the modern order it takes time to get acquainted with all its pipes for water and gas and sewage, and all its arrangements for working bells and bolts and ventilators. One is apt to be alarmed at the flow of water in the direction which is perfectly correct, and to be in trepidation because gas will not turn off where it was never meant to do so. Many of the fears and tremblings of new beginners in the divine life spring from a similiar cause. Everything is new to them; emotions and desires which are perfectly natural to their young life are quite surprising to them, and though calculated to give confidence to the instructed they arouse suspicions in new beginners. They don't know the working of spiritual apparatus yet, and are confused and confounded by the simplest inward movements. They had better not be in too great a hurry to condemn themselves, but wait till they are more at home in the heavenly life, which is all plain to him that understandeth and safe to him that trusteth in the Lord.—*Sword and Trowel.*

MAN A MORAL AGENT.*

“**I** WANT to know (some bold champion of the spirit of the age is supposed to ask) why there should be any repentance, and why there should ever have been any sin. How can God be the all-perfect Being you represent Him to be? Why did He suffer evil to enter His universe? Why did He create moral agents, knowing that some of them would fall, and bring suffering on themselves and their posterity? Is such a portrait of God reconcilable with Perfect Goodness? If God would make moral agents, why did He not make them perfectly and eternally happy? Why did He make them capable of falling? Why did He subject them to trial, and thus render their fall possible?

“Because no created being can be a moral agent without being subjected to trial. Because no created being can be a moral agent without being capable of falling—but, remember, he is capable of standing too—ay, and of running and walking as well. Because no created being can be a moral agent without being an accountable agent—a responsible agent. Your dog is not a moral agent—your cat, your horse, your cow. They cannot sin. You never call mere animals sinners. God will never bring them to judgment for their actions. You are a moral agent, and so you can sin, and have sinned, and will have to answer to the Almighty Judge for your sin.

“‘Ay, I hear you,’ says some degraded man, ‘and I tell you plainly, I wish God had never made any moral agents—but had made us all like the animals, so that we should have had no trouble or uneasiness in thinking about any accountability, or being brought to judgment.’

* From Thomas Cooper's New Volume, "The Atonement, and other Discourses." Published by Hodder and Stoughton. Price 5s. The readers of "Plain Pulpit Talk," and they are numerous, will accord a hearty welcome to this second series. Perhaps there is no discourse in the present volume so graphic and powerful as "The Horrible Pit," or so eloquent as "The Unsearchable Riches of Christ," in the former; but these sermons, like those, "are colloquial, yet full of matter; soundly evangelical, yet most strikingly illustrated." Long may the "old man eloquent" live to teach many how to preach so as to win the attention of men, and secure the approval of Christ. The subjects of these sermons are, The Atonement, viewed in the Light of God's Holiness, and God's Love, The Important Question, All have sinned: All may be Saved, Be sure your Sin will find you out, Christ Knocking at the Door of the Heart, Christ and His Disciples with Judas Iscariot, and Taking up our Cross and Following Christ. The thorough, practical, and conclusive way in which Mr. Cooper deals with questions of surpassing interest, and objections that press at once upon the understanding, the conscience, and the heart, is illustrated by the quotation we have made above from the first sermon.

"For shame of yourself, for uttering such a degraded thought! My poor, fallen brother, your Maker would have deemed it unworthy of Himself to make a Universe without placing moral agents in it.

"'Do you think so, sir?' 'Think so!' I'm sure of it, and you will soon be sure of it, if you will only think a little for yourself.

"Suppose God had merely created burning suns and rolling planets, without life on them. The Divine Being could not have delighted in His work, had that been the end of it: a universe of lifelessness and barrenness! God has clothed this world with beautiful flowers; and He may have clothed millions of planets of other solar systems in a semblant way of beauty. And He has stored this earth with wondrous animals, and adorned it with beautiful birds—and, doubtless, He delights in these His works. But this cannot be the highest delight for God. 'God is love.' But the flowers and animals cannot be the highest objects of His love. 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' is His oft-repeated declaration; and therefore the highest objects of His love must be holy beings—moral agents, whom He created capable of holy service. The creation of intelligent free beings—moral agents, and nothing beneath moral agents, could form His highest creative work: beings capable of holding communion with Him, and deriving their highest happiness from Him: beings capable of progress and advancement in knowledge and holiness and happiness.

"Some half-convinced listener will say—'I see it was a degraded and unworthy wish that God had made no moral agents; but there remains the objection that they were subjected to trial, and thus to the possibility of failure.'

"But do you not see that it is the trial which gives both intellectual and moral agents the very means of advancement and triumph, and of higher and securer happiness? Your little boy will not listen to such of his playmates as counsel disobedience, and say, 'Never mind your father, and his command that you attend to your studies! Come away with us and have some sport!' 'Nay,' he replies, 'I will not, for my father is a good father, and he loves me; and so I shall do as he wishes me to do.' So he diligently applies himself, and masters that problem in Euclid; and he feels there is a reward in mastering it: the knowledge consciously ennobles him, and fires him with resolution to learn more. Oh, you who say you wish there had been no moral agents, would you rather be a frog or a fish, or a bird, than be that bright boy?

"Some of you may have an acquaintance who, for some years, has been the sole manager of a large business, and who is suddenly left in the entire care of it, by the death of his principal.

A widow and her children have now to look to him for the necessary means of existence—for he has everything in his care, and none but himself knows the exact state of the business. And now the Arch-tempter visits the mind and heart of that man. ‘Pay yourself,’ injects the Evil One; ‘you were never properly paid yet. You can take what money you choose out of the business, and none be any wiser. Your rising family need a better income than you have now—and therefore pay yourself, while you have the chance.’

“The man has never dealt falsely in his life, and his first feeling is disgust with himself at having such thoughts in his mind. He repels the thoughts—but the idea of bettering his condition, and that he has a right to do it, for he has earned it—comes up, troublously, through many days and nights. He cries to the Strong for strength; and, at length, the right purpose is fully formed in his mind; and he resolves to strangle the Old Serpent. He draws up a full and complete state of the business, and places the broadsheet before the widow and her friends, and delivers himself from temptation. What a noble vantage-ground that man feels he has gained! How pure and invigorating is the moral atmosphere he feels he now breathes! He is, in reality, a higher and nobler being for the trial. Oh, you who say you wish there had been no moral agents, would you rather be a horse or a cow than be that triumphant and happy moral man?

“Man a moral agent? To be sure he is, in spite of all that your conceited grandees of modern science say. Who supposes that we properly weigh the worth of a man, that we duly measure his merits, unless we weigh him and measure him morally? You tell us of the fine physical form and great bodily strength of a man; but who values him, if he be a beastly glutton, a degraded drunkard, or a monster of cruelty? You tell us of the surpassing quickness of intellect there is in one of your acquaintances; but who will listen patiently to his name a second time, if you confess that he is a thief and a scoundrel. It is for their true moral worth—and to ascertain what *is* their true moral worth—that we sometimes put the characters of our highest men into the scales of Equity.

“‘There is the image of the greatest Englishman that God ever made!’—I heard my illustrious friend Thomas Carlyle say, one evening, as he pointed to the portrait of Oliver Cromwell, on the wall of his room. I own I went very far with my illustrious friend, in his lofty estimate of that great man. But, if we put him into the scales of Equity with another great inheritor of English blood, I cannot forbear saying that we all feel the balance will be against him. Doubtless, our honoured Protector was a very noble creature. He loved dear Old England well, and he would have liked to make

it happy by governing it well—but he was not willing that any should govern it but himself. He made a quick finish of his Parliaments when they opposed his will. And, as he kept hold of power, he grew fond of it—ay, and fond of state and pomp, too. He liked to be seen rolling in his state coach, surrounded by his guards. And he put no check on the spirit of fawning that developed itself in the language of his Court, which was used not only towards himself, as ‘His Highness,’ but towards ‘my Lord Lambert,’ and the rest of his favourites.

“He knew, too, of the scheme which was formed by his lieutenants and friends, to make him a king in name, as he already was in power; and showed no disfavour towards it. And when the day came when the proposal was openly made to him, with circumstances of much show and high formality, and he delivered his paw-waw speech of endless pros and cons, and concluded with a very gentle refusal,—all who heard him knew that his answer really meant, ‘I should like the English crown vastly, but I fear to take it. I have the sceptre already, and feel I must be content with that.’

“Now look at George Washington! In the last year of his second presidency—that is to say, when he had held the chief office in the Government of the infant ‘United States’ nearly eight years, and had refused to be proposed as president a third time, although urgently pressed to do so—a secret determination was come to by the highest officers in the American army to offer to secure for him the rank and style of sovereignty. They obtained the promise of a strictly private interview, Washington being utterly ignorant of their real purpose. After some compliments on his generalship, his patriotism, his sagacity in the affairs of government, and the people’s confidence in him, they strenuously asserted that American freedom was yet in great danger from the strength of British interests among their own population, and that nothing could secure their freedom but his becoming King. He would not stay to give any orderly reply, but burst forth in angry and indignant impatience.

“‘What words of mine,’ said he, ‘what conduct of mine, has ever led you to suppose that such a proposal could be acceptable to me? What, gentlemen! do you really imagine that after having done my utmost, to secure a noble freedom for my countrymen—as you say I have—I can be guilty of robbing them of it, for the sake of grasping supreme power and wearing a paltry title? Gentlemen, I am astonished at you! Good morning!’—and he dashed into another room, closed the door after him, and would not hear another word!

“There spake the high and complete moral man! Oh, thank God, that ever He made so noble a being as our Oliver Cromwell!—

but let us thank Him still more, joining hands with the free Americans, that ever He made us so noble a moral agent as George Washington! Where is that man who said he wished God had made no moral agents? Surely he does not now wish that there was nothing on this earth but brute creatures; and that no George Washington had ever been seen upon it."

WHAT IS WORLDLINESS ?

IS it not this—devotion to the material, the earthly? Ours is but too truly called a materialistic age. It finds its analogue in the man who, looking at the Niagara Falls, was in no way impressed by their majesty and awfulness, but who set himself to calculate how many water-wheels they would turn, and how many machines they would drive. Or, in that waiter at a certain Lake Hotel, who, gazing over the shoulders of some visitors, at an unusually gorgeous sunset, as it crimsoned the hills, exclaimed, "Oh! how handsome." He talked of the sunset as he would have described a dinner service. We measure everything in terms of money, money, money. Our most popular gospel is a gospel of pounds, shillings, and pence. We ask about everything, Will it pay?—What profit will it bring? We are miserably utilitarian. We cannot talk of the sunset without calling it a golden sunset. The best epithet we can apply to describe the rays of the moon is similar in its metallic ring—silvery moon-beams, we say. Carlyle, quoting from some one else, says a true thing in "Sartor Resartus," I think it is:—"The only ill which a great many Englishmen fear, in our times, is the ill of not making money." How true and how forcible! And we have a materialism of science as well as of commerce. We are in danger of losing the salutary, awe-inspiring sense of the unity and wholeness of the universe in small sciences, that are valued only in so far as they minister to our selfish and artificial wants. And we are in danger, also, of supposing that we have surprised and seized the secret of creation; that there is no longer any place of mystery, any "holy of holies" in the world at all; that everything is explained by protoplasm and evolution-philosophies; that, in short "the creation of the world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling," the only indication of remaining reverence being the question sometimes started as to "how the apples were got in."—*The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*.

MOORS AND METHODISTS; OR, SUNDAYS WITH CORNISH "LOCALS."

IT happened some time since that a certain member of a certain church thought that his minister was overworked and needed recreation. He proposed, therefore, that the minister should go with him, for a week or two, to recruit in Cornwall. Having five miles' right of shooting, and on his own ground two miles of trout stream, could any weary man resist such an invitation?

Accordingly, we started by rail for Launceston—or as the Cornish people call it, Launson—where "Old Will," the gamekeeper, awaited us. Looking on his thin, keen face I could see that he was, as my friend had told me, "quite a character." It was strange to hear him chattering in a language almost unintelligible, for his Cornish was Greek to me.

We had to drive seven miles beyond Launceston, and much of it was done by walking. The hills were so high that it was necessary to be considerate for the horse, and the dips so deep that as we descended into the valley the carriage threatened to tumble over the horse's head. However, before midnight we found ourselves seated beside a blazing wood-fire in a spacious room, where an ample supper was spread for our refreshment.

When I awoke on the following morning I was eager for a peep at the landscape. The sun was just rising over the Dartmoor hills, summoning the white mists to leave the valleys, and every larch top, every branch of oak and beech, every dew-laden spike of grass, was aglow with the golden light. I found myself in a charming district, quite out of the tourist track, and every day I stayed revealed fresh beauty. Perhaps the excursion to Hawkstoe afforded the best effects and views. We started for Lanoy on foot. Three miles brought us to a glen, through which rushed a foaming torrent. Enormous oaks and beeches were growing amid the granite boulders, every trunk and branch clothed with moss and draped with ferns. Through this romantic glen we came out upon a breezy moor, where golden gorse and purple heather mingled in broad masses with the bracken, green in the freshness of new unfoldings, or brighter still in the sienna softness of decay; scattered masses of granite alone made whitish patches in the rich colouring that spread on every hand, up mountain-side, and far away in the distance.

As we trudged through the brambles and gorse we came upon a deep and dangerous gap, where it is said the Phœnicians "streamed" for tin, and having managed to cross it we then struck up Hawkstoe.

We kept along a ridge until we reached Trewartha, where the boulders are piled as if by the hands of a giant for his castle. Here the views were wild and grand, in the midst of Cornish Tors, out of sight of field or homestead. Amid scenes like these, and in the enjoyment of Cornish hospitality, the days passed rapidly, and Sunday soon came.

We could see by looking at the Wesleyan preachers' plan where the resident ministers were to preach, but we wished to hear the local preachers. The first we came upon was a gatekeeper. He preached in a good-sized Gothic chapel, and conducted the service with appropriateness and good feeling. The way in which he gave out one hymn made a lump rise in my throat. His prayer was devout, tender, and importunate. He seemed to talk to the Saviour. When he preached, it was with power. The text was a familiar one: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." He said, "If I had ten pounds to offer to you, some of you would say it is worthy of acceptance, and you would be sure to find it come in handy; but I have something far better to commend—the salvation which is in Christ. Don't believe, like thousands do, that Christ just died, but get the experience of a true believer. All need salvation, and it is as free as the air we breathe. Where you sit you can receive it. Come just as you are. . . Salvation is offered, but man is blind and dead until the divine power acts upon him." This sounded very much like Calvinism. The preacher saw at once that this assertion was open to some question, so he qualified it by saying, "Man is blind and dead in the eye of the law. . . It is one thing to have a new notion in the head, another to have a new state in the heart. . . We old ones have to look only a little space ahead; but what about you young people—have you accepted salvation? God forgives all the past. You may live every moment forgiven, and you are sure in that case to die forgiven. Christ will be with you in death. He doesn't pay visits like we do. We go and see our friends a short time, and then leave them, perhaps not to see them again for a year or more. Christ is always with the believer. As I said a few minutes ago, seek Him now. You have your reasonable faculties, use them. Be thankful for your intellectual powers, and use them. Didn't we ought to praise the Lord for His goodness in urging us to accept salvation? You backslider, look back to the days when you had peace, and come again to Christ. The adversary will strive stronger and greater. If he can, he will keep you back and make you die like one I visited, and who, when I asked him whether I should pray with him, said—'It's no use, my heart is as hard as a stone—as hard as a millstone;' and this one died with those words

on his lips. Don't believe those who, without accepting Christ, speak of lamb-like dying, for it is often only hell-like dying." So in simple, earnest words spake this pious gatekeeper. Sometimes there were expressions which grated on the ear, but on the whole it was far less so than one would have expected. His neighbours called him *Father* Wykeham, and his manner and appearance warranted the appellation. In his old-fashioned coat, with his hair brushed over his forehead down to his eyebrows, he looked like one of the veritable founders of Methodism come back to life.

In the evening of that day we went to another chapel. The walk in the twilight along the high-hedged and fern-decked lanes was soothing. Arrived at the chapel, we were pleased to see it standing back among shrubs and trees. It was cruciform in shape, large enough to hold about 500 people, and was fairly filled. The preacher—a woollen draper from some neighbouring town—was not so successful as the gatekeeper in holding the attention of the people. He spoke of Jonah going to Nineveh, of the state of the city, its sins, and its impending destruction. He said Nineveh is no exceptional case of sinfulness, and Nineveh was not an exceptional instance of God's willingness to pardon. The duty of the Church is to see to the Ninevites everywhere. The responsibility of preaching the Gospel to Ninevites is great, and like the delivery of the message of Jonah, always attended with difficulties. . . The sinfulness of a people is aggravated by their resistance to the preached word, but the Ninevites did not resist. They believed. Jonah's success illustrated the good results attending the preaching of the gospel. We have a gospel of salvation, and not destruction, to preach. The preacher had evidently prepared his sermon, but it lacked force. The parts I have quoted he seemed to read from notes, and then he tried to illustrate and enforce, but it was a failure, and altogether lacked the power of *Father* Wykeham.

Another Sunday I heard a blacksmith, a man who had been a very depraved character, but who, having been brought to repentance and to Christ, now preached the faith that once he despised. Rough in appearance and coarse in voice, he yet laid hold of the attention of his hearers. Preaching on the text, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," he said—"Adam had trouble; he was soon drawn into sin, and tried to put the blame on another. Abel was born to trouble, and because he was faithful was slain. And Cain got into trouble too. That was through his envy. He did wrong, and the Lord had to put a mark upon him. You would like to know, brethren, what that mark was. Well, it

don't tell us here in the good book, and as it don't concern us much, we will leave that and pass on." He then went on mentioning Job and others who had great troubles, and said—"It is when we don't do our duty that we often get into the biggest trouble. There was Jonah, for instance; he didn't do his duty. God said to him, 'Arise, go to Nineveh, and cry against it.' Jonah said, 'I can't.' God said again, 'Go.' Jonah said that which amounted to 'I won't,' and took a ship to go in another direction; but God met him. Through the storm God said, 'Go to Nineveh;' but Jonah would not hear. Overboard with him, then! And overboard Jonah went. The great fish swallowed him. Now Jonah was brought to his senses. Out of the belly of hell he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord saved him out of his trouble. Yes, my brethren, affliction taught him his duty. God has often to whip us up to our duty. Trouble is a capital thing to rub the rust off us."

After some further illustrations he said, "Ah! my friends, I am no scholar, never was, and never shall be; but I know I have faith in Christ Jesus, and that He will save me, and I wouldn't part with that knowledge for all the world can give." Here was the testimony that had power. The man's voice was harsh, and so loud at times that I could not hear his words, yet he spoke from the heart, and he reached the hearts of others. Living faith was in the soul of that Bible-loving blacksmith, and it was evident, as he said, "I have only come to do my best to save some of your souls, and God help me to do it." The style of this man was certainly pithy. In listening to him I thought of another local preacher of whom I had been hearing that week. He was an old man, named Smitheram. Speaking of the love of Christ, he said, "Let us ask Abel up yonder. He was the first to go to heaven, and he must be able to tell us something of that love. 'Abel! Abel!'"

"'Well, what is it you are a-wantin'?"

"'Abel, you have been a long time in heaven; we want to know if you can tell us something about the greatness of the love of Christ. Have you got any measure up there to measure it with?"

"'Oh yes, but we have not a measure any bigger than yours. The longest rope for measuring it is already down on the earth; you'll find it in John third and sixteenth—"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."'"

I heard a clerk from one of the mines preach a very creditable sermon, on the return of the Prodigal. His power was shown in setting forth the infinite love of God to the soul of the penitent. This young man, whose week-days were given to accounts and

mines, on Sundays wrought so well for his Master that one could only wish that "all the Lord's people were prophets."

I have not spoken of the regular ministers among Cornish Methodists. One whom I heard was certainly inferior in power to some of the locals I have mentioned; but another to whom I listened would take a prominent place in any denomination, I mean Mark Guy Pearse, the author of "Daniel Quorm." When I chanced to hear him at a quiet week-evening service, his text was, "A gluttonous man and a winebibber." He said, "These words were said of Christ; I shouldn't like them to be said of me. People said of Christ, 'Only keep a good table and ask Him, and He will be sure to come.' There were those who wished to blacken His character, and blot Him out of memory. They were not successful. When I was at Bude, looking at the clouds, the dark thunderous masses seemed to conspire to blot out the sun as he was going down; but the sun revenged himself by just tinting every infolded mass, and flecking every edge of cloud with gold. And this is how Christ did when His enemies said hard things of Him, He even took them and wore them as crowns of triumph." Homely and yet beautiful were many of the remarks and illustrations of Mr. Pearse, and the people listened to him with their souls in their eyes.

Methodism is a great power in Cornwall. The "old body" has the larger number of chapels and members, but the other branches of Methodism and the Bible Christians all seem to flourish there. And great is the spiritual good effected by their labours. There were in the neighbourhood in which I was staying fewer public-houses than chapels. This is not to be traced to the influence of the Established Church, but to the religious bias of the people. In the two districts in which I spent most time I learned that the following are the relative numbers:—Linkinghorne—public-houses, six; chapels, twelve; Established Church, one. North Hill—public-houses, two; chapels, four; Established Church, one. And it must not be thought that the chapels are only small places. They are edifices such as would be no discredit to large towns, and are generally well filled. I went one morning to one of the handsomest Episcopalian churches in the neighbourhood (North Hill), and although the weather was fine, and the morning congregation is considered the largest, the number of people present did not exceed sixty; but at the Methodist chapel at Revel Mills on Sunday evening to listen to a local preacher, and one known to be "not much of a favourite," there were about four hundred present.

Many of the chapels have comfortable manses attached to them.

The minister knows nothing of house-hunting, and if the furniture wears out he knows nothing of expenditure for repairs. In this respect Methodism is far in advance of Congregationalism.

One great power of Methodism is found in the self-denying efforts of its local preachers. There is a great advantage in having a number of men who are engaged in business during the week, but who go out to make direct effort for Christ in the pulpit on Sundays. They are committed to strive for consistency in daily life by that very fact. They speak also more in the every-day language of the people. The hearers learn to be less critical, and to make allowance for any slip or stammering. Moreover, these preachers learn by their own failures to make allowance for those of the regular ministers. But the self-denial involved in their leaving home on the Sabbath is much to be praised. They are not allowed to be losers by travelling, as expenses are paid out of a special fund. This is only right, though it seemed strange to hear the announcement from the pulpit, on one Sunday evening, that the collection would be in aid of the "Horse-hire Fund." Another great power in Methodism, and especially in Cornish Methodism, is the class-meeting. There it is that each member learns to take an interest in his fellow-members. Of course the class-meeting does not always work well, but when it does not it is generally the fault of the Leader. A gentleman who knew well their working, told me that "the class-meeting with a good leader was one of the highest of spiritual privileges, but with a weak man it might become the driest and most formal affair under the sun."

Walking through Coates Green one morning, my friend pointed out the cottage built of "cob" in which Wesleyanism first found a foothold in this district. Thither also my friend's father was taken by a servant, and there he was converted. His conversion was only the precursor of many good efforts and much holy influence. But for that parent's holy life and consistency of conduct, several families would never have known, in all probability, the Saviour of the world nor have wrought so many deeds for the benefit of their fellows or the advancement of God's kingdom. I looked on that cottage where the seed was sown, with an amount of reverence I have seldom felt even for the cathedral with its rich sculpture, clustered columns, and long-drawn aisles. How many humble places like this are looked upon by the angels even with something akin to affection, because in them, souls have been brought into fellowship with God through Christ the crucified!—*Evangelical Magazine*.

Connexional Department.

MEMOIRS AND OBITUARIES.

MR. JOHN HAYDEN,
SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

ANOTHER sheaf safely housed in the garner of God! "Another sheaf?" Yes, to the praise of the Lord of the harvest be it said, since the garden Isle became a part of our Denominational field, His chariots have ever and anon been bearing away from human view the ripe fruit of this fruitful soil. Ripe fruit is the emblem of perfection, and to the thoughtful, anxious husbandman, literally and spiritually, is suggestive of result and reward. In the higher as in the lower kingdom, absolute security is certain only when the harvest is gathered, in harmony with the Master's command, "Gather the wheat into my barn." "Absolute security?" Yes, absolute and eternal security!

"The ripened saints to heaven ascend,
With Jesus their beloved Friend,
Angels rejoicing as they fly
To the sweet regions of the sky:
The harvest of the earth is come,
A goodly crop is gathered home."

The dear departed friend whose name stands at the head of this paper, shewed unmistakably the glow of golden ripeness, and the suddenness of his removal therefore leaves no shadow of doubt that he is now shining as the sun in the kingdom of our Father above. Between the birth and death, as also between the sowing and reaping, there was necessarily a considerable interval, some account of which we purpose to furnish with loving respect. The following is from the pen of Mr. Hayden's last pastor, Br. Jehu Martin:—

"Mr. John Hayden, of Palestine House, Sandown, was born at Sandown in the year 1823.

"Into the character of his early life I have not inquired, but there is no doubt, that, notwithstanding the earnest precept and pious example of godly parents, he felt himself to be, by nature 'a child of wrath even as others.' With a felt sense of his lost condition, and of the necessity of attending the Saviour's mandatory direction, 'Ye must be born again;' he, in the year 1856, and under the benign and earnest pastorate of Br. T. C. Penwarden, became the recipient of a marvellous spiritual influence, which eventuated in his being 'a new creature.'

"Shortly after his change he was seized by a desire to do what he could to impart a Christian education to the young. By a house

to house canvass he was enabled to gather several of the children of the locality together, and establish a Sunday-school, of which, in the year 1857, he became superintendent, which position he held up to the time of his being called to his rest; and it is good evidence of his genial disposition and almost fatherly kindness, that during the period of twenty-three years, not only has no misunderstanding arisen between him and the teachers and children, but the confidence reposed, and the affection enkindled have gone on to increase, until by death he has been so suddenly removed from our midst.

"He was a man of careful deliberation, of sound judgment, and of unwavering integrity, and was therefore well fitted to fill the various offices to which he was, with great unanimity and cordiality, elected by his brethren both in the elders' and quarterly meetings. For several years he held the treasurership of York Road Chapel, and the senior stewardship of the Shanklin circuit. Br. Botheras says, 'During my four years in the Shanklin circuit I had abundant facilities for reading his life, and I can most sincerely say that a more unobtrusive, genial and genuine Christian man I have seldom known. His virtues were of such a type that they would grow upon you in proportion to your opportunities of contact and intercourse with him. The absence of dogmatism from his department in quarterly meetings, and the constant presence of a desire to maintain peace and unanimity among brethren were always apparent and conspicuous. On his sudden departure I have no manner of doubt that the Master whom he so uniformly served said to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."'"

"His Christianity was not characterized by the fitful, noisy demonstration occasionally indulged in by some; and which peculiarity is too often made conspicuous by alternations of ice-like coldness. His Christianity was rather characterized by an *abiding* union with Christ,—a quiet, sure, unpretending 'walk with God'; accompanied by a calm but loving disposition, and a sweet spring-like smile. The work of grace within was genuine, and his bearing therefore towards his fellow-men was unobtrusive, and gentle, and upright, and manly and true. His private life, too, was in harmony with his public profession. He loved his Bible, and although sometimes pressed by business, he has never been known, for a period of many years, to neglect family prayer. Br. Lee says,—'While in the Shanklin circuit I had the happiness of being frequently at his house and enjoying much of his company. His general good sense, straightforwardness, integrity of character and rectitude of life, and withal a happy Christian cheerfulness,

made his companionship a real pleasure. He did not, perhaps, say so much as some others relative to his inner-life, nor did he usually, on account of his natural retiring disposition, take a very prominent part by speaking in public meetings, but his religion was genuine, and his judgment and utterances were highly respected. His deep interest in the cause of God, his liberal support, and attendance at the means of grace will be long remembered, especially by those who best knew him. We shall all miss him. But now he is gone his beautiful life is at once the best testimony to his Christian character, the best solace of his dear friends in their deepest sorrow, and the best assurance to us all of his present and eternal happiness. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

" 'For I know
That they who are "not lost but gone before"
Are waiting till I come ; for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed even the faintest strand
In that eternal cable of our love ;
The very strain has twined it closer still
And added strength.' "

"*Right*, before expediency, was with him a sacred duty, and under this conviction he was unbending in his principles as a Non-conformist, and he therefore looked with a quiet pity on those who, following the selfish lines of a plausible expediency, could sacrifice both their honour and their manhood to a temporizing policy.

"Denominationally, he was, from conviction, a Bible Christian ; but with a broad Catholic spirit he could hold out the hand 'to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours.'—1 Cor. i. 2. Being thoroughly denominational, he thought and planned for posterity, and has often been heard to say, 'There is a bright future for the Bible Christians in Sandown.' Br. Horwill says :—'He took a deep interest in the cause of God. No one could be more concerned for the welfare of our Zion at Sandown. It was the subject of his constant thought, the theme of his conversation, and the matter of his daily prayers. When there was a spiritual quickening, and souls were converted, he rejoiced with a great joy ; when there was a religious depression, and circumstances were adverse, he sorrowed with a great sorrow. His liberality in supporting the house of God and the ministry of the Word was marked. Nor were his sympathies confined to his own denomination ; he was interested in Christian work everywhere, but was specially solicitous for the spiritual interests of his native town. Christianity sheds a brightness over his tomb, and makes

us think of, and long for that world where there is no separation or death.'

"In his pecuniary support to the cause of God he was liberal and consistent; not beginning with a small dole, and, without considering the privileges, and exigencies, and demands consequent upon our connexional development, settle down to a niggardly, dolorous monotony to the tune of 'as it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall be*.' He measured the claims of posterity by his own enhanced privileges, and the 'increasing demands by his increasing means,' and with a characteristic generosity he gave 'as the Lord had prospered him.'

"As a friend, he was hearty, sincere, unsuspecting, and true; knowing 'there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.' He could say with Southerne—

" 'Friendship is power and riches all to me;
Friendship another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general use,
To the support and comfort of the world,
Than friendship to the being of my joy:
I would do everything to serve a friend.'

"When in the grasp of death (by apoplexy) he was calm and devotional. His last articulations on earth fell only on the ears of his sorrowing and bewildered wife in the ejaculatory prayer:—'My Father! My Father! My Father!' How trustful the filial cry, how glorious the Father's appearing! on Friday, August 8th, 1879.

" 'Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world who know us not
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"'

"Such, then, was John Hayden in life and in death, and as such he will be long and gratefully remembered by the children and teachers of the school, by the members and adherents of the York Road congregation, and by a large number of the inhabitants of Sandown. I anticipate the future influences of his past good life in the lines of Knowles:—

"Whether mine eye with a new spirit sees,
Or Nature is grown livelier, I know not;
But ne'er methinks was sunset half so sweet—
He's down, and yet his glow still appears,
Like to the memory of a well-spent life,
That's golden to the last, and when 'tis o'er
Shines in the witnesses it leaves behind!'

On Monday, August 11th, 1879, the mortal remains of Mr. Hayden were conveyed to the burying-ground of Christ Church by twelve of the teachers and friends of the Bible Christian Sunday-school, followed by the children of the school of which Mr. Hayden had been superintendent for so many years. A long procession followed—the longest, perhaps, ever seen in Sandown—headed by the Brethren J. Martin and W. H. Hill. The funeral service was conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. G. L. Karney, and was listened to throughout with the most rapt attention, and a feeling of grief and sympathy was manifested by all present for the removal of one who had laboured in the heat of the day in the Master's vineyard. On the right of the grave the children and teachers were ranged, under the direction of their present superintendent, the mourners and friends occupying the remaining space. An observer says:—"We do not remember seeing so large a gathering in the church-yard before. So great was the name of the deceased held in respect and esteem, that not only were townspeople present in large numbers to pay their last sad tribute, but friends from all parts of the surrounding country came to see the last of one, whose lamp was always trimmed, and who obeyed the midnight cry with joy."

The well-known hymn was sung with great heartiness and devotion:—

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

The Vicar closed with a few well chosen words of affectionate exhortation, and urged all to seek Divine forgiveness at the side of the open grave, which seemed to say, "Be ye also ready."

On Sunday, August 17th, a funeral sermon was preached in York Road Chapel, at half-past six, to a crowded congregation, by the pastor, Br. J. Martin, from Rev. xiv. 13, when the following points were elucidated:—

I.—That heaven takes a marked interest in the sainted dead.

II.—That the cause of this interest is found in the real and vital union they enjoyed.

III.—That there will be blessed and eternal effects growing out of that vital cause.

The service was marked by devout attention, deep feeling, and Christian sympathy, and it is believed that impressions were produced which will have their culmination in the enjoyment of full salvation.

We are tempted to linger in the company of our departed friend, as we were occasionally wont to do at Palestine House, and whose

confidence and co-operation we enjoyed during our pastorate of four years, but space forbids. It must, however, be added, that we have seldom met with one so Christ-like in spirit and life, with one who was so striking an embodiment of the seven-fold or perfect standard of Christian character given by the apostle James, viz., "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." By nature, he was constituted to occupy, without self-seeking, a central position, and his portly appearance was typical of the great qualities of his mind and heart. To human view he could be ill-spared from service in the church on earth; but he was, doubtless, ready for higher service in the church triumphant above. Great as is our loss, we have some small compensating thoughts; we now think of the victory, the abundant entrance, the celestial associations, the eternal weight of glory; aye! the full realisation of the blissful relationship of his own last beautiful utterance—"My Father!" Stimulated by so powerful an incentive, we trust all who read these lines will "work while it is day;" and wait the call of Him who is head over all things to the church, and whose prerogative alone it is to say, "Come up higher." Amen.

I. B. V.

MR. JOHN HICKS,

THE SON of STEPHEN and PRUDENCE HICKS, of St. Agnes, Scilly, was born June 19th, 1825. Like many persons distinguished for consistency and usefulness, his religious sentiments were formed in childhood. In a brief record referring to this he says, "When a very little boy I was the subject of deep impressions; many times I trembled at the thought of dying, and wished I was a Christian." The cause of this is explained by what follows: "My father's prayers were continually going up to a throne of grace for me, and many times did he plead with me, with tearful eyes, to give my heart to God." This good man pleaded with God for his son, and pleaded with his son for God; and we do not wonder that those pleadings made an impression which he could never shake off, though this was concealed from the praying father.

When about 26 years of age he left his home for the Isle of Wight to seek employment. The young man was now among strangers, exposed to all the perils incident to his age and circumstances, and, but for the character of the home he had left, might have drifted, as many others have done, into a course of sin, but he says: "All that my father had said to me came fresh to my mind, and the first letter I received from him broke my heart." His first

attempt to live a Christian life he made in his own strength, and failed. He forgot that the avoidance of outward and open sin was not a change of heart, and though he joined the Wesleyan Reform Church at East Cowes, we having no chapel there at that time, he had no peace within. About this time Catherine Harris, one of our preachers, came to the island, and being known to him when a boy he found her out, and received from her some spiritual help; but still he did not find peace. During his absence at Southampton for a few months our people established preaching in a "loft" in East Cowes, and on his return he went to hear Mr. W. Bailey preach. At this service the Lord manifested his power in a wonderful manner; Br. Hicks was enabled to lay hold upon Christ by faith, and ran out into the street, shouting glory to God. But this did not please some friends, and they told him it was all excitement, not conversion. Doubt followed and joy took its flight. A few nights after he went again to the "loft," and being determined not to give up the struggle Christ revealed to him His great love, and he could rejoice in the salvation of God. "I never doubted of my conversion after that," he remarks. How strange the folly of old Christians dealing with young converts in such a way as to make backsliders of them instead of establishing "their goings!" A kind of folly not altogether obsolete yet. After two years he removes to Portsmouth and is entered as a ship-wright in the dockyard. One of the first things after his arrival was to look out for a spiritual home, and he finds his way to Grosvenor-street chapel, not now used as a place of worship, but dear to many as the place of their second birth. He at once offered himself to the church and the Sunday-school, and was heartily welcomed both as a member and teacher, and continued as such for many years.

It would not be right to pass over an occurrence which he calls a "sad circumstance," some division which led to his severance from us, with that of some others, for a short time—the cause of which I have not thought it worth while to inquire into. The wound was, however, subsequently healed, and he was again cordially received, and continued in happy and honourable fellowship with us until his death.

He successfully filled the offices of Sunday-school secretary and superintendent, and a few months before his end he was assistant class leader to a large and important class at Stamford-street, and it was not till the Master had called him to a higher sphere that his name was removed as an elder leader and Sunday-school teacher from our books. For some few years his health was not good, and an affection of the heart from which he suffered, on more than one occasion caused serious apprehensions. The worst fears of his

friends were soon to be realized. It was in vain that a visit was paid to his daughter in Portland for change of air. On his return it was apparent that another change was rapidly approaching. His sufferings were very great, sometimes distressing to witness, but he bore all his pain with resignation. As the end drew near he became more desirous to depart and be with Christ. But the bonds that held him here were strong. His wife and children lay near his heart, "One day," says his son, "I was just in time to witness the doctor sounding him. His feet were swollen very much and he stood with difficulty. It made my heart ache to see him feebly waiting for the opinion of the medical adviser, and I fairly broke down and wept on his shoulder." It was a painful scene, father, mother, and son in tears. It was not hopelessness respecting the future, for the prospect was cloudless, but it was the rending of ties the full meaning of which some will understand. It was too much for the sufferer to bear, and the love that poured itself out in tears was strong and courageous enough to restrain its weeping out of pity for the dying husband and father.

About a fortnight before his death he said he expected before the next Sunday to be in heaven. He seemed some months before his last illness to have a presentiment of his end, as he said to his wife while walking one day in the cemetery, that he thought in less than a year he would be laid in the *grave*.

He talked much of heaven at one time, saying, "I wonder what it is like, how I should like to be able to let you know, when I get there." At another time he asked his son to meet him there, and bring his wife and children with him, and the son gave the promise, and adds, "By God's grace I will." Sometimes while helping himself by the bed to walk, suffering agony at every step, he would say, "No more pain, no more sorrow, no more suffering; all joy, all love, all peace." Again, he said, "I shall soon be basking in the bliss of God's everlasting love." "How sweet," said he, on another occasion, "to have the sting of death taken away. I dread no more the thought of dying than if I were going to walk in the garden." Referring to that well-known hymn, "There's a light in the window for thee, brother," he said, "I wonder who will put the light in the window for me—perhaps it will be my dear old father." A few days before the departure he gave his son a few little keep-sakes, remarking, "I have done with earthly things now." One night he sang this verse of a very favourite hymn:—

"All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;

When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way."

As the end drew near his mind became somewhat lost to what was going on around him, yet he was aroused by prayer, to which he would respond intelligently, or by the visit of an old friend whose acquaintance reminded him of religious associations. At last he was about to enter the valley. After laying very quiet with his eyes closed for some time he gave a look of recognition to his wife and daughter—said he knew he was going; then he closed his eyes again and after a little while called out, in a clear voice, "*Charles, Charles.*" Perhaps at that moment he had a view of his dear old sainted friend Charles Pye, with whom he had been very intimate. Then, better still, he cried out: "My blessed Lord, my blessed Lord;" and spoke no more, he lay still after this and gradually sunk till he breathed his last.

" So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore."

" Life's labour done as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies !"

Oh, the blessedness of the love of God in Christ Jesus! How it sustains us in trial! What a brightness it throws upon the valley of the shadow of death, and with what hope it comforts the bereaved! What a re-union awaits those now separated by the "narrow stream!" Our whole soul cries out in the remembrance of visits to our departed friend, and to others equally supported in similar sufferings. "Blessed gospel, and oh, Thou still more blessed Saviour, we love Thee because Thou hast first loved us."

Of the warmth of his affection, the earnestness of his manner, the stability of his principles, and the tenacity of his purpose, a passing mention shall suffice. We have not wandered off into "reflections," preferring the reader to make these himself. The narrative is prepared to meet the desire of many friends, who cherish lovingly the memory of a long friendship, and with the hope that some one may find a richer consolation thereby in our faithful and covenant-keeping Lord. Br. Hicks died at his residence, in Stamford-street, June 1st, and was buried June 6th, 1879, in Kingston cemetery.

J. C. HONEY.

ARSCOT BLIGHT

WAS converted to God about thirty-eight years ago, in what is spoken of as the Holsworthy Great Revival, and during the pastorate of our sainted brother, R. P. Tabb, whom he regarded as his father in the Gospel. Respecting his previous character but little is known, beyond the fact that he was a sinner needing forgiveness. This he obtained by repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. That his conversion was thorough and genuine his after-life evinced; for in prosperity and adversity, in sunshine and cloud, in strength and in weakness, in pain and in ease, in life and in death, he was a true and staunch disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. He lived a godly and sober life for thirty-eight years, never, during that time, losing his confidence in God. It is often said—*one must live with a person to know his real character.* I lived thirty-three years with my dear friend, and I found him, under all circumstances, truthful and upright. He hated lies, and would not be found in the company of liars. Nothing gave him greater pain than falsehood or dishonesty. No one can breathe a single word against his moral character. And it is remarkable that, during the many years we did business together, we never had a single dispute. Moreover, he was a loving husband, a tender father, a faithful friend, and a good neighbour; ever ready to do good to all, and was much respected by those who knew him.

And this uprightness of heart, and evenness of mind, he not only exhibited in health and ease, but also in sickness and pain. He was for many years a great sufferer. His pain oftentimes was so great that he would say—"I feel as if every limb of my body were tearing asunder. My pain is extreme; but I know that God is All-sufficient."

" 'To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.' "

Once I thought it hard to lie here and suffer; but I have now learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content:—

" 'My Jesus, I love thee;
I know thou art mine.' "

Here is a man with a body which refuses to serve him, and causes extreme suffering, yet he finds a way to be happy. For upwards of nine months he was confined to his bed of pain. His groans, at intervals, no tongue can express. Such was the intensity of his suffering that the perspiration would course down his face in streams, but when the pain subsided a little, he would meekly say—"My Father, Thy will be done. I shall soon be up with the shining ones, and those whom I so dearly loved, who are gone before. I am

going home to die no more." And then, with rapturous joy, he would sing:—

"What are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear
And worship at Thy feet."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He regarded affliction as God's furnace, in which He refined His people, and thereby prepared them for heavenly mansions, where they will suffer no more. There is no pain among the blessed, "neither sorrow nor crying; for the former things are passed away." In heaven "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." One day, when his intense suffering much affected me, he looked up, and said:—"Uncle, you know it is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth good in His sight; for He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind:—

"His love in times past forbids me to think,
He will leave me at last in sorrow to sink."

One night, when his son John paid him a visit, they prayed, and, being very fond of singing, they also sang together; and while thus engaged he became very happy. "Heaven," he said, "comes very near to me now. It is only a stream which divides it from earth—the narrow stream of death—and the voices here and the voices there seem to commingle, as we sing the song of the saints on earth and of the saints in heaven; for the kingdoms are but one. I shall soon be in heaven, and I want you all to come there. I am happy, very happy; the world is nothing to me. I have no language to express the nearness and sweetness of God's presence; I am filled with God."

Paul said—"I have a desire to depart and be with Christ," and our dear friend had a similar desire. To be like Christ, and to be with Him, was the one great purpose of his heart and life. For this he prayed, and toiled, and suffered. He knew to love and serve God was to be happy. He loved his Bible much, and gathered therefrom lessons of resignation to his Heavenly Father's will. He gladly bore his testimony to the preciousness of true religion in the soul. One of his visitors remarked one day, "He is a true witness for Jesus."

The last time I was privileged to see him alive his sight had become dim in death; his tongue, too, was silent, so that he could

no longer express his enraptured thoughts and emotions. But the glory of the Lord still lighted up his countenance, indeed, I had never seen it so radiant before. He was conscious he was dying, and the near prospect of heaven filled his soul with delight. He had grace according to his day; grace to labour, grace to suffer, grace to die; and when the last enemy came he was "ready to be offered up," having a desire to depart; and he passed away without a groan, and the ministering angels bore his happy spirit, when released from its tenement of clay, to the paradise of God. He died March 25th, 1880, at Whimble Farm, near Holsworthy, aged sixty-one.

" How happy believers who die
 In possession of Jesus's love!
 Bright angels their spirits convey
 To Abraham's bosom above;
 Our brother has taken his flight
 From all his afflictions and pains;
 He's now in the regions of light,
 And to earth we consigned his remains.

" His 'years of probation' were few,
 But Jesus had taught him to pray,
 And Jesus, his Saviour, he knew,
 Before he was summoned away;
 He frequently longed to be gone,
 To join the blest spirits above;
 To sit on Immanuel's throne,
 And feel all the raptures of love.

" His soul out of love with this earth,
 He longed for a better abode;
 The right of his heavenly birth,
 The promised gift of his God.
 His language was—' Let me possess
 The kingdom He promised to me,
 And rest in His lovely embrace,
 Who suffered and bled on the tree.

" ' There sickness I never shall know,
 Temptation and pain shall out-wing;
 Shall leave all those evils below,
 And go to my God, and my King.
 This world is nothing to me,
 I long for a better above;
 Where sorrow I never shall see,
 But swim in the ocean of love.'

" ' Come Jesus, come quickly !' he cried,
 And then to the world bade adieu;
 With Christian composure he died,
 To Abraham's bosom he flew.
 Amidst a bright host he now shines,
 Enthroned in the kingdom of God;
 Now with his Redeemer he reigns,
 Who washed him clean in His blood."

R NICHOLS.

WATERLOO ROAD CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEAR MR. BOURNE.—It is our custom to hold annually a Teachers' Conference, in connection with the Sunday school belonging to Waterloo-road chapel, London. On September 20th, tea was provided at seven o'clock, at which a fair number were present. The meeting was opened under the presidency of the Rev. W. H. Tickell, our newly appointed pastor; nearly all the officers and teachers of the school being present. Our ordinary business meetings are, as a rule, fairly attended. During the evening it was resolved that a summary of the reports presented should be inserted in the Magazine, with your kind permission.

About two years ago our school was in a very low condition, numbering 183 scholars and 26 teachers, and we were embarrassed with financial difficulties to the amount of £20. Since that time we have gradually improved, both numerically and financially. The secretary now reports 315 scholars and 38 teachers, showing an increase of 132 scholars and 12 teachers; with an average attendance of 86 scholars in the morning, and 204 in the afternoon, during the months of July and August of this year, when many of our scholars were absent on account of summer holidays. As regards the finances, the treasurer reported a balance in hand of £10 14s. 5d., and a deficit of £3 5s. 3d. on the Excursion Fund. The officer of literature stated that 1,145 Magazines and Periodicals had been sold during the first six months of this year, resulting in a profit of 19s. to the funds of the school. The secretary of the Young Christians' Band gave an encouraging report. This Band, which was started about nine months ago, now numbers 31 members, all of whom profess to love the Lord. A committee of four teachers was appointed to visit absent scholars, which arrangement, will, it is hoped, result in permanent benefit as regards the attendance of the scholars. It was unanimously resolved to continue the Scholars' Institute—which was so successfully inaugurated, and carried on, last year—during the coming winter, commencing on Wednesday, October 6th, with a concert. The object of this Institute is to provide the young with innocent recreation, as well as bringing them in contact with their teacher during the week.

After a long and animated discussion it was decided that the Opening Service of the school should be altered, in order that the children might be able to take a greater part and interest therein. On the Sunday following a printed "Order of Service" was introduced, in which the scholars took a prominent part, the result of which seemed very satisfactory.

All the items on the agenda having been fully discussed the meeting was concluded with prayer, and after having partaken of some refreshment we parted, fully resolved that the executive part of our work should, at least, be as effective as the administrative.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR O. HOBBS, Assistant Secretary.

Oct. 11th, 1880.

BARNSTAPLE.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN.—The new organ which Messrs. Dicker and Son, of Exeter, have been constructing in the Thorne Memorial Chapel, was opened on Tuesday afternoon by a recital from a most accomplished performer, Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe, organist of St. Michael's, Exeter. The instrument stands in the gallery over the vestry, and at the back of the pulpit; and by filling up the vacant space it contributes to the effectiveness of the appearance of the building, which was before the admiration of all who saw it. And the organ is adapted to the edifice, not only in size, but also in sound, the mistake which is not infre-

quently made, of having the instruments too large for the buildings they occupy, having, in this instance, been avoided. It has two manuals, and 14 stops; the frame is of dark colour, painted at the top and bordered in gold, the front pipes being also gilded; and the cost is just below £200, towards which something over £100 has been raised. The names of the stops are as follow:—Great Organ—Open Diapason, Dulciana, Stop Diapason Bass, Clarabella Treble, Harmonic Flute, Principal, Fifteenth, Mixture. Swell Organ—Open Diapason, Lieblich Gedact, Principal, Fifteenth, Oboe. Pedal Organ—Bourdon; the couplers being, Swell to Great and Great to Pedals, with three composition pedals. The proceedings of Tuesday began soon after three in the afternoon with the singing of a hymn—"Come, let us join our cheerful songs"—and with prayer by the senior minister, the Rev. S. Allin, after which the choir sang the anthem "Holiness becometh Thy house," the organ accompaniment to this and to the hymn being played by Mr. J. H. Telfer (son of the eminent Wesleyan minister of that name), who has recently come to reside at Barnstaple. Then Mr. Vinnicombe began his recital, which occupied about an hour, and in which all the beauties of the instrument were displayed with consummate skill. The mellowness of the full organ was generally admired, and altogether Mr. Alfred How and those who have co-operated with him in the enterprise had every reason for satisfaction with the instrument. The Organ Committee is composed of Messrs. How, Lethaby, Penhale, Lee, Manning, Berryman, Dennis, Tresise, and Walters. The selections performed were Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D, an air by H. Hiles, with variations, Merkel's No. 5 Sonata, and Dr. Wesley's "Holsworthy Bells." At the close of the recital, tea was provided in the school-room, the tables being presided over by Mrs. Allin, Mrs. Lethaby, Mrs. Berryman, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Gale, Miss Summerhays, and Miss Carpenter. The proceedings were continued in the evening, when, in addition to the organ recital, a lecture on "Dr. Livingstone" was delivered by the Rev. S. Allin. There was a very good attendance, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. J. Ley. After devotions, Mr. Vinnicombe again delighted his hearers by some finely executed selections; and Mr. Allin then proceeded with his lecture, and for upwards of an hour he completely engaged the attention of his audience. He traced Livingstone's career from the factory-boy to the great African explorer, bringing out in relief his characteristics of honesty and perseverance, and enforcing them upon his hearers in earnest and eloquent language. He exhorted them to have a fixed purpose in life, and cited instances where men of lowly origin, such as Livingstone, had risen to eminence by keeping a particular end in view and concentrating all their ability in order to attain it. In the course of the lecture Mr. Allin was frequently encouraged with hearty applause, and at times he convulsed his audience with laughter by using humorous anecdotes to illustrate certain parts of his discourse. At the close of the lecture the recital was again resumed; and then on the motion of the Rev. W. T. Down, seconded by Mr. Lethaby, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Vinnicombe for his services, and also to the builders of the organ. Mr. Vinnicombe having responded, similar votes were given to the chairman and the lecturer, and the benediction brought the meeting to a close. A collection was made during the evening, which together with the proceeds of the afternoon service, amounted to £15, this sum including a contribution of three guineas from the Chairman of the evening meeting.—*North Devon Journal*.

TRURO CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR,—To the man of God engaged in the work of preaching Christ, nothing can be more gratifying than success: indeed that is the object he has in

view ; he labours that souls may be saved and the name of his Master glorified. In reviewing the labours of the last four years, in connection with this circuit, I am more than a little pleased, as circuit steward, to be able to state that, in the most unqualified sense, we have been blessed with prosperity—many souls have been saved, our chapels have been enlarged, one new one built, debts have been paid off, and the whole machinery of the circuit kept in splendid working condition throughout. I can assure you, Mr. Editor, it is a splendid sight on a Sunday night to see our chapel filled with an intelligent congregation ; and, not the least pleasing feature is, scores of them are young men and women, whom our late pastor laboured hard to bring to the Saviour—and his labours were not in vain.

It is true, Mr. Mundy's predecessor, Mr. Penwarden, left the circuit in an improved condition ; but the work of enlargement, extension, and consolidation, fell to Mr. Mundy to do, and right well was it done. Chapel debts have been reduced, seat rents increased 50 per cent., missionary moneys doubled, and indeed all the other departments have been well sustained, and are in a thoroughly healthy condition. Peace reigns within our borders, the greatest harmony prevails, and all are united, determined, if possible, to make the future still more blessed successful.

It was only fitting that one who had worked so well and long among us should receive some token of kindness from us. A testimonial was suggested, it was taken up heartily and, without any pressure whatever, the noble sum of £40 was raised and presented to Mr. Mundy, on the eve of his departure, and never was one more worthy to receive such an act of kindness than he.

The fact is, sir, Mr. Mundy, has left behind him a name that carries with it a fragrance, and the great day alone will be able to tell of his deeds of kindness to all with whom he came in contact. All denominations love him and speak of him in the highest terms.

It may not be out of place just to state here that his successor, Mr. Tremelling, has received a very hearty welcome at a well attended tea and public meeting—enough to gladden the heart of any new pastor entering on his work. All the Nonconformist bodies of the town were represented at the meeting, which was very enthusiastic throughout.

I hope, sir, that the year upon which we have just entered will be one of great prosperity, not only with us here, but throughout the entire Denomination.

I remain, yours truly,

E. ROBERTS.

[We may append to this communication, which we insert with much pleasure, some facts which have reached us from another source. The seat rents of Truro chapel increased (during Mr. Mundy's pastorate) from £24 10s. to £59 15s. (the total receipts for the four years were £800, as against £375 in the four preceding years) ; the missionary moneys from £8 9s. to £28 11s., and other funds in proportion, doubled, we believe, throughout the circuit. A site for a chapel was also secured at Grampond, after an effort that had extended over 20 years ; a debt of £60 on the old chapel at Goonhavern paid off, some outstanding bills paid also, and the debt on the new sanctuary reduced £17 (this in *bad* times) ; Penhallow chapel improved at a cost of £40, and paid for ; the lease of St. Allen's-lane chapel renewed ; a new chapel built at Gloweth, towards which and the expense of working it, £200 was raised. O, by God's grace, for such achievements, and greater, everywhere ! At the farewell meeting, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Class presented Mr. Mundy with Farrar's " St. Paul," and the Rev. Philip Brooks' *Sermons and Lectures on Preaching*.—E.D.]

FALMOUTH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am requested by some of our friends to forward you a little information with respect to the prosperity of the church at Falmouth.

During the last two weeks special services have been held, conducted by Br. Hill and the writer. Each night there has been an excellent attendance, and invariably some success. Up to the present between eighty and ninety have professed faith in the Lord Jesus, and the gracious work is still progressing. I should say that before the meetings were actually begun, the revival had commenced in the church, the proper centre for all determined and earnest action for the Master to begin.

We are glad to notice that the senior scholars, unconverted teachers, and usual attendants at the chapel form the bulk of the converts, which is regarded as a most pleasing feature, as our friends will not suffer presently by these new-born souls leaving for other Denominations. Of course we are liberal, but also feel naturally somewhat jealous over the fruits of our labours. May God continue His blessing.

R. E. CRADDOCK.

[We hear also of a good work at Brea, in the Redruth Circuit, and of the droppings of a shower in many other places.—ED.]

LETTER FROM MR. WILSON.

DEAR BR. GILBERT,—We left Plymouth on Monday, Sept. 20th, about two o'clock, with fine weather and fair wind. Mrs. W. was ill almost at once, and so she continued for some days; in fact she is not well yet, and she says she shall never like the sea. The children were ill also, but they very soon got right again, and are quite enjoying themselves in their ocean home. They move about just as though the vessel was quite still. Nor did I escape, though I suppose I did not suffer so much as some. We have now had one week on the water, and I am feeling quite well, and but for the heat I should be thoroughly enjoying the voyage; but it is very hot, and they say we shall have it much hotter yet. The doctor told me this morning that we should be in the tropics by to-night. We have had very fine weather thus far. The *little* breeze that we have had has been for the most part favourable. From the time of starting from Plymouth on Monday, to Tuesday noon, we made 218 miles; Wednesday, 247; Thursday, 254; Friday, 242; Saturday, 235; Sunday, 257; to-day, 247. Our ship is not so fast as some; but, they say, as safe as any that crosses the seas. In the way of food I suppose we are faring very well. The stewards are kind and attentive. If all things continue to the end as we have had them thus far, we shall get on nicely.

Tuesday, 28th: We do not reach St. Vincent until to-morrow. We are still having fine weather. Hotter, if anything, than yesterday. The nights are very beautiful. One could sleep on deck very well; in fact, some have done so several nights. If things go on all right, we do not call anywhere after we leave St. Vincent until we get to Port Lyttleton. There are several persons on board who belong to New Zealand, but have been on a visit to England, and are returning to their adopted country. All give a very favourable account of the country, and say we shall be sure to like it. We have two clergymen on board. We are very friendly. One of them conducted service on Sunday morning. I preached on Sunday afternoon in the 3rd class saloon, and held a short service in the evening on the fore-castle among the sailors. Pray for us!

With kind love, I remain, yours truly,

J. WILSON.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

Previously acknowledged				£1,452 18s. 7d.
Mr. Nancekievill, for Master's House	..	..	..	10 0 0
Mr. Hobbs	do.	..	..	10 0 0
Miss Crocker,	do.	..	..	5 0 0
Mr. Pett,	do.	..	..	2 2 0
Mr. Robertson,	do.	..	..	2 0 0
Messrs. Ashton,	do.	..	..	2 0 0
Mrs. Fielder, The Priory, Abergavenny, do.	..	..	..	1 0 0
Miss Elliott,	do.	..	..	0 10 0
Collection on ground, when the Memorial Stones were laid	..	..	..	3 13 6
Do. at Public Meeting	..	..	..	5 0 1
A Friend, through Mr. W. H. Hill	..	..	..	1 0 0

Brief Notices of Books.

Through the Eye to the Heart; or, Plain Uses of the Blackboard, &c. By the Rev. W. F. CRAFTS, A.M. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A WONDERFULLY useful book (or what ought to be) for Sunday-school teachers and others. It shows very clearly how much we have yet to learn as to the best methods of teaching, gives many capital illustrations, and at the same time suggests the necessity of care and judgment in pictorial teaching that it may not become ludicrous and absurd.

Illustrious Abstainers. By FREDERICK SHERLOCK. Third Thousand. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

TWENTY attractively written sketches of as many "illustrious abstainers." The stupid objection that used to be often heard that abstinence from intoxicants was all very well for drunkards and enthusiasts, but that others might with advantage drink moderately has already lost its force, and the rank and file of the Temperance army gather fresh inspiration and courage from the fact that such soldiers as Havelock and Wolseley, such authorities as Sir Henry Thompson and Dr. W. B. Richardson, such philanthropists as John Howard, Samuel Plimsoll, and Samuel Morley, such orators as Canon Farrar and Wilberforce, and others hardly less illustrious have warmly espoused their principle and enforced its claim. This pleasant work will help to make the fact more widely known, and has therefore a purpose and mission.

The Gentle Heart; a second series of "Talking to the Children." By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

"TALKING TO THE CHILDREN" is one of the best books for the young that we know of, and, what is not always the case, it has been also one of the most successful, and "The Gentle Heart" is a worthy companion volume. It has a great beauty and power which cannot fail to charm and edify. Some of the chapters are exquisite, and all reach so high a standard of excellence that an illustrative extract might be made at random, and the one chosen is taken for the simple reason that it was the first on which our eye rested when we opened the book.

ON DOING THE LITTLE WE CAN.

It is wonderful how much can be done, and what things great in God's sight if people would only do the little things they can.

On one of the early days of a January, not long ago, a Swedish steamer was wrecked on the Northumberland coast. The fisher folk of Cresswell, a village near by, looking seaward that day, saw the strange vessel among the breakers, and knew that human lives were in peril. It is a little place, with only fifteen men in it, and of these two were unable to work. But men and women and children turned out that day and hauled down and launched the lifeboat, and, very soon, thirteen brave fellows were struggling with the wild sea to save the lives on the wreck. But the storm was too fierce. They were driven back again and again. While they were waiting for a lull in the storm to try again, some one said, "Let us send for the rocket." The rocket is used when the lifeboat cannot get near. It is shot up into the air, with a line of cord attached, so that the cord falls over the vessel, and those on board catch it and pull in a rope tied to the end of it, and make that fast, and come sliding one by one to land by the rope. But the machine for firing the rocket was at Newbiggin, five miles away, and the night was closing in. Would anybody go to Newbiggin? A young girl stepped forward. She would go. And in a moment she was gone. The lives of human beings depended on her speed. She ran, rather she flew. Like the fisher-girl she was, she kept the shore road, and, to gain time, took many a short cut through the bays on the way. The wild sea was on the one side drenching her with its spray; on the other, was the wild lonesome land, and above and around her the deepening night. But on she flew, this young angel of mercy, between rocks and waves, through the surf, through the moaning of the storm, through the darkness, till she gave her message at Newbiggin, and saw the rocket on its way. And then, alone as before, and once more through darkness, sea-wave, and storm, she fled back over the same five lonesome miles to bring the good news to Cresswell, that the rocket was on the way. It did not lessen the worth of what she had done that meanwhile the lifeboat had succeeded in its next attempt, and brought the wrecked people safe to land. Her deed was well done and heroic. She was ill next day, ill and cramped all over in bed. No wonder. But she had done a brave, noble, Christian deed, and done it well. It is fine to be able to tell that she comes of a good stock, for her father was steersman of the lifeboat that day. And for father and child, and for all in Cresswell who worked so well, it may surely be said, "They wrought a good work, and did what they could."

The Evangelical Revival and other Sermons ; with an Address on the Work of the Christian Ministry in a Period of Theological Decay and Transition. By R. W. DALE. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 6s.)

WE have seldom read a volume of sermons with greater pleasure. The vigour, the energy, the sustained power, the firm grasp of the subject, the sanctified common sense, so apparent in all Mr. Dale says and writes, are conspicuous in every one of these discourses. One, on "The necessity of doing the will of God," we should like to transfer to our pages, and see published in a cheap form, and scattered broadcast among all sections of the Church. Here are some wise and weighty words on the Class-meeting, which Methodists, above all others, would do well to heed. How sad, if not strange, it is, that any *special treasure* which any individual or church possesses, is in danger of being neglected by those who ought to guard it with the most loving vigilance and care. These are Mr. Dale's words:—"Methodism has founded one great and remarkable Church institution. The Class-meeting is, perhaps, the most striking and original of all the fruits of the Revival. It was not invented; it was the creation of the circumstances in which the Revival was carried on; it was a natural product of the soil; and the Methodist people should take good heed how they treat so precious and wonderful a

growth. It renders possible a far more effective fulfilment of the idea of the pastorate, and a far more perfect realisation of the communion of saints than are common in any Protestant community. . . I covet the Class-meeting. If we could transplant the institution into Congregational soil we should modify it. The difficulty is that it does not seem to bear transplanting. But if we could transplant it—if all the members of this Church were grouped together in ‘classes’ of a dozen or twenty, meeting for prayer, for conversation on the hopes and duties of the Christian life, for the quiet study of Holy Scripture, and especially to those parts of it which are directly related to conduct and to the discipline of ethical and spiritual character; if every class had a wise and devout Christian man or woman at the head of it, the trusted friend of all its members, we should secure a depth of religious earnestness, a fulness of religious joy, and a development of moral vigour and refinement which at present seem to be beyond our reach.”

From the heart-searching sermon on “The Moral Demands of Jesus Christ,” we take just two or three sentences. Referring to the fact, that in the apostolic epistles some of the elementary virtues had to be inculcated, Mr. Dale says:—

“St. Paul had to rebuke the Christians at Corinth for sanctioning a form of immorality which the very heathen regarded as shameful; and this fact, by the way, is an ominous warning against the moral conceit of those Christian people of our own times who are fully persuaded that because they believe in Christ their morality must be, in every respect, superior to that of the rest of the world. It is clearly possible for Christian men to do things that are morally disgraceful without knowing it. The First Epistle to the Corinthians shows that the consciences of unbelievers may, in some points, be healthier and truer than the conscience of a believer. To every one that has watched human life with an open and candid mind this statement is one of the commonest of commonplaces; but, perhaps, there are some persons who will regard it with more consideration when supported by an appeal to the Bible.”

Let us make one more extract from the sermon on “The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Conversion of Men,” preached at an Ordination Service:—

“Remember that the success of his ministry depends as much upon *your* fidelity to Christ as on his own. You and he are henceforth confederates in one great work. Your prayers in solitary places will inspire his words to crowded congregations with Divine power; cease to pray, and the power will be absent. Your silent but hearty concurrence in his appeals to men to forsake sin and to do the will of God will secure that mightier appeal of the Holy Spirit to the conscience and the heart, in response to which men alone submit to the authority of Christ, and trust in His infinite love; if you listen without deep spiritual sympathy, without a keen solicitude for the conversion of men, the energy of the Divine Spirit will be withdrawn. Your personal integrity in the common duties of life, your kindness and charity, your earnestness in all good works, will be the most effective support of the ethical and spiritual teaching of your minister and the supreme proof of its power; your personal inconsistencies will defeat all his exhortations to righteousness.

“You remember the famous description of an orator. It was not his voice alone that spoke; his eyes, his face, his hands, his feet, they were all eloquent. And a church is a living body. The minister is its voice; but, if he is to speak to any purpose, the voice must not come from a body struck with death, with fixed features, glassy eyes, and rigid limbs; there would be something ghastly in *that*. Eyes, hands, face, feet, must all have life and passion in them, and must all speak; they must share the sorrow and alarm with which the minister tells men of the infinite evil of sin, and the rapture with which he triumphs in the infinite love of

God. Share his work and you will share his joy and his final reward. In every man rescued by his ministry from an irreligious life; in every man who, through his words, finds in God strength for the exhausting, monotonous struggle with temptation, and consolation in the troubles by which our earthly condition is perplexed and saddened; in every man who, through his instruction, entreaty, and encouragement, continues patiently in well-doing, and wins glory, honour, and immortality, you will see the answer to your own intercessions, and the triumph of your own earnestness and zeal."

Life through the Living One. By JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D., St. Louis, U.S.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 1s.)

A LITTLE book on a large subject. We do not agree with every sentiment or expression, but perhaps never before was so much Gospel truth packed into so small a compass. The chapters are entitled Dead in Sins, Death Inherited, the Death of Christ, the Spirit of Life, Life Received, Life Nourished, and Life Known and Enjoyed. We can hardly divine the theological stand-point of the author, as in one place he seems a good Methodist, and as he strongly argues in favour of the Perseverance of the Saints a good Calvinist also, and some of the best teaching of the Morisonians and the better class of the Brethren on a point or two, seems to blend, naturally enough, with the rest. The little book will be an effectual antidote, we trust, in many quarters, to the *tendency*, to say the least, of the age to think *lightly* of sin and Divine forgiveness. No less than *twenty-one* stumbling-blocks in the way of the anxious inquirer are mentioned, and are mostly removed with great dexterity and skill. To the statement, so often heard in the Inquiry Room, I fear that my faith is not of the right kind, our author says:—

"Here, too, it is obvious that there is an unconscious attempt to make a Saviour out of faith, in place of seeing a loving Saviour in Christ. A minister of the Gospel was once introduced to a dear old saint, whose beautiful life was living evidence of the reality, and power, and blessedness of God's grace. 'Are you the woman of strong faith, of whom I have heard so much?' he asked. 'No,' she quietly replied; 'I am the woman of weak faith in a strong Saviour.' It is not faith that saves, except as the empty hand stretched forth to receive the gift of eternal life, but it is Christ; and there is no wisdom in chafing the mind and heart by wondering whether the hand has been stretched out just in the right way or not.

"The faith of the leper was most imperfect in his thought of the Saviour's kindness to Jesus—'If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean;' but Jesus immediately healed him. The faith of the sick woman was most imperfect in knowledge, when she said, 'If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole;' yet Jesus immediately responded in love and power to the feeble touch of her wasted and trembling finger. The faith of the distressed father was most imperfect, in his conception of the Saviour's omnipotence, when he exclaimed, 'If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us;' but Jesus immediately granted his request. The Lord does not say, he that heareth My word, and believeth with the right kind of faith, but he that heareth and believeth hath everlasting life; and out of the hundreds of the texts in the Bible that mention faith, there is not one which speaks of the right kind of faith, except that it must be of the heart, that is, not hypocritical. Oh, He is so good and gracious, He will accept the very weakest faith!

"A little girl was once locked up in a room by an insane mother, and for three days of intensely hot weather, she did not taste a morsel of bread, nor a drop of

water. When she was found by a servant of the Lord, her first cry was for water ; and when it was brought to her she raised it to her lips with a very weak and trembling hand, but it refreshed her as much as though she had grasped it with the hand of a giant. It is not the strength of our faith, but the strength of Christ, that saves. It is not the intelligence with which we believe, but the person in whom we believe, the Holy Ghost sets before us in the gospel."

It is hardly necessary to add that, true and beautiful as this is, a strong faith is both a comfort and a power, honouring to God, useful to others ; and that no prayer should more frequently be on our lips than "Lord, increase our faith." The boat may be as truly joined to the vessel by a small cord as by the stoutest cable, and in fine weather would be enough ; but to know that the rope will stand the strain of the fiercest storm imparts a serenity that those cannot possess who justly fear that there is danger every moment their connecting rope may break.

The Prisoner's Friend : The Life of Mr. JAMES BUNDY, of Bristol. By his Grandson, the Rev. W. R. WILLIAMS. Wesleyan Conference Office.

A WORTHY effort to rescue from oblivion the memory of a good man, and one who was too quite a hero in his way. Some of the incidents related are very extraordinary, almost bordering upon the miraculous. Oh, what mighty powers are faith in God, and the love of Christ in the heart, of which this memoir is at once a striking illustration, and convincing proof.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador : October. RALPH FENWICK. (Price 2s.)

THIS number is enriched by no less than ten articles, on as many different subjects, all of them valuable, and some of special interest, besides practical homiletics, first rate sketches some of them are too, and the usual quarterly review of Literature, Science, and Politics.

Our Miscellany.

THE BURIALS' ACT

IS working, on the whole, very satisfactorily. Several of the Bishops have adjured their clergy to carry out the Act in a loyal spirit, and it is pleasant to set off against the threat of some of the clergy that Dissenters, who avail themselves of their privilege, shall have some vacant corner in the churchyard allotted to them, thus making a division in the churchyard itself, such incidents as this :—"The wife of a local preacher belonging to the United Methodist Free Church died recently at Chatburn, near Clitheroe. The vicar, the Rev. Mr. Ingham, had visited her daily, his evangelical ministrations having been highly appreciated. Under the circumstances, the bereaved husband felt that there would be some ingratitude in taking advantage of the new Act, and intimated to the vicar his intention not to do so. The vicar, however, promptly waited upon the Rev. W. L. Roberts, Free Methodist minister in Clitheroe, and kindly invited him to join in the burial service. Accordingly, on the day of the funeral, Mr. Roberts, wearing a surplice, accompanied the vicar to the reading-desk in the church, read responsively, with the vicar, the 90th Psalm, and then read the lesson from the Epistle to the Corinthians. Proceeding to the grave, Mr. Roberts there also took part with the vicar in the service of the Church of England. On returning to the vestry the vicar expressed his very great satisfaction with the way the service had been con-

ducted, and Mr. Roberts very heartily acknowledged the Christian courtesy manifested by the vicar."

The Rev. R. H. Manley, rector of Stoke Climsland, has written a letter to all the Dissenting ministers in the parish, in which he says that he "can most heartily congratulate his Nonconformist parishioners on the passing of the Act." He further says:—"As regards funerals on Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day, I beg to say that, except under special circumstances, I shall offer no opposition to them. You are aware that the control of the churchyard, and the authority as to the position and making of the grave, remain as before the passing of the Act. I need hardly say that no distinction will be made by me between Churchmen and Dissenters. The wishes of the relatives will be always complied with, if possible. . . . I trust and believe that the passing of this measure will promote kindly feelings between members of the Church of England and the various Dissenting bodies throughout the country." Such a wish as *that* Dissenters will, we are sure, heartily reciprocate, and the Act carried out in that spirit, it will be indeed a message of peace, which will bear fruit in many directions.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

WE are glad that, for the moment, the war cloud has blown over. A few days ago the outlook was dark and threatening. The persistent refusal of the Turkish Government, or, rather, of the Sultan, according to general belief, to do what, at the Conference of Berlin, he had agreed to do, would, it was feared, so complicate matters as to involve the nations of Europe in war, the result of which none could foresee, beyond that it must, of necessity, put an end to the Turkish rule in Europe. But Mr. Gladstone's firmness and the European concert have for the time triumphed, though Dulcigno is not, at the time we write, actually in possession of the Montenegrins, and the Greek frontier question is apparently as far from settlement as ever, and reforms in Armenia it is not even pretended are begun.

African troubles are not yet at end, but the Afghanistan difficulty appears nearer solution than it has been before since our late unhappy interference with the concerns of that country.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

IS such as to awaken the most serious apprehensions. A fierce, not to say wicked, agrarian agitation is being carried on, which is exciting the people to a fearful degree, and until it subsides dark crimes of violence, we are afraid, will continue to be committed. It is surely our special duty, as Christians, to pray that the Executive Government may receive wisdom and power from on high to deal at once righteously, and firmly, and kindly with all classes, and diligently search out the true causes, actively at work, producing so much mischief.

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSIONS

In various parts of the country have brought to light a seething mass of corruption which will disgust many persons with the very name of Representative Government. But the best institutions are liable to the worst abuses. The evil is, however, so widespread and demoralizing, that the work of diffusing, throughout the

community, a true public spirit, must be undertaken by the christian church, and legislative remedies must be applied, in the direction of the enlargement of the constituencies, the prohibition of canvassing, and dealing with convicted bribers in the same way as we deal with other offenders against the law.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL,

Thought by many to be the most magnificent Christian Temple in the world, has been at length completed, and the event has been celebrated amidst grand festivities, and a very tumult of rejoicings. The greatest work of the ages, of which the centuries Cologne Cathedral has been in building reminds us, slow as its progress towards completion, will as surely be finished, amidst the rejoicings of earth and the hallelujahs of the skies, as that Jesus is seated on His throne.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION

Continues, and we fear it must press hardly on many of our own friends. A succession of bad seasons, in combination with increased wages, heavier taxation, unexampled low prices for corn, and more expensive habits of living, have produced, in a short time, a state of distress which a few years ago none could have anticipated. The relations between landlord and tenant in this day, when all things are changing, must be placed on a different footing, and the true relation that agriculture sustains to trade and commerce and the general prosperity of the country must be carefully studied by our statesmen and the community at large. It is a new experience in England for farms to wait in vain for occupiers, for large farms to go for the time out of cultivation, for the landlord in numberless cases to forego his rent altogether, or consent to its reduction, or to its payment being indefinitely postponed; but these things will not be an unmixed evil if the true lesson of adversity be only learned, and efficacious measures be devised to abate or remove the evils of which the agricultural interest has so long and vainly complained.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER *v.* COLONEL OUTRAM.

THE well-known remarks of Sir Charles Napier, observes Dr. Buckley, on the annexation of Scinde have often been quoted, and were referred to not many months since in our Magazine. "We have no right," he said, "to seize Scinde, yet we shall do, and a very advantageous, useful, and humane piece of rascality it will be." There is another part of the story by no means so well known which deserves to be told. Sir Charles's words, taken in connection with his actions, have sometimes reminded me of Cowper's lines—

"He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."

The lines are not *wholly* applicable, I admit. Certainly he "blamed" it as "a piece of rascality," but he could not be said to "protest" against it; nor had he any "pity" for the much-injured Ameers; but he "joined" heartily "in the plan" of seizing what, he said, "we had no right" to seize, and "shared" without scruple, "in the plunder." His share of the prize money, as General in command, was six thousand pounds, and he took it without demur. Not so Colonel—

afterwards General Sir James—Outram. His share of the spoil was three thousand pounds, and he was by no means a rich man. What was he to do with the money? He had “blamed” the course pursued; had “protested” against it, and really “pitied” the injured Ameers. His first care was to ascertain privately if the Government would keep it for them, and he employed Dr. Duff for this purpose. The Government forbade it, as the Ameers were otherwise provided for, and the political effect of such an act, it was said, would be very bad. Outram then, with noble Christian conscientiousness, said that it was in his eyes “blood money,” and he would not “touch a farthing of it for his own personal use, but would distribute it among the philanthropic and religious charities of Bombay;” and this he did with the exception of six hundred pounds, which was given to the Free Church Mission in Calcutta.* Outram was a Derbyshire man. Which of the two does the reader admire—the General who wrote so vigorously, or the Colonel who acted so nobly?—*General Baptist Magazine*.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC IN CHINA.

It seems a frightful thing to say that Christian England stands directly in the way of China suppressing its national vice, but such appears to be the literal fact. An absolute government like that of Peking could any year interdict the cultivation of opium within the empire, and opium smoking would cease by-and-by for want of fuel. But, unhappily, *we* have a treaty with the Chinese, in which there is a clause giving us the right to import opium into the country, and for the maintenance of that clause, we have shown ourselves ready to fight. No matter, then, what the native authorities may say; we can insist on debauching the people if we please. And we do please. At least the traffic pays so uncommonly well that we cannot afford to surrender the privilege of being entitled to prosecute it. “A case perfectly analogous to England’s treatment of China,” says Dr. Christlieb, “would be if France, making a monopoly of the liquor traffic, should, for her own interest, and to the moral and physical ruin of England, compel the latter by force of arms to permit the importation of strong drink.” The vice of opium-smoking is spreading at a frightful rate in China. Four hundred thousand persons, it is calculated, fall victims to it annually. Nor is it impoverishing the country in men only. It is draining it also of money. Every pound of imported opium costs £1, and during recent years some seven or eight million sterling have been paid annually for imported opium alone. An anti-opium Society in Canton, composed of *heathens*, made an appeal lately to the Christians of London, and declared that, “if things continue to go on as they are now doing, it will soon be impossible to save China.” There is something essentially indefensible in our position in this connection. The principles of free-trade do not require that one nation shall have the right to *force* its goods upon another. If India chooses to grow opium, good and well, and it is not to be blamed for seeking markets in which its products may be disposed of to the best advantage. But one revolts against an arrangement which leaves the Government of a particular country no liberty to say whether it will accept the goods or not. And it looks especially ill in a nation like ours insisting on intruding such an article as opium into a heathen land which it is trying to Christianize. The thing would be bad enough if it were a matter of mere private enterprise—if we were insisting only on protecting the merchants of India in finding outlets for their wares; but opium is a government monopoly, the English

* See Dr. Duff’s Life, vol. ii. pages 49, 50.

nation is in a manner itself the trader, and we are thus all responsible, in a very direct way, for thrusting this drug into the hands of those who are destroying themselves by the use of it. The success of missions in China has not been striking. In thirty-seven years the number of converts has increased from three to fifteen thousand. May it not be true what has been said: "Opium has opened the gates of the Empire to Christian Missionaries, but it has closed millions of Chinese hearts to the influence of their preaching.—*Family Miscellany*.

AUTUMN.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground."—LUKE xiii. 7.

AUTUMN tints come in their season,
Spring for summer maketh room,
Fruits and grain securely garnered,
Tell that winter cometh soon.

Smiling spring with vernal showers,
Sunshine bright and blossoms fair,
Promiseth that harvest hours
Shall in autumn crown the year.

Manhood hath its spring, its summer,
Autumn sere and winter-time;
Happy they who wisely garner
Health and strength in manhood's prime.

Oft among luxuriant foliage
Stands a withered, blighted tree,
Leafless branchlets, trunk all barkèd,
Cumberer of the ground to be!

He who owns the fair plantation,
Giveth words that seal its doom—
"Cut it down, why should it cumber
Space where vigorous life might bloom?"

So, amid earth's human garden,
Oft a blighted one is found;
Leaflets in its spring-tide promised
Fruit in autumn would abound.

Like the dew of early morning,
Leaves and blossoms passed away;
Barren left, the scene deforming,
Cumberer of the ground to stay!

Mighty Dresser of Thy vineyard,
Prune and tend the barren tree!
'Neath Thy wise, Thy blessed culture,
It may yet bear fruit to Thee.

HARRIETTE A. NOEL-THATCHER.



J. Hewitt.

President of the South Australian Conference
1879

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THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

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IS IT TRUE?

URS is indeed an age of speculation, of doubt, of tumult and distraction in creed and formula, and a subtle spirit of atheistic darkness is abroad which threatens to spread a terrible leaven of ungodliness amongst the people. The names of Huxley and Tyndall, Spencer and Arnold, will be sufficient to remind our readers of that agnostic school of thought now doing its best to blot out religious faith, thus sapping the very foundations of man's moral dignity and power. Of the various heresies possessing the minds of modern thinkers, surely that which derides the authenticity of the Bible is the most fearful in its ultimate bearing upon all that is holy and pure in human aspiration. If the Word of God were not really so, but only a collection of ancient fables—though it were admittedly the repository as well of sound moral instruction—we can see no ray of hope for the future of the race, nor can any purpose be discovered in its first creation. The belief in this Book as a Divine revelation of the spiritual realities of the universe, in addition to its being the only sure guide given to teach us the will of our Maker, and His gracious purposes, is essential to any faith in the immortality of the soul; resting also at the root of all reasonable philosophy regarding our present state. On every side, clever but shallow reasoners ask with a sneer, "Is the Bible true?" and we cannot do better than answer, by one distinct argument, this momentous question at the close of the present volume.

First, we should remark, as an important consideration in connection with the subject, that the verity of the Scriptures does not

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depend upon the accuracy of isolated passages, or words, or phrases; but is a grand permeating principle answering to the responsive touch of our consciences; demonstrable also from the ethereal nature of its promises, and its applicability in all ways to every-day circumstance, trial, and sorrow. Believing, as we fully do, in the inspiration of the Bible, we yet cannot bring ourselves to think that the Almighty, when teaching through such a medium as perishable languages ideas of the transcendent power and vitality of faith, hope, charity, needed to be fettered by the choice or accuracy of expression, or the exact literalities which some zealots so anxiously contend for. We mean to say that the great catholic truths of our Christian faith are not of a nature to be hidden by a misplaced word here and there, or even a corruption in the text, which might be due to human error in translation. We are persuaded that if the Bible rested on the narrow foundation of exactitude to the last degree, we could not hope to maintain it in its pristine purity. But such is not the case, and it would be easy to prove, by reference to well-known historic facts, that it is impossible to contend for a literal, verbal inspiration of its pages.* Such an idea is degrading to the majesty of Him who delivered it first into the hands of mankind, secure of vitality not on account of infallibility in *letter*, but on account of its unerring truthfulness in *spirit* to Divine will. What we contend, then, is, that the spirit and essence of all that is necessary have remained untouched, unpolluted by contact with earthly channels. No mutilation has affected any important doctrine; no corruption has clouded or dimmed the "Shekinah" of its glorious pages!

Surely, when we come to consider these variations and perplexities, made so much of by those who cavil at God's Word, they only serve to demonstrate the vigour which all spiritual truth has to survive all the changes that have taken place. The very fact that a volume should pass through so many ages of human experience, translated by many writers, and yet suffer so little loss from the original, as we know the Bible to have done, is the most stringent argument that we can urge on behalf of its heavenly authorship. Yet, observe that it would have needed a series of miracles, such as we have no reason to expect, to have kept the manuscripts of the Bible free from *all* taint of human error. Then, again, the sublime purpose of its existence was not so much narrative, or even instructive in such matters as mankind were able to discover unaided by supernatural

*NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our readers will remember that Dr. Cooke, and a large number of authorities, contend that inspiration applies "*to every sentence where truth is taught, and when God is represented as speaking to man, or where an inspired writer is speaking in God's name.*"

power ; as it was the instilling of religious knowledge from a sphere utterly beyond his reach, and foreign to his depraved nature. We should never forget these facts when hearing superficial talkers denouncing the Bible, because of its defective or mystical language in regard to scientific information. This Book was designed as a *spiritual guide*; and that holy office it fills with a persuasion, a vigour, and a pathos known in no other book under the sun !

Is it true ? we ask. Is this Bible, which the burning hatred of centuries, and the fiery criticisms of the greatest intellects have alike failed to prove an imposture, to be for the future what it has been for the far-away past centuries that have swept over our earth—the sheet anchor of human hope—the only sure light to show the path from this world to a better ? Or are we to become so clever, so learned in the laws of Nature, so self-confident of our grasp of the unseen as well as the visible, that the future will see our race scorning its help or enlightenment ? Are we to ground our faith upon the misty theories of scientific savans—men, who, by their own confessions, cannot agree together upon one point in the scientific gospel ? Shall we lie down in the last solemn repose of life with mind at peace, believing in the doctrine of the annihilationist, or the cruel mockery of the atheists' future ? Surely there can be but one response to questions such as these ; surely this matchless record will yet hold its own, and when the fire has done its worst, come forth with a brighter radiance than ever it possessed ! When human hearts are bereft of feeling—when there are no such ideas as those of pity, tenderness, aspirations after a better life—then, and not till then, can we substitute for the Bible the empty, cruel philosophy of those who repudiate its genuineness as a manifest absurdity. When our fallen natures have no further need for a refreshing, elevating agency to lift them away from the earthly towards the heavenly—that unseen land, in which our dear ones are already safe—then, and then only, can we afford to cast away this precious gift of God ; for

“ What is the world—a wildering maze
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare.

All broad and winding, and aslope :
All tempting with perfidious hope ;
All ending in despair.

“ Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night.

One humble path that never bends
Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends,
From darkness into light.

“ Is there a Guide to shew that path ?
The Bible ; he alone who hath
The Bible need not stray :
Yet he who hath and will not give
That Heavenly Guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way ! ”

This treasure—more priceless than rubies to lost and ruined children of Adam—is thronged with the thoughts of all that is purest, best, and noblest in every lifetime. Its truthfulness, its sweetness, its beauty are beyond the need of any exordium from us, and they will live for aye, their Divine image unchanged. We are certain that no subtlety of human or devilish power can effect the destruction of that which breathes in our souls the very words of our Father above; nor can any amount of learning or casuistry shake its power over the lives of men and women throughout all time. Let us rest in the assured hope that, although the period we are now in is a period of doubt, yet before long there shall follow an enduring faith which shall rivet the hold of the Bible once for all upon human souls. Let us not dread the winnowing process, for we shall lose nothing that is valuable; only the dross of man's imperfect conceptions shall be purged away; the thoughts of our Maker will live for ever in its pages. We can prove the truth of this dear old Book by one thing most surely—and this in the teeth of all scientific squabbles as to the text—viz., that no other account explains so aptly the purpose and design of God's universe of mind and matter; for so realistic a teacher, to which the inner voice of conscience responds “Amen!” must be the only true one. Fable or truth, this much we know, that the holiest instincts we possess, the purest desires that well up in mute adoration of a Holy Being, find in the Bible their best stimulant and most hopeful encouragement.

Is the Bible true? O reader, if you doubt it, ask the aged, weary pilgrim who has descended the vale of years, and holds it in his dying grasp! Ask the soldier, on the battle-field, who, heedless of his flowing wounds, feebly seeks to scan its words of comfort and hope when the lamp of life is fast going out into darkness! Ask the wanderers in many an unknown region, who, by merest accident, have heard once again the grand phrases which last echoed with solemn emphasis from a mother's lips! Ask those who, through the dark trials that have wrecked their earthly hopes, yet cling the closer to this Rock of Ages, treasuring its sweet tenderness as the healing touch of a Father's hand upon their torn and broken hearts. Do you still doubt, and say that these are but illustrative of the madness of fanaticism, the ravings of unhealthy

sentimentalism? Then revert to the dusty ages that chronicle in words of fire the torment, the agony, the self-denial, the death endured by thousands, who passed out of the world with the sublime assurance of those who knew not a tremor of doubt as to the truth of the Scriptures! Life, with all its fascination, was gladly laid down for the sake of this Book: torture and sorrow the most terrible, were counted naught in the balance against the testimony in favour of its Divine authorship. No! there is no power in heaven or earth, no instrument that we can lay our hands upon, which has such mighty energy and influence as the Word of God; it is the only true friend of humanity which never deserts him in his lost and ruined condition. Years of crime and depravity will not efface from human nature the love once kindled in early years for the precepts it teaches, the beautiful poetry which it breathes. In life it is our best guide, comforter, and teacher; in death, our only solace. We are not as orphans, left crying in the darkness of an unknown future; but as children who can, by means of the Bible, hold our Father's hands and feel that we are safe—safe for evermore! Ah! reader; may it never become to us a dead letter, a sealed volume, a neglected and forgotten friend! As we trust to realise the magnificent imagery which it reveals to our astonished gaze; as we hope to meet our loved ones in the land where there “is no night;” so may we ever hold it precious as the most blessed gift of God!

E. J. S. C.

GLANCES ABROAD.

A DAY AT NAPLES AND POMPEII.

NAPLES has been called the “garden of the world,” and it has been said that one might “see Naples and die.” Beyond dispute it is a pretty place; its gardens are beautiful, many of its buildings strikingly handsome, while the profusion of its works of art is overpowering; there is, in fact, too much sculpture, and one gets quite tired of beholding it. Whether we look at the graceful curve of its calm, placid bay, the undulating woody back ground of rich scenery, or sit in Public Gardens listening to the swelling harmony of sweet music that rides on the balmy zephyrs that play among the graceful foliage, or keep time with the cool splashing fountains whose waters dance in the sunlight; it is still the same verdict:—Naples is beautiful, yet one can easily survive such scenes. I discovered nothing that was so particularly striking after all. Many of the streets are

fairly wide, and there is a great business aspect in the principal thoroughfares; the tramways, cabs and omnibuses rush on their never ceasing journeys, and people of all nationalities pass in unceasing throngs to and fro. The Museum is a fine building, and is simply filled with magnificent works of art. The department containing relics of Pompeii is absorbingly interesting; there are loaves of bread taken from the ovens and have the maker's name stamped upon them, fish-hooks, brass taps for water service, similar to those we use at the present day, *iron-bedsteads*, money-safes, that must have been immensely strong in their day, tea, coffee, seeds, walnuts, plums, calico, and an immense number of written documents, all charred by the heat, of course, but still much of the writing discernible, though it is nearly two thousand years ago that the city was destroyed. There is also a capital model in cork of Pompeii as it now appears. Having spent some two hours in this beautiful Museum, I turned my steps towards a church called San-Severas, situated down a narrow, dirty street. It was an unpretending, badly kept place, and very dirty; a knock of the cabman's brought a shabby keeper or priest to the door, and I passed in to see three of the finest pieces of sculpture in the world.

The first piece is just inside the doors, and is a representation of the dead Christ in repose on a couch and covered with a sheet, the whole being carved out of one solid block of marble. The outline of the figure beneath the sheet is simply perfection; every curve of the body, the veins and the nails of the hands and feet are all clearly shewn, the imprint of the nails driven through the centre of the hands and feet is painfully correct and natural. The more one looks at this masterpiece of art the more are we impressed with its awful grandeur. The two other works of note stand one on either side of the altar, one representing a man struggling within the folds of a net, which is meant to illustrate the fight against sin; while the other is the figure of a woman draped in the folds of a sheet and holding a garland of flowers, the ends of which are grasped through the folds of the drapery. This last artistic effort is said to illustrate modesty, and I have heard that a million francs have been recently offered but refused for this intensely beautiful figure. The second figure struck me as being the most inspired, as there is such an infusion of life invested in the strong limbs that are grappling manfully with the clinging cords of the net he is striving to get clear from. The net itself has taken the dust more than the smooth surface of the man, and so looks as if made of different materials. In fact, it has the appearance of being a real net thrown over the marble figure of the man, and it is only on a close inspection that one perceives that it is really one solid piece of marble.

A short drive in a tram-car, with the sides open for ventilation and the seats arranged in rows, so that all passengers face the horses, or a very cheap ride in a cab, brings us to the railway-station, where we take tickets for Partici. The station is filled with people wearing uniforms. Such another country as this does not exist, I should say, for varied and innumerable uniforms. The police are simply gorgeous in cocked hats, *a la* Nelson, and long swords; while tinkers, sweepers, cleaners, touts, porters, all rejoice in uniforms. In fact, uniforms are, like sculpture, rather overdone here. Well, we find the right carriage and travel slowly away from beautiful Naples. As the train rumbles along, my thoughts are occupied with the city behind me, and my eyes with the towering, smoking Mount Vesuvius ahead. I had seen much that afforded food for pleasant contemplation, but there had also been forced upon my notice that which was fair but false, and diabolically wicked; my feelings had been grossly insulted by the unblushing sin of the modern Babylon I had just escaped from. Vanity Fair, in all its glaring tinsel, is not far from Naples, be assured. I remember when a youth taking Milton's grand poem in my hand to read, and, boy-like, I sought out the illustrations first, a list of which was given at the beginning of the book. One illustration was described as "Sin staying the combat between Satan and Death." I immediately commenced turning over the leaves for this picture, and as I did so my fancy was much exercised as to the ugliness of the figure that would represent Sin. What was my surprise and utter amazement to find the grim monster Death and the fierce arch-traitor Satan depicted as being kept from wrestling with each other by the intervention of a most exquisitely enchanting figure that, with airy grace and perfect form, stood between them. "*That Sin!*" I mentally exclaimed, "Sin so beautiful as that!"

I closed the book. A new light dawned upon my young mind, and for days that picture was vividly before me. I learned a lesson from that illustration that life has only proved to be too sadly true. Yes, sin is beautiful, but it is but the bloom of Dead Sea fruit that crumbles in bitter ashes on the lips. It is thus with Naples; which is fair and beautiful to look upon, but morally foul and abhorrent, and seemingly has not learned the lesson of the buried cities around her, though the pent-up fires of Vesuvius are ever issuing their monitory warnings. But here we are, the slow, jog-along train has reached Portici at last. This town is situated beautifully at the head of the Bay, and contains some 12,000 inhabitants, and almost joins the town of Resina that is built upon the volcanic lava that covers Herculaneum, of which more anon. Right before us rises old Vesuvius, sending out fitful jets of smoke and steam. As we

are provided with stout boots and good sticks, we take the mountain on our way to Pompeii. The height of Vesuvius varies considerably according to its state of activity. It is now about 4,100 feet above the sea, of course it is much further than this to climb because of the inclination of its sides. Its base is about thirty miles round. It is open on the West to the plain of Naples. On the South it is washed by the sea, while to the North and East it is surrounded by the Appennines. From certain physical phenomena observable during seismological disturbances, some have considered the eruptive forces of Vesuvius to be in subterraneous connection with those of Mount Etna in Sicily. However, let us away on our journey. The first hour or two's work is up a gentle incline along a zig-zag road and through a most luxuriant country, vineyards, olive groves, and all kinds of luscious fruits, and a great variety of vegetables, are seen in rich profusion on every hand; while the view of the Bay and the adjacent country is superb. The lower slopes of the mountain are particularly fertile, often producing three crops a year, without any preparation of the soil beside digging, and notwithstanding the destructive eruptions the slopes and valleys of Vesuvius are enabled to support some 80,000 inhabitants, while the same amount of surface of the adjacent country could not support a tenth of the number. But here we are at what is called the first plain. It is some fifteen miles in circumference, and about half-a-mile above the sea. Now comes the tough part of the climbing, for we have to ascend what is termed the cone proper. This part of the journey can now be performed in a *railway carriage*, for the Mount Vesuvius railway is *un fait accompli*. A good description of this railway up the steep cone was given in the *Graphic* of June 5th and 19th last. A stationary engine is fixed on the first plain, and by means of a wire rope, assisted by the descending carriage, draws the ascending one up to within a short distance of the crater. The walk up the cone is hard work over rough slag and dreary lava streams that make one shudder at the deathlike desolation that now meets the eye; as we toil up we get a good view of the different streams of lava that strike out in every direction, and which are all terrible mementos of some dire eruption. It is not cheering by any means, this frightful looking sterility; nor is it nice, sinking to the knees in warm ashes. As we draw near to the crater, we can hear the roar of the now almost slumbering volcano, as it ever and anon sends up a shower of stones and volumes of sulphur fumes. Arrived at the crater proper, we find it covered with fissures, from many of which are issuing strong sulphur fumes; the whole surface of the crater being covered with powdered sulphur. At the top, we find a peasant selling eggs, &c., and it is quite the thing to buy

some eggs and cook them in one of the fissures aforesaid. In the centre of the large crater rises another and final cone, that rises above 100 feet. This small cone is found in comparatively quiet times like the present, and is made up by the shower of stones that are thrown out during such periods. If a great eruption takes place, this small cone would itself be hurled over the mountain-side, and washed away in the river of fire over the devoted fields and villages below. If there is no wind, it is hardly safe to climb the small cone; as the stones that are driven upward to some hundred feet clear of the topmost peaks come tumbling down in every direction. But should the wind be strong, then you can get up the weather side and climb away until the steam and smoke compel you to cry—enough! We now fill our pockets with some specimens of volcanic minerals, of which there are some forty different kinds to be found here, and commence our descent, with our faces toward Pompeii. Coming down, however, is not easy work by any means; and one is glad enough to find the fertile level again. Arrived at Resina, we took train for the remaining distance, and were soon after delivering up our tickets, within a few yards of the entrance to the long-buried city. Having each paid two francs, we are accompanied by a voluble Italian guide *in uniform*, and, with him, at once enter the city by the Marine or Sea Gate. And now, before I proceed with my description of this resuscitated city, a few sentences of historical matter may not be out of place.

Pompeii is supposed to have been founded by the Oscans; and it has been suggested that its name probably meant storehouses. It was occupied by the Etruscans and Samnites, and finally fell to the Romans, who allowed it the privilege, as was the case with Herculaneum, of being governed by its own laws. In the year 55, Nero made it into a Roman colony. The city was built upon a rising eminence close to the sea, the rapid declivity leading from the sea-gate proving this. The sea is now, however, a quarter of a mile distant from this entrance. Its shape was nearly an oval; from W. to E. three quarters of a mile; and from S. to N. about half a mile. There was a strong wall, made of lava rock, around the city, except on the side open to the sea. The wall had an outer and inner parapet, and there was room for chariots to drive two abreast on the top. In the year 63, there occurred a very destructive earthquake, that made breeches in the walls, threw down many of the buildings, and so alarmed the inhabitants that most of them forsook the city and for some time did not return. Gradually the city filled with people again, and public edifices and private buildings were hastily and imperfectly repaired; when, in the following year, 64, another earthquake happened, which completely

shattered the city; columns were forced out of line, floors thrown out of level, and most of the houses were thrown down. The inhabitants appear to have lost heart, and to have delayed for some years any systematic attempt at a thorough repair of the place. Doubtless, the commercial importance of the city induced the people to cling to the old site, and some fifteen years' immunity from earthquakes gave them courage to set about a restoration of the public edifices; for there are evident signs that the architect and builder were fully employed when the great and terrible eruption of Vesuvius occurred on the 24th August, 79, which completely blotted out from the light of Heaven the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

What a terrible night for the doomed city! First, a shower of hot ashes; then mud, hot water, and, finally, small pumice stones and scoria. The tops of the houses, being wood and flat, were immediately set on fire; while the molten lead from the caves and water pipes would be sent running down the streets. What shrieks of despair, what a terrible darkness of blackness, what a frightful sequel to the unhallowed scenes just before enacted in the great amphitheatre hard by! To obtain some idea of the nature of this awful judgment, one should read the "Last Days of Pompeii."

The younger Pliny, the historian, also gives a lucid account of the eruption; his uncle, Pliny the elder—as he is called—having been destroyed himself in endeavouring to save some friends in a boat. Extracts from this letter, by the younger Pliny, are given in Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors."

(To be continued.)

G. T. C.

TALKS ON TEMPERANCE.

NO. V.—THE WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL.

TOTAL abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as the true and effectual remedy for intemperance and its evils, is not one of the inventions and innovations of the nineteenth century as some have supposed: the principle has a most venerable antiquity, and it comes to us bearing the sanction of Infinite Wisdom; for in the oldest book in the world—the Sacred Scriptures—we have frequent allusions to it. For forty years the host of the Israelites had water as their only beverage; the Nazarenes were a society of religious abstainers, acting under Divine command; the priests were forbidden the use of wine, or strong drink, while engaged in their holy service, and any departure from this was to be visited with the penalty of death. Samson, "strong

beyond compare," Samuel, first of the holy prophets, Daniel, the hero of Babylon, and John the Baptist, more than a prophet, were all abstainers. And in the writings of some of the "world's gray fathers," fragments only of which have come down to us, we find abstinence commended and enjoined. The fact is that the evils of intemperance have been felt in every age, in every clime, and among the professors of every creed; "the malady has penetrated equally the hut, the mansion, and the palace, the wigwam of the savage, the tent of the Tartar, and the home of the European, and desecrated, and defiled, equally, the tabernacles of Judaism, the pagodas of Paganism, and the shrines of Christendom." There has existed a stern and sad necessity for battling against the evil.

The modern crusade against alcohol began about fifty years ago, and the present year is regarded by many as the Jubilee of the Temperance Reformation, although, perhaps, it is scarcely accurate to do so. Let us endeavour, briefly, to trace the origin and growth of what is now a mighty movement, let us watch the commencement and continuance of the revolt against the enslavement and tyranny of drunkenness.

To the United States of America belong the honour of originating the first systematic and organized plan for the suppression of Intemperance. Good and thoughtful men began slowly to awaken to a realisation of the enormity of the evils flowing from the use of intoxicants; their hearts were stirred within them, and they began to speak out upon the matter. As far back as the year 1737 Benjamin Lay, an eccentric but earnest tailor, published a pamphlet denouncing rum as a thing tending "to destroy the people and ruin the country"; forty-one years later a tract of twelve pages appeared in Philadelphia, entitled, "Remarks on the nature and bad effects of spirituous liquors, collected by Anthony Benezet." The mantle of this pious man descended upon that good physician and patriot, Dr. Benjamin Rush, who has been called the "Morning Star" of the Temperance Reformation. Numerous sermons against intemperance began now to be preached and published, many persons were aroused who, subsequently, formed themselves into societies. It is believed that the year 1789 is marked by the formation of the *first* Temperance Society of modern times. A newspaper notices the fact in these words: "Upwards of 200 of the most respectable farmers, of the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, have formed an association to discourage the use of spirituous liquors, and have determined not to use any kind of distilled liquors in doing their farming work the ensuing season." The Societies, afterwards formed, met with great success; for a while the enthusiasm extended far and wide; thousands of drunkards were reclaimed;

the intelligence crossed the Atlantic and aroused the interest and attention of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

In our own country, at the outset, the temperance movement was directed against the use of ardent spirits only, indulgence in wine and malt liquors being allowed: the British and Foreign Temperance Society was formed, having the king for its patron, and bishops, lords, and admirals for its presidents. Such a movement was soon found to be defective and altogether inadequate; but little good was effected, and men almost at once perceived that Alcohol was the real agent of mischief, and that the pledge must be extended to all liquors containing this poison, no matter what name they bore. Men were led to the true and scientific standpoint of abstinence from *all* alcoholic liquors, and the early teetotalers began a movement which in a few years extinguished the above-named society.

Ireland took the lead in the total abstinence movement. In 1817, Jeffery Sedwards, a nailer, of Skibbereen, Co. Cork, became an abstainer. He induced Denis Mara, carpenter, and James White, nailer, and nine other persons to join him; several of whom had been heavy drinkers. These twelve men, apostles of a noble movement, formed an Abstinence Society, to be governed by written rules, and to meet monthly. As many as 500 members of this society have been known to walk in procession. In 1824 the members built a meeting-house for themselves: the first temperance hall in the world. It was 50 feet long by 20 feet wide, and 16 feet high; and was completed in eight days. The following is a copy of their pledge:—"No person can take malt or spirituous liquors, or distilled waters, or anything inebriating, except prescribed by a priest or doctor." The abstinence cause progressed in Ireland, and in 1838, W. Martin, a simple, earnest Quaker, succeeded in persuading "Father Mathew" to administer the pledge; and under his influence and advocacy the movement spread with amazing rapidity, and millions became abstainers.

In our own country, men in various places were beginning to see, with increasing clearness, that there must be abstinence from every kind of fermented liquor. Who was the first person publicly to advocate this principle is not known. A friendly controversy has lately been carried on in relation to this point; and it is probable that the honour belongs to W. Collins, of Glasgow. The 23rd of August, 1832, is memorable, on account of a full abstinence pledge drawn out, and signed by Joseph Livesey, who is still living, and John King. In September a similar pledge was subscribed by Joseph Livesey, John King, and five others; the seven famous men of Preston. Others speedily united with them, and thus began,

with men of humble rank, a movement which has been fraught with incalculable benefit to multitudes of people. The early advocates of total abstinence could not boast of wealth, or of the patronage of the great, or of high social status, or of superior intellectual training; but they had clear perceptions of truth, their hearts burned with enthusiasm, a splendid courage fired them, many of them possessed brilliant powers of oratory, and through their efforts thousands of drunkards were reclaimed. Most of them have passed into the other world with honours thick upon them.

The cause of total abstinence was bitterly assailed at the first both by men of the church and the world. The principle of teetotalism was denounced as being "infidel" and "satanic," and documents were issued, entitled, "Teetotalism, unscriptural and injurious." The early advocates met with rough treatment in many places, and people thought them mad; and such was the ignorance then prevailing, that when some were influenced to sign the pledge they doubted whether they should survive the taking such a step. One, who had been persuaded upon patriotic principles to take the pledge, afterwards said, "When I took it, a violent perspiration burst out all over me, for fear it would be my death." He lived, however, to the ripe age of 84. Passion and prejudice were against the movement; men of wealth and of science were in opposition; the most powerful sections of the Christian Church were hostile; yet, notwithstanding this, the cause has made sure, steady, and brilliant progress. It has outlived the age of ridicule and persecution; it has fought and triumphed on the field of argument; and its banners to-day are being borne onward to victory. Instead of prejudice, we have patronage; the voice of contempt is changed into one of commendation. At the outset, *seven* was the number of pledged abstainers; now they are to be counted by *millions*, and include members of every section of society. We have not only the peasant and the artisan, but the peer; not only the lowly, but the great; not only the town missionary or village preacher, but the episcopal prelate.

The age of indifference is past, and there is among the people a wide-spread conviction that the evils of intemperance can and must be removed: the churches, so long apathetic, are now aroused to earnest work; men of commanding position in the scientific world are enforcing the wisdom and necessity of abstinence, and over 500 medical men are abstainers; various powerful organizations are at work educating public opinion, and arousing it for the entire overthrow of the liquor traffic, the most influential being the United Kingdom Alliance, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Lawson; and the British House of Commons, which is generally the

last place to feel the power of a reform movement, acknowledges the power of the Temperance party, and admits that the question of popular control has come within the range of practical politics.

The present position of the Temperance movement is most healthy and encouraging ; not only is the great curse of drunkenness deplored, but the era of confused perception as to the cause of this evil and as to the method of dealing with it has passed away, and men now see clearly how to deal effectively with the malady. Total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State, is now our watchword. We must totally abstain in order to be totally free from the injurious effects of intoxicants, and the law must remove the fatal and ruinous traffic which it now legalises and protects.

The Temperance Army has not only marshalled its forces and taken up a position which is impregnable, but it has carried the war into the camp of the enemy and has won numerous victories. In Scotland one day in seven—the sacred Sabbath—has been wrested from the curse of the traffic ; unhappy Ireland has recently won a similar boon, and, since the operation of the Sunday Closing Act, there has been a diminution of 12,000 in the number of arrests for drunkenness ; England and Wales demand the same blessing, and the present Parliament is prepared to grant their request. In all probability Wales next and England last of all will soon cease to have their Sabbaths polluted by the open sale of intoxicants. The recent passing of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Local Option resolution is one of our greatest triumphs, and Mr. Gladstone's Government are now pledged to bring in a measure giving the people power in this matter which so vitally affects them. The character of the forthcoming measure will be determined by the spirit manifested by temperance reformers.

“ There is a time in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

The tide has risen ; if united and courageous the fortune may be possessed.

But in our moments of elation we must not forget that the power and wealth of the Liquor Traffic are very vast ; if this system so fraught with evil is to be overthrown, not only must the force already in the field fight with unflinching courage, but their ranks must be largely recruited and the reserves must hurry up to the front. The opposing forces are now in battle array ; the blast of this holy war blows in our ears ; the issues at stake are most momentous. How long shall it be ere from Caithness to Cornwall the shout of victory shall be heard ? how long shall it be ere the multitudes of our drink-enslaved people shall be free from their

accursed and despicable bondage? The answer undoubtedly lies with the Christian people of this country. The Churches can speak the doom of the liquor traffic. Who among us have their lips sealed with silence?

J. LUKE.

HOW MR. WEST FOUND PEACE.*

THE farmer, in whose barn the meetings were held, was deeply affected by these revival scenes; particularly the woman's shriek and Old Prowse's conversion, and came by day to Walter as an anxious inquirer. He was an intelligent man, about thirty years of age, with an interesting young family. The light of grace was not accorded to him as readily as appeared in some other cases. He carried his burden many days. His anxiety made his countenance sad. He bordered on despair. He had supposed conversion inseparable from the bodily excitement sometimes accompanying it, which he waited in vain to experience.

One Saturday night Mr. Manning paid a visit to him, and the following conversation took place:—"So you cannot believe?" "No." "Oh! Well, and why should not *you* be saved?" "Too great a sinner, I suppose." "No; for

' Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
THEY ALL MAY BE FORGIVEN! ' "

"Oh, Mr. Manning, I am sure I would do anything for the Lord, if He would only speak peace to my troubled soul!" Said Walter, "Now, Mr. West, look here; I know you want a sign. But it strikes me you will not have any. You have had advantages. You know the Holy Scriptures, and you must BELIEVE GOD. He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Why look for signs? Gideon was called of God, and that by a vision; yet he required a sign. But 'Abraham believed God.' And Abraham it is, not Gideon, that is the 'Father of the faithful.' I know that you believe the Bible, and in heaven and hell, and that you are a sinner. And 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Now, you 'do confess. And He doth forgive. Believe that.' I say, believe that 'Whosoever *believeth on Him* hath everlasting life.' Not whosoever seeth a sign."

*From *Miller Manning*, a little work now in the press, for which we predict wide popularity and great usefulness.

"It appears to me, then," said the seeker, "that all I have to do is to believe, and, of course, strive to live the life." "Strive to live the life?" said Walter; "strive to live the life? No, never mind the LIFE! The LIFE will live itself, when it is once there. Strive to live the life, indeed! No, never you mind that. An unborn babe troubling about living the life! Is it not enough to struggle *into* life? Believe, I say, 'He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he LIVE.' Do sheep *strive* to be sheep? Hath not God made them sheep? And everything they gather in the fields they turn into sheep, because they be sheep. Believe, and be a sheep. It is all by BELIEVING!"

The farmer's eyes were beaming, and his face glowing, while Walter talked; and the latter continued:—"I know you love Jesus. And to love Him is ten million times better sign than a voice, or a 'flash,' or a 'dart;' or thunderings, and lightnings, and earthquakes. 'The carnal mind is enmity against God.' You are not at enmity. You love Him. And so you can't be carnal; and if not carnal, you must be spiritual. You must be changed; for you did not always love Him, and now you do." "It seems," said the young farmer, "that I might have believed before." They went on their knees, and both got a "Baptism;" and ever after that, Mr. West enjoyed the "peace of God which passeth understanding."

Connexional Department.

MRS. MARY ELIZA WARD.

"HER sun went down while it was yet day," may be truly said of this much-beloved sister in the Lord. In the midst of high and holy pursuits, of domestic and religious enjoyment, and of useful service in the church, she has suddenly been called away.

Mrs. WARD, the daughter of William and Rebekah Warren, was born at Coombe-in-teign-head, Devon, November 1st, 1848. She was favoured with religious training in childhood, and in after years showed the good fruit thereof. At the age of twelve she left her parents' home to reside in Torquay, where, in our old chapel, at a Sabbath evening service, conducted by Bro. S. L. Thorne, she gave her heart to God, and became soundly converted. At that time she was about fourteen years old. Within two or three weeks afterward, she, in the most touching manner, related her experience at a Lovefeast. And from that period to the end of her life she continued a steadfast follower of Jesus.

At the age of sixteen, during a brief residence in Somersetshire,

it became manifest that she was suffering from an affection of the heart, and, subsequently, on many occasions, she endured severe illness from that cause.

On arriving at the age of seventeen she removed with the family of Mr. Daw, of Ealing, to London. Our Denomination having no place of worship sufficiently near, she attended Wesleyan services for some time.

In the year 1870, our sister was united in marriage to Mr. William Eli Ward, of Notting Hill, and for nearly ten years they lived most happily together. Though living in the fear of God, they did not immediately join any religious society; but being at length favourably situated for uniting with the Primitive Methodists, they became members of that body.

In 1875, Mr. Ward discovered that the Bible Christians had obtained a chapel at Kilburn, and on reporting that fact to his wife she at once decided to attend it, and determined to be numbered with her own people. On the arrival of a minister, after the Conference of 1875, a society, consisting of thirteen members, was formed, Mr. and Mrs. Ward being two of the number. From that day Mrs. Ward remained a most earnest and interested member of the church, and a self-denying and faithful friend of the cause. In every department of the work she took a lively part, and rejoiced exceedingly in every step taken to advance its prosperity. In order to contribute liberally in aid of the building fund of the new chapel, she imposed no little self-denial upon herself, and made most energetic efforts to present a good sum on the occasion of laying memorial stones, and at the opening services.

At various periods Mrs. Ward endured heavy affliction, which brought her, apparently, to the gates of death; but those seasons afforded her opportunity to test the sustaining power of God's grace, and to testify to her friends that her religion brought support in sickness and disarmed death of its terrors. Once she was found prostrate and insensible in the street.

On Sunday, August 8th, Mrs. Ward attended the chapel as usual both morning and evening, of which, writing to her brother on the following morning, she said: "We had such a delightful time on Sunday; truly we spent a day with the Lord." After the evening service a few friends met at her house and sang and prayed together. While singing: "Will you meet me at the fountain?" "Good night—I'm going home," and other hymns, she seemed overpowered with joy.

On Monday, August 9th, she wrote letters to her friends, and appeared to be unconsciously setting her "house in order" for the great departure, being very cheerful, and just then possessing un-

wanted strength. In the evening she attended the prayer meeting and prayed most fervently. Amongst many other touching expressions she repeated the following lines :—

“ I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,” &c.,

and then continued in a strain of joyful utterance, as if ascending straight to heaven's gate, those around her in the meeting bearing her company. It was a truly triumphant hour. Returning home, she evinced a rapturous experience, saluted her husband most affectionately, and spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Lumley, who reside in the same house, in a manner indicating that her soul was full of God. At ten o'clock Mr. Ward left the room for a few moments, but almost immediately heard a sound as if called by his wife, and he hastened back to find that she had fallen to the floor, and that her spirit had fled away. Thus the crisis that had been looked for more than once during preceding years now came suddenly and unexpectedly.

During many months previous to this event Mrs. Ward had been living daily prepared for the change. She had written her mother stating that her life was scarcely like an existence on the earth, and had told her other friends that she anticipated a sudden decease whenever the end should come.

In this one follower of Christ Jesus we have seen the dutiful child, the trusty servant, the faithful wife, and the devoted member of the Church of Christ; one highly prized in every relationship. During our acquaintance with her she has many times given public testimony to the power of saving grace; and the pleading tones of her public prayers will not soon be forgotten by those who have been privileged to hear them. It is also well known that with great earnestness she practised private devotion; and her spiritual enjoyments were sometimes of overwhelming measure. On one occasion, not long before her death, her greatly beloved neighbour, Mrs. Lumley, heard her shouting the praises of God in her room, and, joining her in adoration, they magnified the Lord together. When afterwards relating this circumstance to me, Mrs. Ward added, “ I was praying for you when the blessing came upon me.” Happy the minister who has such friends to pray for him! And blessed are the families and churches in which such examples of piety arise. May such mothers and sisters be multiplied unto us a hundred-fold!

Mrs. Ward leaves behind her both parents, a brother, sisters, husband, and one little son, whom may God preserve and bring unto His heavenly kingdom.

W. LUKE.

ELLEN DOWN.

MY dear sister was born at Lobhill, Devon, in June, 1844. Her parents were strictly moral, and under their influence her early life was moulded into a partially religious character. Early in life she was converted, but subsequently became a backslider. Under the ministry of Brother Seldon, in the Tavistock Circuit, she again experienced the new birth unto righteousness. She continued a "Bible Christian" until her mortal course was run.

During the last three years of her life she was a great sufferer, and so deeply had consumption laid hold of her that neither change of air nor any other remedy arrested the progress of the disease. In the year 1876, she removed from the Tavistock Circuit to London, soon leaving, however, at my request for Millom, Cumberland. After some months of moderate health, she was seized with an alarming illness. We anticipated her remains would soon rest by her brother's in the neighbouring churchyard, for frequently did we despair of her life. All her friends, however, did not thus lose hope. Her leader—whom she greatly loved, and whose services both in sick room and sanctuary she much valued—was wont to say, "She will be raised up again yet, for she cannot well be spared." She was raised up again, and so rapidly regained strength as to be able in a few weeks to leave the fresh—and, to her, too strong—sea breezes of the Cumberland coast, for the more mild climate of her home. This partial restoration I attribute to the power of prayer. Many in our Millom Circuit will yet testify to her disposition to do good in the service of her God. While her health permitted she was on the local preachers' plan. She never wearied in well doing, but obeyed the Divine injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Her reward, in a measure, she had the joy of realizing on earth. She never lacked friendly sympathy when confined to her sick room. Volunteers cheerfully proffered their help during the day, and watched beside her throughout the night. They came behind in no favour. To the honour of many in our Millom Circuit be it said, "They did what they could!"

After several months' retirement and rest she was invited to enter the service of a kind family at Frenchay, Bristol. But an alarming return of the cough and bleeding caused her to return again to her home. Unable to "impose" on the great hospitality of her friends, she entered the service of the pious widow of the late Alfred Rooker, Esq. It was not long, however, before distressing symptoms again returned. But, as though she would conquer her weak nature, her gallant spirit led her after another short rest to

enter the R. B. F. Orphan Asylum, Devonport. In this, her last situation, she won the esteem of those around her.

Another attack, similar to those above referred to, compelled her to retire from busy life. As the wounded bird strives to elude the hunter's grasp, and seeks a quiet nook wherein to hide and die, so did she. The wound was mortal. Disease was too deeply imbedded to be removed. It defied medical skill, and she was compelled to choose her last resort. In her final affliction, as in the earlier ones, we saw the Divine Refiner "still out of seeming ill, educating good." Her long and painful affliction, beside drawing out the latent graces of her Christian character, proved that God had many a friend prepared to minister to her. She had not lived in vain. Her honesty and Christian consistency had won for her the respect of the families in which she had lived. She had "given" to others, and now it was more than repaid her. She lacked no good thing. The Lord watched over His suffering one, and made her glad according to the days wherein He had afflicted her. She sometimes longed to be gone—not because she was suffering too much—but she thought herself a "burden" to those around her. She was "strong in the Lord." By constant waiting upon Him she renewed her strength. She realised the blessed reality of the religion she professed. As the end drew near, it was manifest to all that death was no foe. She could say with Paul, "I know Whom I have believed." She was conscious of her failures, but could testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from *all* sin. The heavenly world seemed very near to her. "I hear the harpers, harping," she exclaimed on the day prior to her departure, and from that time until she had crossed over to the other side the expressions of her lips told of the peaceful state of her heart. Early, while it was yet dark, on the morning of November 8th, 1879, she passed away from earth to be for ever with the Lord. Her last words were to her aunt, who had been to her instead of a mother, only a few minutes ere she departed, "Happy in the Lord! Happy in the Lord!" So an entrance was ministered unto her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of her Lord. On the day of the funeral Brother Parr improved the event from 2 Timothy iv. 7, 8, in the Lamerton Wesleyan Chapel.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Far from temptation and from sin's pollution,
They live, whom we call dead."

W. T. D.

LUKE BARTON.

ABOUT four miles from Yarmouth, I. W., close by the high road which leads to Newport, stands a cottage, the recollections of which will be ever vivid and interesting to many. It is a humble dwelling, curiously constructed, of antique appearance, such as would arrest the attention of the observant passer-by. But not for any of these reasons, or for any curious legend, or incident of a worldly or exciting kind belonging to it, do we claim a place for it in history; but for events more truly noble in their nature, and more important in their issue. Various places are memorable to many people—good people—because of the persons who have resided there, or, because of the interesting visits they have paid to them. This applies to the neat little cottage referred to—so long the humble domicile of Luke Barton—who forms the subject of our sketch, and whose name has been appropriated to the spot, so that it is now commonly known as “Barton’s Corner.” Born March 19th, 1791, our brother was not favoured with Board School education, nor blessed in his early days with a right and practical understanding of Divine truths. The way of salvation he knew not, and often erred, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. In this spiritual darkness and misery he lived for rather more than thirty years, which brings us to a period when the Bible Christian Connexion had been established for about ten years. In those days extraordinary means were resorted to by many of God’s faithful servants for the furtherance of the Gospel. Warmed with holy fire, and zealous to make known their Master’s will, many of Christ’s ambassadors went forth into the lanes and highways to preach His gospel, and there scattered the seed of the Word broadcast, teaching, warning, and exhorting all that would listen. Local and itinerant preachers of the infant Connexion, alike shared the burden and labour connected with open-air preaching. It was thus William Bailey made “Christ for All” known so extensively. Exhibiting the fundamental truths and doctrines of Holy Writ in a plain and forcible way, even by the wayside these bold, earnest, holy men of God, succeeded in instructing and leading to Christ many an ignorant and hardened sinner. Among the number was Brother Barton. The exact time of his conversion is not remembered, but he received his first ticket of membership in the year 1826. Having experienced a thorough change of heart, like a true disciple of Christ he consecrated his all to Him, and joined with others in upholding and extending the Redeemer’s cause. It was a common saying in some places in those days, “Only let the Bible Christians get into the hearts of the people, and they will soon get into their houses.”

Thus was it in the case of Br. Barton. When Christ entered his heart, the way was open for the preaching of Christ's gospel in his house by His servants. His door was thrown open, and the Bible Christians preached in his house—with the exception of one or two short intervals—"Christ for all" to all comers, for about forty-four years, when it was thought advisable to erect a chapel, so as to afford better accommodation to this growing society and congregation. A neat chapel was therefore built in 1869, not far from the preaching-house, and named "Barton's Corner Chapel," and is frequented to-day by a numerous congregation; many of whom are thorough-going, open-hearted Christians. Thus it will be seen, that eternity alone will reveal all the good that has resulted from the conversion of Brother Barton. Many now in heaven, and others on their way, who will by-and-bye join them, will speak to each other of the place and time of their new birth, and the many happy seasons they had together afterwards in Barton's Corner preaching-house. Friend Barton, besides opening his house for preaching, was himself a leader of the singing, a class-leader, and, for some time, a local preacher; and thus rendered no small service to the Denomination, and, thereby, to the cause of Christ. For long did the Lord spare His servant to be a pillar in His church. Not until grandchildren and great grandchildren could gaze upon the grey hairs and wasted form of the veteran, and receive his benediction, did the Lord call him to the rest that remaineth. After having been confined to his bed for over four years, in the 89th year of his age, he gently fell asleep in Christ, March 9th, 1880. I shall not soon forget my few visits to him. It was difficult, sometimes, to say whether visited or visitor was the more blessed by the interview. The shake of the hand was hearty, the feeling manifested intense, and the conversation always of Christ and the things of God. A man in his 89th year, having a long Christian experience, a memory that could recall the past, enjoying full assurance, and able to talk freely on the best things,—who could be long in his presence without receiving some benefit? Brother Barton knew Whom he believed. Not long before he died, when asked by a clergyman whether his sins were forgiven him, "Oh, yes," said he, looking towards his daughter, and mentioning her name, "for the last fifty years, isn't M——?" This reply was so unexpected, and made with such readiness and force as "almost to nonplus his clerical visitor." Brother Barton was always true; always deeply interested in the cause of Christ, in the people who were made instrumental in his conversion, and in the services; and, like a truly Christian parent, he was greatly anxious about the conversion of his family, two of whom went home before him, and others are now

following after. Brother Barton might have had failings, and made mistakes, he would hardly have been human had he not; he also had his troubles; but, notwithstanding his troubles and his weaknesses, he lived long and usefully, and is now reaping a glorious reward. He died, not of any special sickness, but was literally worn by slowly rolling years. His memory was good, and his holy testimony convincing to the last. May all who read these lines imitate Brother Barton in his good deeds, and, better still, be induced to imitate Him who knew no sin, preach Him to all while they live, and cry in death, "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

J. G.

JAMES MILLER,

WAS born in the parish of Tintagel, in the county of Cornwall, in the year 1806. His parents were honest and respectable members of the Methodist church. Four sons and three daughters were committed to their care, and they sought to train them up in the fear of the Lord. Three of the sons became local preachers; James, the subject of this sketch, was one of the three.

He had religious impressions very early in life. In childhood and youth the value of Christian teaching was clearly exemplified in his conduct. Both at the class-meeting and in the pulpit he has, repeatedly, stated that he could not remember the time when he did not live under the influence of the Holy Spirit. And also that the love of Christ was richly shed abroad in his heart at the early age of fifteen years. About this time he attended a Methodist class-meeting, and expressed a wish to be admitted into church fellowship. The leader, and a majority of the members of the class, instead of taking him by the hand, refused to admit him, because of his youth. (O how many youthful hearts have been saddened at such treatment as this from church members.) Having failed in this attempt, the Evil One so used this fact against him, that he yielded to temptation, and, for some years, revelled in the flower beds of Satan, and plucked the thorny roses of iniquity. Evil took the place of good—moral deformity that of uprightness and beauty.

When he was about twenty years of age, the agents of the Bible Christian Connexion first visited the village of Trewarmett. Those agents were men and women of great zeal, and their words were backed by the power of a holy life. In a cottage at the head of the above-mentioned village, they preached the Gospel of Christ with power, and sweetly sang of the love of Christ. James Miller attended those services. Sparks from off the heavenly altar set his heart on fire. He saw himself to be a lost sinner; and, in

penitence, prayer and faith, made application to "The precious blood of Jesus, that cleanseth from all sin." The darkness that had surrounded him for years was dispersed, and he was filled with light and life, hope and joy. When restored to his forfeited peace, Br. Miller evinced the reality of his own conversion in his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others. The bread of life had so filled and satisfied his soul, that he was intensely desirous that others should come to the same source of life and strength. From this time his life was one of continuous Christian toil and usefulness.

In the year 1830, Br. Miller's initials appeared on the Local Preachers' Plan of the Michaelstow (now Camelford) Circuit; and as long as health permitted, he continued his labours as "a preacher of righteousness." In those early days he often walked twenty miles to his appointments on the Sunday, and, after preaching twice, he had to return home the same night. He was not one of those preachers who feared the cloud rising in the distant heavens. The people could depend on his being present when appointed, and they were always ready to welcome him. His sermons were acknowledged to be solid, instructive, and interesting. The works of Wesley, Clarke, Bunting, Benson, Newton, and Watson enriched his library; and he often improved his sermons with quotations from them. Although he held peculiar views on certain doctrines, yet on all those essential to salvation he was perfectly sound. His mission was, more especially, to the church. He constantly endeavoured to "build up believers in their most holy faith." Christian holiness was his favourite topic of discourse.

For about four years prior to his decease, through physical weakness, he was unable to engage in active work. But the holy fire still burned within his breast. At one time he was impressed that he must preach again at Medrose and Trevalga. Br. J. Rush gave up his appointments at those places, Br. Miller went and delivered his last message to the people, taking as a text the words, "God was manifest in the flesh." He often repeated these words during his last illness.

Our brother held the important office of class-leader for many years. In this sphere, it is not too much to say, he excelled. Several who were favoured with his loving counsel have said "Br. Miller was the best class-leader I ever knew." One who met in his class for some time says "None of the members of his class will have any excuse in pleading the unfaithfulness of their leader, for Br. Miller was the most faithful leader that I have ever known." He endeavoured to impress the minds of his flock with the importance of "perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect love."

He also taught that purity of heart was the only qualification for heaven. His questions, put to the members, were pointed and practical. The following are characteristic :—"Are you better to-day than you were last Sunday?" "Are you climbing the holy hill?" "Are you making proficiency in the Divine life?" While he fed the flock of God over which the Holy Ghost made him overseer, he rebuked those who sinned that others might fear. And every member loved him sincerely.

Br. Miller's private life was in beautiful harmony with his preaching and teaching. Although unmarried the altar was erected in his house, and before it he regularly bowed to implore the blessing of God upon himself, the church, and the world. His Christian confidence was strong. Even under the darkest cloud he could say, "I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

The means of grace were of no little importance in his view. The class-meeting, where manifestations of Divine love are recounted; the love-feast, where Christian hearts are knit more firmly together; the prayer-meeting, where earth and heaven hold sweet communion; the public service, where the message of salvation is addressed to trembling souls, he regarded as conducive to a healthy vigorous Christian character. The Bible was his constant and best companion. In that book he beheld eternal truth revealed. In that truth his heart was centred; and upon it he rested his hopes for grace in this life, and for glory in that purer life above.

Br. Miller's house was a home for the ministers for more than twenty years; and he contributed liberally to their support.

For several years after our brother's conversion, the little society at Trewarmett, met in the cottage already referred to. There many a slave lost his fetters and tasted the first sweets of liberty. It still stands by the wayside as a remembrance of their trials and triumphs of former days. But it became too small to accommodate the number that came to hear the word of life. The society resolved to build a house for God, and Br. Miller entered heartily into the work. The chapel was erected in the year 1843. It was enlarged in 1859, and again in 1871. At its first erection and at each enlargement, Br. Miller manifested great activity and liberality. As the second enlargement was being executed, though advancing to the age of three score and ten, he was quite as liberal and as interested as before. But in the midst of his activity he was heard to say, "This is the last time that I shall have to do with enlarging the chapel." And so it proved. The earthly sanctuary remains for others to worship in, but he has entered the Temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Although, as we have stated, our brother was unable to engage in active work for some time before his death, that grace which comforted him in health sustained him in affliction. He could say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." When able to visit his friends, when confined to his house, and finally when obliged to keep to his bed, Jesus was his companion, and his hope increased in brightness. He became more and more ripe as the time of harvest approached. To ministers and friends who visited him, he bore unwavering testimony to the power of the gospel to deliver him from sin, sustain him in affliction, and fit him for the society of heaven. When conversing on the state of the Circuit, he would say, "If I could only visit each chapel once more I would be much more faithful than I have ever been." On several occasions, when visiting him, I have been powerfully impressed with the expression of calm satisfaction that rested upon his cheeks, as he uttered the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." When one of the local preachers visited him for the last time, during consciousness, the language of Br. Miller was:—

"I'll praise Him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

During the night of Sunday, January 18th, he became apparently unconscious and remained so until the following Wednesday afternoon, when "There calm at length he breathed his soul away." Thus, on January 21st, another valiant soldier passed into headquarters, to receive final honours, in the 74th year of his age, having been a Bible Christian Local Preacher for about fifty years.

A memorial sermon was preached by the writer in several chapels in the circuit, to attentive and sympathetic congregations, from the text, "The memory of the just is blessed." At Trewarmett—where most of our departed brother's life was spent, and where the people had watched and admired his Christian consistency, and where the church had been favoured with the greater portion of his life's work—a solemn awe pervaded the service as his deeds and words were brought to the remembrance of the people. As one by one the veterans go home to rest, and the work of Christ is committed to the charge of younger men, our prayer is that, as the mantles fall

upon our Elishas, they may be filled with a double portion of the spirit of the ascending and glorified Elijahs.

“He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue’s side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew
To hourly use applied.

‘His joys be mine,’ each reader cries,
‘When my last hour arrives;’
‘They shall be yours,’ my verse replies,
‘Such only be your lives.’”

W. T. ENNOR.

PRIZE DAY AT THE COLLEGE.

THE first “Prize Day” was held at the College Buildings on Thursday, October 14th. The College has been in existence for some years, but it was only recently that it was resolved to hold an annual prize day. On Thursday, in addition to the distribution of prizes, foundation stones were laid in connection with the house in course of erection for the Head Master (Mr. T. Ruddle, B.A., London University), and which is to finish the scheme of enlargement of the college buildings. The weather was beautifully fine, and the proceedings of a pleasing and satisfactory character. The Right Hon. Earl Portsmouth had shown much interest in the College, and it was hoped that he would be present on Thursday, but his absence was unavoidable. Between 300 and 400 persons came from various parts, and the following ministers of the denomination were present, in addition to the Governor of the College (Rev. J. Gammon) and the Head Master (T. Ruddle, Esq.):—Revs. J. Horwill, Bideford (President of the Conference); W. B. Reed, Exeter; J. Dymond, Plymouth; W. Higman, Bridgwater; T. Braund, Sutcombe; R. Blackmore, Hartland; J. Stedeford, Northlew; J. Cory, Bideford; J. C. Bassett, Torrington; S. T. Thorne, Week St. Mary.

The distribution of prizes was made in the large hall of the College. The Rev. J. Gammon presided. A picked number of boys occupied the platform, and accompanied by A. E. Tonkin (who holds a certificate for music from the College), and led by the Head Master, performed several glees and part pieces from the best authors with much taste and effect. Recitations and dialogues in German were also given to intersperse the proceedings. Rev T. Braund having offered prayer.

The Chairman (Rev. J. Gammon) said he had been requested by the College Committee to say a few words by way of opening the afternoon proceedings. He was impressed with the fact that they had a very heavy programme to go through, and therefore the fewer words he said the better. Whilst their friend was engaged in asking the Divine blessing upon their proceedings, he made reference to the originators of the College, most of whom had gone to their eternal reward. He was impressed with the fact that when they originated that Institution they had no idea of any personal benefit beyond the satisfaction of doing good to the rising generation. He also thought of the remark made by the Earl of Portsmouth when he was with them to lay the foundation-stone of their enlargement. His lordship said he thought in all such schools as their’s people should not have an eye to anything like great dividends. He (the speaker) was prepared to tell him that those connected with that Institution did not expect any dividends whatever, and any profits arising from the College were appropriated to the education of young men

whom God, in the order of His providence, raised up to become ministers of the Gospel in their denomination. They therefore had no eye to dividends, and only wanted to pay their way and give greater assistance to the young men whom God called to work in the ministry—(applause).

The Rev. J. Horwill (President of the Conference) then gave an address preliminary to distributing the prizes to the boys. He said the position accorded to him was not one of his personal choice, and one certainly that he should not have consented to have taken but for the position he occupied in their denomination. It was also a position which the College Committee had intended should be filled by some gentleman of repute, and especially a gentleman of the neighbourhood. The service of the gentleman whom they hoped to have with them had been sought, but unsuccessfully, and therefore he was called upon to stand in the gap—(hear, hear, and applause). He did not for a moment imagine that he could fill that position like the Earl of Portsmouth or Lord Lymington, or any such noblemen, but taking into consideration the fact that that Institution was to some extent denominational, and that most of the boys were from their denomination, or from the friends of the denomination, and as the prizes awarded were given by the denomination, and as one of those prizes bore the honoured name of James Thorne—(applause)—and taking into consideration also that that was the first prize day in connection with the history of that Institution, it did not seem altogether unfitting that the President of the Bible Christian Connexion should that day award the prizes—(hear, hear, and applause). Indeed, there seemed almost a fitness that he should inaugurate the scheme—or that which they hoped would lead to something higher and better in connection with the denomination—(applause). Allow him to say that some of them felt deeply interested in the work of the Institution, and they were looking forward to the time when the College should be affiliated with one or other of the national Universities—(hear, hear)—and when, instead of having their examinations conducted as they now where, they should have an examiner from one of their ancient seats of learning, and receive from him a testimony of the work being done within those walls, a testimony which he thought would be in favour of the Institution—(hear, hear). He wished also to refer to one fact in connection with that day's proceedings which seemed to have a somewhat personal character, and he felt that whatever construction they might put upon it, he should be lacking in the common instincts of humanity, in common gratitude, and in denominational interest, if he made no allusion to it. The James Thorne prize was, he believed, stipulated for by the Hon. S. J. Way, the Chief Justice of South Australia, when he generously gave land for the enlargement of the College. He had had no correspondence with him on the matter, but he knew enough of him to believe that this stipulation with the College Committee was given out of the reverence he entertained for that man of God, and a desire to perpetuate that honoured name with the future history of the College, and there was no name in the denomination which had such a claim to be associated with the College as that of James Thorne—(applause). By saying this he meant no disrespect to the men who were coadjutors with him in the work of rearing the denomination—(hear, hear). He thanked God for such men as W. Read, Andrew Cory, Richard Sedwell, Wm. Courtice, J. H. Prior, Francis Martin, Matthew Robins, and others who had passed away, and for James Way and Paul Robins, and J. H. Eynon, and R. Kinsman, who still lingered with them. But while appreciating their worth, and rejoicing in their successes, James Thorne had the priority in denominational standing—(hear, hear). He was born in that locality, converted to God in that very parish, was a member of the first society, and was intimately associated with Mr. O'Bryan in the rise of the

denomination, and, no doubt, they owed much of what it was to-day to his care, sagacity, devotion, and catholicity and zeal, to his prayers, his faith, and herculean labours—(applause). James Thorne was apostolic in his spirit, and love, and work, and he was worthy of being associated with the first preachers of Christianity, with Luther, with Wesley, with Whitfield. For years and years also that College was under the special care of James Thorne, and no man in the denomination took a greater interest in its welfare than he did. It was therefore right that there should be a prize called the James Thorne prize—(applause). But the point he was coming to was this, whether the idea originated with Mr. Way or not, it was he who gave it practical form, who stipulated for it, and it did seem singular that the first to award the prize should be a cousin of Mr. Way's, and the first to receive it should be his own (the speaker's) son—(hear, hear, and cheers). He knew there were more valuable prizes in actual worth than that, but there was no prize that had a more valuable historical significance, and he should be thankful if the winner of the prize became endowed with the spirit of James Thorne, and be the means of conferring equally such benefits on the church and the world—(hear, hear, and applause). There was another prize which deserved a moment's notice. The name of Mr. Braund—(applause)—was associated with it. They had recently heard that Mr. Braund had generously given 50 guineas to the funds of the College, his late wife having expressed a desire that he should give a donation. Mr. Braund desired that his wife's name should be associated with it, and the Conference had therefore decided that two prizes should be given annually, to be called Mrs. Braund's Memorial Prizes—(applause). The prizes that day: whether large or small, were expressive of work—(hear, hear.) Whatever may be the aptitude of pupils, however great their powers, these distinctions would not have been earned if there had been a lack of industry. The men who stood at the head departments in Church and State, the men who occupied the highest positions in literature, science, and philosophy, were not in every case those who had the greatest talent or who possessed the greatest native ability. They knew they could not have risen to their positions without power. Genius was something which would never be acquired. Men were, to some extent, born poets, painters, and philosophers, and mathematicians, and divines, but there were men of fine parts and noble powers, who had never done anything for themselves or for the world, men who had frittered away their powers and allowed their energies to decay, and who had passed away from earth unhonoured and unloved—(hear, hear). Many of the distinctions that exist in society were not differences attributable wholly to mental powers and surrounding circumstances, but differences resulting from application and perseverance. This fact should be a stimulus to those boys who had not been successful in the examination. The prizes given that day were within their reach, the position others had secured they might secure, but it must be by industry and hard work—(hear, hear, and applause). He would also remark that the principle by which the prize boys had been successful must not be dispensed with in the years to come. The energies they had used would be equally necessary in the time to come—in the battle of life, in the pursuits and transactions of business, as in the school. If they thought that, because they had started well and earned the approval of their teachers and friends that their fortune was made, if they thought that because they had done a good piece of work there was no room for improvement, and they were at liberty to throw aside their tools, if they thought that because they had distanced their competitors in the race they could henceforth rest on their oars—they had made a great mistake—(applause). It had been remarked that it was not always those who won most prizes at school that were most successful in the prizes of life. It

was possible that the knowledge of superior power, and the fact of having realised successes, had sometimes led to indifference and indolence, but when this was the case such persons were destined to see boys of inferior powers march ahead of them in the paths of knowledge, business, fame, honour, and usefulness—(hear, hear, and applause). Therefore they must look well to their spurs, keep them bright, and whatsoever their hand found to do, do it with all their might—(applause). At a minister of the Gospel, and as a representative of the denomination, he next addressed a few words to the boys on the importance of religion; and then eulogised the work of the Head Master (Mr. T. Ruddle, B.A.), who, he remarked, was working there for a far less salary than he could obtain at other places; and to the Governor and Matron (Mr. and Mrs. Gammon). In conclusion, he said—I wish for the Governor and Matron, for the Head Master and his staff, for the successful and non-successful boys—(hear, hear)—and for all interested in this Institution, long life, and health and happiness, and for the College itself a future of prosperity which shall soon remove the financial burdens that now exist, and prove a great blessing to the rising ministry, the Denomination, and the world—(cheers).

The Rev. J. Gammon remarked that the Chief Justice of South Australia (Mr. Way) had given them the large meadow (nearly five acres) by the side of the College, with the expressed wish that there should be an annual prize given called the "James Thorne prize." It was that prize which was to be given away for the first time that day—(hear, hear, and applause). He also announced that the following prizes had been offered for next year:—10s. 6d. to the farmer's son who at the next prize day should stand first in land measure—(applause)—and 10s. 6d. to the farmer's son who should prepare the most accurate and neat parish rate-book—(laughter and applause).

C. Hobbs, Esq., London (Treasurer to the College), then addressed a few words to the meeting, remarking how pleased he was to witness the prosperity which was attending the College, and how gratified he was at the proficiency the scholars had attained. In conclusion, he offered a prize of £2 2s. for certain subjects, and on conditions which he handed in.

The prizes and certificates were then distributed, the following showing some of the successes of the students:

1st prize, Herbert William Horwill, first pupil in school, Dr. W. Smith's larger Dictionary of Classical Antiquities. Samuel Pollard, Mathematical Works, value 21s., highest marks in Mathematics, pure and mixed. This pupil also has a scholarship during the present year, as having obtained the highest place at Oxford Local Examination, 1879 (1st division). Herbert Honey succeeds to this scholarship, as being highest pupil this year. Herbert William Horwill passed the Matriculation Examination at London University in June last, and was placed 39th in the honours division. John Phillips Tonkin, certificate for book-keeping, double entry. This pupil sat at the Civil Service competitive examination in May last, and out of 331 candidates obtained the 12th place. Alfred Ernest Tonkin, certificate for music. This pupil passed the Senior Oxford Local Examination last May (A.A.). Herbert William Horwill obtained special certificates for Greek, Latin, French, Arithmetic, and Chemistry; Samuel Pollard for English Grammar, Algebra, Euclid, Natural Philosophy, and German; Herbert Cleverdon Honey for Scripture, English Literature, and Physiology (A.A. Oxford local honours in English); John Mahan Gover (Oxford local, 2nd class) Geography; John Grills, Writing and Book-keeping; John Furse, Map Drawing.

At the conclusion of the afternoon meeting the company proceeded to the

LAYING OF THE STONES

Of the Head Master's house, in course of erection in the south-east corner of the meadow adjoining the College. The proceedings were conducted by the President of the Conference. The hymn, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," having been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. R. Blackmore, after which the Rev. J. Dymond read a portion of Scripture. The first stone was laid by Mr. Nancekievill, who remarked that he had been anxious to be spared to see that day, and announced that he should put £10 on the stone and give £10 more when the house was complete. Miss S. Crocker, on behalf of Mrs. Gay (who was unable to be present) laid the next stone, and put £5 on it. Mr. Wm. Pett laid the third, with a donation of £2 2s.; Mr. Robertson (South Australia) the fourth, with a donation of £2; and the Treasurer (C. Hobbs, Esq.), the last, with a donation of £10. A collection was then made, and it was further announced that a "young lady" had sent 10s. to be laid on the stones, and two "old boys" £1 each. The architect for the house is Mr. James Crocker, of Exeter; the builders, Messrs. Ellis and Shute, of Bideford. The house, which will conclude the proposed extension of the College buildings, is to be 34 feet long and 31 feet broad, of red brick, the cost not to exceed £500, which sum the College can borrow free of interest. On each stone were the initials of the layers.

A PUBLIC TEA AND MEETING

Were afterwards held. The tea was laid in the dining-hall of the College, and the meeting held in the chapel not far off. A large number partook of tea, and the chapel was crowded. C. Hobbs, Esq., presided at the evening meeting, and the principal speaker was the Rev. Cephas Barker, who has been one of the most successful missionaries in Canada, and who was a pastor in the neighbourhood of Shebbear for three years some 30 years ago. The Revs. J. Horwill, J. Gammon, W. Higman, J. Dymond, W. B. Reed, and T. Braund, also took part in the meeting, and the proceedings were interspersed by the singing of the boys, under the conductorship of the Head Master. The proceeds of the day, amounting to about £50, were to be applied to the fund for the erection of the Master's house. Donations for the same object are solicited by the Special Agent of the College, the Rev. W. Higman, St. John's Cottage, Bridgewater.

The present liability of the College (as stated in a report) is £4,484 1s. 9d., £260 less than the previous year. The improvement in the working accounts had enabled the Committee to pay off £204 8s. 4d., and a profit of £83 9s. had been applied to the liquidation of the College debt. The educational department had sustained its reputation, and several of the pupils had come honourably out of the Civil Service, London Matriculation, and other public examinations. The College is yearly adding to the value of the prizes offered to the pupils, and no doubt the 85 pupils and students now in the College will shortly be considerably increased.

Revivals.

KINGSBROMPTON.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You and your readers will, I am sure, be glad to know that we have a good work in progress in this circuit. Miss Parsons has been here for three weeks, but was unexpectedly called away. Her labours were graciously blessed at Brendon Hill, and at Roadwater. My beloved pastor and I continued the services at the latter place for a week after Miss Parsons left us. The weather, however, was very unfavourable, and consequently the services were not largely attended, and only one professed conversion. But last

Sunday night, at a prayer-meeting at Roadwater, after a sermon by the writer, five penitents, all adults, were made very happy. It was a service not soon to be forgotten. The chapel was literally packed. One or two more have decided for Christ since; others are deeply convinced, and the services are well attended. One or two other places in the circuit present hopeful signs of a good spiritual harvest. May the harvest be great, and the glory shall be the Lord's.

W. H. WEBBER.

CARDIFF.—DEAR MR. BOURNE,—Just a few lines respecting our revival. Our leading friends appeared determined to give me all the help they could. A deeper feeling seemed to come into the meetings directly after Conference. Several additions were made. There were a few penitents when Mr. Coad was here last month. Sunday fortnight I was marvellously aided in preaching. Marked impressiveness prevailed during the service and the Sacrament after. A man forty years old went home and was converted after going to bed. A backslider was wounded and found peace last Monday night. Miss Flocking began Sunday, Oct. 10th. At night nearly 700 were present. Last Sunday night 630 or 640 attended. Week-evening services have been well sustained. Forty persons have professed saving faith in Christ. Several married couples are converted, some of them fifty years old. I am sure you will rejoice with and pray for us.—Yours truly,

[This was crowded out last month.]

W. F. JAMES.

YARMOUTH, I.O.W.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am happy to tell you that we have commenced special services at Yarmouth; and eight young men have obtained salvation. Four have also joined the church at Newbridge, and three at Norton Green. One of those at the last named place was brought up a Roman Catholic. She is now over twenty-eight years of age, and never read the Bible until about a year ago. We thank God for these droppings of the shower; and earnestly pray that the flood may soon descend upon us.—Yours faithfully,

W. T. ENNOR.

WOOLWICH.—DEAR BR. BOURNE,—You will be pleased to hear that more than a score of the eldest scholars of our Sunday-school have professed to find peace in Christ this week.—Yours, &c.,

Nov. 12th.

W. O.

[We hear of signs of good in other places. Will our friends keep us well informed of these matters, to stimulate desire and expectation. O for the prayer of faith and the united effort that shall herald a really great revival!—ED.]

Chapels.

LOWER HALSTOW, CHATHAM CIRCUIT.—A new chapel at this place is greatly needed. The cause has been growing for some time. Last year a blessed revival was realized, and many souls were converted. There are nearly 200 children in the Sabbath-school, taught by a good staff of teachers. The old chapel, which will seat about 120 persons, is constantly crowded. A good site, measure 20 perches, has been purchased of Sir H. J. Tufton, Bart., for £20, and a commodious chapel and school-room are in course of erection. Memorial stones were laid on Wednesday, Oct. 6th, 1880. The day was very unfavourable, being wet; but a considerable number attended to witness the interesting ceremony. Br. Squire commenced the service and offered prayer, and Br. Lane read a portion of Scripture. The writer then introduced Mr. J. Wood, of Singlewell, Gravesend,

to lay the first stone. Mr. Wood has given forty-thousand bricks, and all the cartage. He also laid a brick for Mrs. Wood, who was not present, but who feels a deep interest in the Lower Halstow people—the brick represented £10. After Mr. Wood had given a choice address, the writer presented him with the Bible and Hymn-book, bound together. Mr. Wood returned thanks, and said he should greatly value the present. Mr. J. Wildish, of Faversham, Wesleyan local preacher, a native of Lower Halstow, laid the second stone. He had sent thirty-two thousand bricks in his own barge,—he also gave £5—being £1 for Mrs. Wildish and £1 for each of his children, making feeling mention of them all, especially of the wife of Br. W. Hicks, who is now in our ministry in Australia. The writer then presented Mr. Wildish with a book like the former, which he said he should keep as a precious treasure. Mr. J. Hubbard, of Upchurch, who engaged to lay the third stone, was prevented from attending by ill-health. Mr. Hubbard has given the sand and red bricks required for the buildings. The writer called to see him the next day when he gave £5. A few days after he went to the building and laid the stone. Mr. Hubbard felt great pleasure in receiving a book like the others. Mrs. Cozens, of Upchurch, laid the fourth stone, and put £5 on it, and gave a suitable address. Br. Lane then presented Mrs. Cozens with the Bible and Hymn-book. Mrs. Cozens returned thanks, and said she should highly value the present. Then followed a very interesting sight, a number of friends came forward and laid bricks, and put various sums upon them. This service closed, the people went to Mr. Wood's oast house, where tea was provided, after which, a most enthusiastic meeting was held in the same place. The writer took the chair, and made a statement of the chapel matters; and addresses were given by Messrs. F. F. Belsey, J.P., of Rochester, J. Wood, R. Squire, S. B. Lane, W. Wood, E. Cozens, J. Wildish, C. Styles, T. Winch, and W. Hansted. The addresses were excellent, and the influence blessed.

On Thursday, Oct. 14th, the second service was held, when the fifth stone was laid by Mr. W. Wood, who delivered a suitable address to the people assembled to witness the ceremony, and gave £5. Mr. T. Miller laid the sixth stone, spoke with considerable feeling, and put £5 on the stone. The writer presented each of these friends with the Bible and Hymn-book bound together, who expressed pleasure at receiving the present. After the close of this meeting the people took tea in the old chapel, where a public meeting was held after. Mr. W. Wood took the chair, and Messrs. S. Jory, C. Black, E. Black, T. Blackman, and T. Miller addressed the people. This was a good time. The proceeds of the two days amounted to about £45. The sums stated above do not include all the persons named have given, and many others have contributed nobly. The Messrs. White, of Swanscombe, have given all the cement required, value above £8. The materials given, and the money collected and promised, amount to about £400. We thank God for this success. May the "Sun of righteousness" continue to shine upon Lower Halstow.

S. JORY.

REHOBOTH.—The anniversary of this chapel Week St. Mary Circuit, was celebrated on Wednesday, November 10th. In the afternoon at two, a bazaar was opened for the sale of useful and fancy articles, and a brisk sale was kept up till nearly all were disposed of. Mrs. Dawe, sen., Miss Gimblett, Miss Bate, Miss Kittow, Miss Cory, Miss Blewett, Miss Gimblett, &c. &c.; Messrs. H. Gimblett, W. Matthews, S. H. Uglow, W. Tucker, J. Jenkin, assisted by others, did good service in selling. A public tea was provided in the Board school-room by Mrs. M. Dawe, Mrs. T. Matthews, and Mrs. Robert Gimblett, provisions given. A large number availed themselves of the opportunity of taking

tea. In the afternoon at three, Mr. W. Lee, of Callington, preached a very beautiful sermon, and at 7.15, a public meeting was convened under the presidency of T. B. Hender, Esq., of Launceston; and addresses were given by the brethren W. Lee, S. Tickell, and J. Bendle. Miss Kittow presided at the harmonium. The attendance was very good throughout, and the committee for the carrying out of the arrangements, several of whom deserved special mention, did their work right nobly. Proceeds of the day over £35.

November 12th, 1880.

J. BENDLE.

P.S.—A good work in progress at Maxworthy. Penitents almost every night.

SPREYTON, CHAGFORD CIRCUIT.—After painful delays, the Bible Christian Society has, at last, found a resting-place. The time of opening the pretty little brick sanctuary, the only Nonconformist place of worship in the parish of Spreyton, was fixed for September 26th, 1880, a red-letter day with Bible Christians at Spreyton. Some had long prayed for a place of worship to be erected, and in the consummation of their desires their hearts rejoiced before the Lord. Previously to the service of dedicating to God the new building, many hands had been engaged about varied preparatory and necessary works. As it was thought the chapel would not be large enough for the opening services, a marquee was borrowed and erected in which to hold the tea and public meeting. Under the superintendence of Mr. E. Tucker, assisted by many willing hands, the arrangements for the day's proceedings were most complete. A lady friend had made, out of material from nature's garden, suitable mottoes. At the end of the chapel, and directly over the preacher, were the words of prayer, "Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness." Over the entrance to the marquee was the device, "Welcome!" and about the interior others equally appropriate; all of which were cleverly executed. About three p.m. the chapel was crowded. The Rev. W. B. Reed preached an able and impressive sermon on the rich youth who came to our Saviour for instruction. During the service we felt the Divine presence was there, truly consecrating and taking possession of the house which had been erected for His worship and glory. Mesdames Brock, Seward, Perryman, and Hill, and the Misses Tucker and White, with other lady assistants, very assiduously attended to the wants of the visitors at the tea tables. About 240 persons partook of the good things provided. At the public meeting Mr. J. Crocker, architect, of Exeter, presided; and the Brethren Reed, Penwarden, and Gudridge delivered addresses. It was a grand gathering, and a good season. The day's proceedings gave unqualified satisfaction to the trustees and friends, and the result was a great financial success. Votes of thanks to the several parties concerned brought to a close the interesting services of the day.

On Sunday, October 3rd, two sermons were preached by the writer. The chapel was filled on each occasion with a highly attentive congregation, and rich spiritual influences prevailed. Mr. J. Dunning, of Ash, presided at the harmonium on the Tuesday and Sunday. On the Tuesday following, after service, the pews were let, when more than three-fourths of the available sittings were taken. The chapel has been well attended since its opening; and by the blessing of God on His servants' work, we hope such a church will be established that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. This newly erected place of worship has been much required for the permanence of our cause. May it now be well furnished with a holy church, a zealous society, consecrated to the work of soul saving.

Immediately after we came to the circuit. On finding the good work progressing toward completion, we issued circulars and books, which our friends have worked well, and with capital results.

The following is the cash statement up to the present : —
RECEIPTS.

					£	s.	d.
The Corner Stone Service—							
By Collections	..	..	..	..	19	14	7
„ Tea Meeting	..	..	..	..	7	3	5
„ Mr. Brock, Donation	..	..	..	..	5	0	0
„ Miss M. Turner	..	..	..	..	0	5	0
„ A Friend (through Mrs. Hill)	..	..	..	..	0	10	0
Opening Services—							
By Collections	..	..	..	..	17	5	6
Tea Meeting	..	..	..	..	9	17	6
Through Mr. Heathman—							
By Cheque	..	..	..	..	9	10	0
Misses Madge	..	..	..	..	5	0	0
Through Mrs. Brock							
Mrs. Brock, 2nd Donation	..	..	..	..	3	5	0
Through Mr. E. Tucker—							
Mr. Pearce, Okehampton Bank	..	..	..	..	5	0	0
„ Wood	..	..	..	..	1	0	0
„ Howell	..	..	..	..	1	0	0
„ Clarke	..	..	..	..	0	10	6
By Miss White's Book	..	..	..	..	2	12	0
„ Mr. J. Jordan's	..	..	..	..	2	10	0
Mr. W. Rowe, Narrcott, Donation	..	..	..	..	1	0	0
„ Damarel	..	..	..	..	0	5	0
Drawing Materials	..	..	..	..	20	0	0
Cost of Site given by Mr. Heathman	..	..	..	..	5	0	0
Total Receipts					119	8	6
Present Debt					100	0	6
					£219 9 0		

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Cost of Site	..	..	..	..	5	0	0
„ Contract for Building	..	..	..	..	181	0	0
„ Expenses of Corner Stone Services	..	..	..	..	2	11	6
„ Expenses of Opening	..	..	..	..	6	5	2
„ Chapel Furniture	..	..	..	..	4	12	4
„ Cartage of Materials	..	..	..	..	20	0	0
					£219 9 0		

There are other expenses yet to be met, among them the architect's fees, the cost of enclosing the land by iron railings, and the purchase of a harmonium for the service of praise. The interest taken in the house of God by the friends generally, leads us to believe notwithstanding these expenses, there will not be an increased debt. The people here evidently believe in respect of giving, that it is like seed sowing. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.

EDWIN E. GUDRIDGE.

CRONDALL.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold ;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

HARVEST thanksgiving services are becoming almost as common in chapel as in

church, and prove very popular with the people. And there cannot be the semblance of an argument produced why this should not be. The Christian who worships his God in the chapel of his own choice, surely feels as grateful to his Heavenly Father for the bountiful supply of the earth as his fellow Christian who prefers to worship God in the State Church. With other good results, these festivals supply a suitable opportunity for the presentation of special thank-offerings in behalf of any good work. The Bible Christian Church, at Crondall, held their annual thanksgiving services on Sunday and Monday last. The collections were given to the Mission Fund. On the Sunday two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Jeffrey, and, although the weather proved very unfavourable, large congregations came to the services. The chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with flowers, fruits, ferns, &c. There was the usual public tea on Monday, to which many visitors came. After the creature comforts had been amply attended to, there followed one of the best public meetings it has been our privilege to be present at. Mr. Darracott, of Aldershot, occupied the chair, and, like a good chairman, gave a speech short and to the point. He said that he had a good and sufficient reason for being there that night. It was in a Bible Christian Sunday-school that he was a scholar, it was through the ministry of the same people that he was led to become a believer in Christ, and among them he was first called to exercise his talents as a local preacher. But being separated from the people of his early days, not by choice, but because they had no church at Aldershot, he should never forget the debt of gratitude he owed to them, and should continue to render them all the services he could. Rev. J. Young (Baptist) was the first to speak after the chairman. He bore testimony to God's faithfulness and goodness in his own personal experience through a long and eventful life. Mr. J. Potter came next, who was named sometime in the evening, "The Primitive Bishop of Fleet." He spoke well, as he always does, on the universal principle, "that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Rev. H. J. Quilter (Wesleyan), of Farnham, then followed with an address full of thoughtful, encouraging, gospel truths. Rev. S. Leete (Congregational), came next, taking as the topic of his discourse, "A cheerful review of the past year," dilating chiefly on the good harvest gathered in the corn fields, and the hopeful condition and strength of the dissenting churches in the neighbourhood. Rev. J. Jeffrey, pastor of the church, followed with an earnest and telling address on "The great harvest days in the history of the Church." The speeches were interspersed with singing by the choir, and much of the enjoyment of the meeting was derived from that source. Votes of thanks to the ladies for their valuable services, and to the chairman for the manner in which he had conducted the meeting brought it to a close, and the congregation scattered abroad, wending their ways to their different homes, thankful for the street lamps* that greeted them so cheerily on leaving the chapel, and the excellent meeting which must now be placed among the memories of the past.—*Surrey and Hants News*, Oct. 16th.

* The streets of Crondall have recently been lighted with oil lamps.—J. J.

DEVONPORT CIRCUIT.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—Our first series of Missionary meetings has been held. Sermons were preached on Sunday, October 24th, at *Stonehouse* and *Haddington Road* by Messrs. C. Barker and J. Morris (Deputation); and at *Elburion* by Mr. J. Dymond. At Stonehouse in the evening, after Mr. Barker's sermon, two penitents found peace.

The first meeting was held at *Stonehouse* on Monday, October 25th. A. Hubbard, Esq., presided with great satisfaction. Br. Sleeman offered prayer; Br. Dymond read the report, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. Barker, Morris, Yeo, and Ware. To Br. Barker was allotted, as was proper, the *lion's* share of the time, and his deeply interesting and graphic recital of his travels, labours, and experiences in the far West, forcibly reminded one of those chapters of the Acts of the Apostles which record the missionary journeyings and experiences of the Apostle Paul. The total amount raised at Stonehouse last year was £73 7s. 4d.; of which the noble sum of £52 was raised by the Sunday-school, by cards and Christmas tree. The receipts at this meeting were £2 above those of last year: showing that the motto of these thorough-going friends is still, Forward!

Tuesday, October 26th, meeting at *Elburton*. The chair was occupied by a gentleman who is here on a visit from America, Mr. R. Hanger, son-in-law to our old friend, Mrs. Downing; and we derived considerable advantage from his hearty sympathy, and practical help. Mr. Dymond read 'the Report, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Morris, C. Ware, and J. Holland. The receipts were nearly double the amount of last year; which is not to be wondered at, seeing that there has been, at this place, a most gratifying revival of interest and prosperity during the past eighteen months.

On Wednesday, Oct. 27th, a meeting was held at *Haddington Road*. The chair was occupied by J. C. Graves, Esq., Mayor of Devonport, a thorough-going Wesleyan; who gave us a speech full of Methodist fire and earnestness; C. Ware offered prayer; Br. Sleeman read the Report (incidentally mentioning that Devonport last year raised the largest amount of any circuit, except one, Newport, I.O.W., which beat us by 2s. 7d. !); and addresses were delivered by Messrs. C. Barker, J. Morris, and J. Dymond. Mr. Barker's thrilling speech (for it was truly thrilling, and will be long remembered) excited such enthusiasm as is rarely displayed at Haddington Road; and the receipts here also went ahead.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

We are glad to report that the Lord is working graciously among us. At *King Street*, Devonport, special services have been conducted by Br. Sleeman; and much good has been done. One Sunday, some twenty of the scholars in the Sunday-school, of various ages, were at the penitent form at one time; and we are hopeful that the Society there will realise a substantial increase.

At *Stonehouse* special services were commenced on Monday, Nov. 1st, by the writer; and the Lord has done for us "exceeding abundantly above all we asked or thought." There were three converted the first evening, and others during the week, and the meetings were glorious; the climax however, was reached on the ensuing Sunday in the Sunday-school, when some fifty of the scholars, of all ages, were penitently weeping at the same time. Br. Sleeman, who was in the school on the occasion, says that he never witnessed such a scene before. Had not they brought "the tithes into the storehouse"; and was not this the fulfilment of the gracious promise, in response to their request, "I will pour you out a blessing?" Last Monday, the Spirit came like a rushing mighty wind; and, as the grass is waved by the breeze, the people seemed to bow beneath the divine influence; and four persons were soundly converted. Glory be to God! our friends here are truly "with one accord, in one place"; and are expecting great things, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

Devonport, November 10th, 1880.

C. WARE.

NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A GREAT deal might be written by me had I sufficient time to state the several interesting cases of conversion that have recently come under my notice, and to report the meetings in which I have taken part. But circumstanced as I am at present, I must be content to work a great deal and report but little. Just a few words about our

CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY AT ADDINGTON.

This anniversary has been celebrated this week. On Sunday I preached, morning and evening, and the Rev. W. Baumber (Wesleyan minister). in the afternoon. The church was full, afternoon and evening. Mr. Baumber manifested an excellent spirit, and preached a very appropriate sermon. On Tuesday at six o'clock, a public tea was provided. The tea had been given by Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Lodge, junr., Mr. Elvine, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and a party of public spirited young bachelors, aided by our excellent senior bachelor friend, Mr. David Lanyon. The following ladies presided at the tables :—Mrs. Lodge, junr., and Miss Watson, Miss Manhire and Miss Freeman, the Misses Williams, Miss Menzie and Miss Vincent. A larger number of persons took tea than had taken tea in the church on any previous occasion. After tea, the annual meeting was held. The church, which will seat about 120, was crowded. J. T. Brown, Esq., (Mayor of Sydenham) presided. The Revs. J. White and J. Peters (United Free Methodist ministers), and myself addressed the meeting. Everything worked smoothly, and the audience looking at the platform, and the ministers looking at the pew could see and feel "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" "There is a debt of about £100 on the church, and we have just purchased an American Organ with which to improve the service of song, but it is hoped that within a year the whole debt will have passed into history.

Br. Keast is still very ill. Except for a very few hours he has been confined to his room during the last six months. This is a very great trial to us, but God is with us. Our dear brother has been marvellously sustained, spiritually, he has generally been very patient and trustful, and at times unspeakably happy. I have a strong desire to write an article for the Magazine, but having to preach, and speechify, and lecture, conduct revival services, arrange for bazaars and entertainments, do business with lawyers and architects, form trusts, hold trustee meetings, and co-operate with ministers of other churches in special public efforts, I can only just hurriedly run my pen over the paper in a few minutes of the last day for posting.

J. CREWES.

COLLEGE EXTENSION FUND.

Previously acknowledged, £1,495 4s. 2d.

			£	s.	d.
Mr. John Leng, Chichester	..	..	..	4	0 0
Rev. W. T. Down	..	..	..	1	0 0
Mr. J. Allin	..	..	..	2	2 0
Mr. Perkin	..	..	..	0	10 0
Profit on Tea, October 14th	..	..	..	16	3 0

Brief Notices of Books.

The Pulpit Commentary. I. Samuel. C. Kegan Paul & Co. (Price 15s.)

THE Exposition in this part of this noble work is by the Rev. R. Payne Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury; and the Homilies are by the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., the Rev. Professor Chapman, and the Rev. B. Dale. The names are a guarantee of the excellence of the execution of their work, which a careful examination amply confirms. One of our correspondents spoke of the former volume as whetting his appetite for more of the same kind of aliment, and this volume will have the same effect certainly not in a less degree. To Authors, Editors, and Publishers alike the "great company of the preachers" are under a great debt of obligation.

Homely Talks. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE, author of "Daniel Quorm," &c. Wesleyan Conference Office. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume contains no less than twenty of these "Homely Talks," all different yet all alike bearing the impress of the author's genius. For the faculty of seeing into the heart of a subject, and of clothing loving thoughts with lovely words, Mr. Pearse has but few equals. Many of the ideas in this volume are as fresh and beautiful as the morning dew, while the sentences are as bright and sparkling as the summer sunshine. Plain, faithful, and most seasonable are Mr. Pearse's remarks on the CURE of the withered hand, which many a prosperous man of business in our own circle of acquaintance would do well to lay to heart. Here is what he says of

THE CURE.

"Well, the withered hand may be cured, and *must* be. Some people like to keep defects and failings like these as a kind of claim on men's sympathy; just as beggars stir the charity of passers, by exhibiting their sores. They explain their condition with almost an injured tone: 'You see, my position is a peculiar one. I am obliged to be so very busy and anxious. And really one has so very little time to call one's own, and there are so many things to be seen to from morning to night; it is dreadfully unfortunate, but it does make it impossible for me to do what I used to do; and, indeed, what I should like to do still if I could manage it.' And it is all said not merely as an excuse for the withered hand, but as if we really could do nothing but pity the man to whom any other course is simply impossible. But such cases must not be met with this kind of tender consideration. It were well if some true friend would speak out plainly: 'All this, Sir, does not make the least excuse for this withered hand of yours. You are to blame for being in such a position. You have no right to allow yourself to be swallowed up in business like this.'

"If a Minister talk thus, the man turns from him with just a little laugh of scorn: 'Really, Sir, you don't know anything about these matters. Would you have me give up my business?'

"Well, let the Minister deliver his soul: 'Give up your business, Sir! Why, sooner than your health should suffer as your soul is suffering you would go to Madeira, the Cape, New Zealand—anywhere. Never mind what the cost would be, you would get off from "the clay," and remove into another neighbourhood. And if it were really a matter of life and death you would even make the terrible sacrifice of giving up the business.' And is there nothing worse than death? Is it not unutterably worse to be slipping down further and further from God and the life of pleasing Him in everything? To live dying in the soul? To be

growing richer and all the time getting more impatient, more irritable, more covetous; less careful or willing to help with brotherliness the sufferers about us; content with a subscription that some one else may do your work for you and earn the better half of the reward, alike here and hereafter? And all this for the sake of thriving in business!

"No, this withered hand is no misfortune to be endured and to be pitied. It is a mischief and a sin.

"*There is but one Cure.* The services of the synagogue were not enough. The solemn ritual, the round of confession and sacrifice, of singing and the Word: each of these was a help toward the healing Power, but nothing more—hands that pointed and lifted the sufferer nearer to the great Restorer. At last, before the man there stands the living Christ, as He stands before all who seek Him. Then swiftly comes the being made whole. That Living Presence sought; that great Love appealed to; that mighty Power trusted; His word waited for, believed, obeyed. Thus may every withered hand be stretched forth, perfectly whole."

Old-Fashioned Stories. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a new and cheaper edition of these "Stories," which, if not so sensational or even brilliant or pathetic as some similar performances, will find many admirers, who will get many a glimpse of the past, and also of characters that do not belong exclusively to one age, and are not fashioned either of one set of circumstances.

Miss Margaret's Stories. By A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE. National Temperance Publication Depôt. (Price 1s. 6d.)

THESE stories are, emphatically, well written. That constitutes one of their great claims. Another is, that they are all written to promote the cause of true Temperance. And a third excellence is that the stories are told with a simplicity and a pathos that the object for which they were written will surely be promoted.

Sermons for Boys and Girls. R. D. Dickinson.

THE first Twenty-five Sermons in this volume are by the author of "Outlines of Sermons on the Miracles and Parables of the Old Testament." Quoting Dr. Macdonald's advice that those who train children should treat them "as souls having bodies, rather than as bodies having souls," Mr. Harris says he has endeavoured to act upon that principle, and we must in fairness acknowledge that he has realized a good measure of success. Just a few of the sermons take hold of us more fully than do the others, and so we think they would if we were children again; but if this is a drawback it is inevitable, and it is only what is true of Shakspeare's Plays or even of the Bible itself. And then there are twenty-five sermons by the Revs. Wilberforce Newton and Edgar Woods, two not unknown American authors. And then there are fifteen ten-minute sermons to children, quite long enough perhaps for the hearers' taste or the preacher's usefulness.

These Sermons do not, in our view, reach the high standard of excellence attained by the late Rev. James Bolton in the *Golden Missionary Penny* and other sermons (why is this book allowed to remain out of print?); but the author is fairly entitled to a hearty word of commendation, and we hope his work will lead to imitation in many quarters.

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